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FOR MELBOURNE CUP  
See pages 8, 9

32-PAGE COLOR LIFT-OUT: ALL ABOUT HAIR



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OCTOBER 25, 1967

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#### OUR COVER

• The seven English models we are bringing to Australia—in conjunction with Du Pont International and Qantas—for the Melbourne Cup Carnival are (top row, from left) Joanna Ford and Samantha Juste; (middle row, from left) Rowena Ward, Penny Yates, Jan de Souza, and Dian Poore, and (sitting) Bulla Coleman. For more about the models' visit, see pages 8 and 9.

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• Mr. Brooks C. Wilson, session leader, discussing the "Contribution of the Secretary to the Export Team" at the Export Seminar held on board the Changsha in Sydney.

By  
**GLORIA NEWTON**

## Shipboard setting for a seminar on export

**L**ETTERS of Credit, Space Booking, Interim Receipts, Export Licences, Wharfage Entry, Certificate of Origin, Consular Invoices, Bank Drafts . . .

These phrases, belonging to the complex world of the overseas export market, tripped lightly from the tongues of 38 women of all ages who recently attended an export seminar on board the Changsha when it was berthed at Sydney's Walsh Bay.

Keen, alert, and eager to absorb every detail of the day's discussions, they were executives, secretaries, or girls employed in the export divisions of Sydney firms which deal in such commodities as engineering products, cordials, toys, television components, medical gases, welding equipment, chewing gum, dairy products, and optical equipment.

The seminar, arranged by the Chamber of Manufacturers, was held on board a ship because the organisers felt it was a good way to see an actual cargo carrier, how it operates, where the goods are stored; in other words, to translate the girls' paperwork into reality.

When the girls assembled at 9 a.m. in the ship's Mandarin Room, they were issued with crisp green folders whose ring clasps kept up a steady rhythm of clip, clop during the day as fresh sheets of information were handed out to be filled.

Just how much the export "boss" depends on his secretary was revealed when Mr. Brooks C. Wilson, manager of a chemical company, directed the class through the technicalities of preparing him for an overseas marketing trip.

#### Birthday list

There were 50 "things to remember" listed on the roneoed sheet handed out.

For instance, a good secretary checks if her employer has made a will, if he carries company souvenirs to hand out, business cards, a flashlight, a sewing kit, soap, razor, medicines, and his glasses.

A good touch was the addition of a list to remind him of any family anniversaries or birthdays which would take place while he was away.

The day was not without humor. For instance, when Mr. Wilson, switching to the topic of possible markets,

asked "What would you hope for from Singapore?" one of the secretaries quipped, "A large order."

They were all familiar, Mr. Wilson found, with such formalities as special permits for dangerous goods — acids, oils, plastics — and that a ship's captain has to be careful as to what cargo he can carry with tea, which contaminates easily.

And they seemed very conversant with the intricacies of booking space on a ship, how it is booked by weight, by area, how to find that shipping space — and that when one sees cargo lying around on a wharf for days it does not necessarily mean it has been overlooked.

"One ship may have to load cargo for delivery to 70 ports," said Mr. Wilson. "Therefore, each load must be stowed in proper order for the ports of call."

The morning's lectures broke up at 12.30, when lunch was served buffet-style on the ship's veranda by Chinese stewards and the girls were introduced to the Collector of Customs, Mr. H. A. Forbes.

Mr. Forbes happily answered the questions asked by the girls and even led a conducted tour of the ship,

pointing out holds where cargo was being loaded.

Mrs. N. Wilkinson, of Lurline Bay, and Mrs. J. Hart, of Bondi, both secretaries to export managers, were proud as they told how their firms had recently won awards for export marketing.

And 17-year-old Beryl Bouwer, who has been working in the export department of her firm for five months, regarded her attendance as a special bonus.

"I've learnt so much this morning," she said. "And the more you learn about the export world the more fascinating it becomes."

Miss Beryl Wilson, who has been with her firm for seven years, said their small business was importing stainless steel and traffic signal lights.

#### "No trouble"

"As my boss leaves things very much in my hands, I know the import market well, but I needed information about export," she said. "This is why I am so busy to have been included in the seminar."

The sight of a bevy of attractive girls peering into holds, watching crates being loaded on to the ship, cheered the wharf labourers who were working on the Changsha that day.

No trouble at all, they said, when asked to explain a few things about loading and unloading.

At the end of the day their files, bulging with information, tucked under their arms, the girls relaxed over a drink with their hosts, Captain J. O'Connor, officers, and the day's speakers, and declared the day the best Monday they had had in a long time.

• Steward K. Cheung serves morning tea during a lecture break. From left, Robyn Doran, Jean McKenzie, Carol Smith



**Linda McGill trains on MasterFoods Promite**



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● Close-up of the million-dollar hairdo Elizabeth Taylor had designed specially for the Paris premiere of "The Taming of the Shrew," in which she and Richard Burton star.



## Elizabeth's millionaire headdress

**E**LIZABETH TAYLOR'S \$1-million hairdo made even the most sophisticated Parisian firstnighters gasp when she arrived with her husband, Richard Burton, at the Paris premiere of their film "The Taming of the Shrew."

She was wearing a glittering headdress topped with a regal crown of solid diamonds surmounted by a jewelled flower with petals of nine-carat, pear-shaped diamonds.

Ordered specially for the premiere, which was held at the Paris Opera House, the crown was made by Van Cleef and Arpels.



● Arriving with Richard Burton at the Paris Opera House, where the premiere was held, Elizabeth Taylor's diamond-massed headdress glittered in the bright lights. She also wore long diamond earrings, and, as a final touch, her caped gown was trimmed with fur.



## NEXT WEEK

For the **HOUSEWIFE** . . .  
the **MOTHER** . . .  
the **CAREER GIRL** . . .  
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## KYLIE TENNANT DECLARED:

# "I'm going to jail..."



STATE REFORMATORY for Women, Long Bay, N.S.W., with its stainless-steel gate

● It was devilishly difficult to get into jail.

Kylie Tennant had asked the Minister of Justice, and she'd asked the Commissioner of Police. She even tried the head of the Vice Squad:

"Please, will you let me go to jail?"

"NOT on your life," said the head of the Vice Squad. "You could come out and sue us for thousands." "But I won't," pleaded Kylie. "I promise."

She showed the head of the Vice Squad Lewis' little list. Lewis was this distinguished Australian novelist's husband. He was an eminently respectable headmaster.

Kylie always talked out a projected new book with Lewis, and he (being the "organised member of the family") would draw up a list of places she should go to research the subject.

It was 1943, at the height of the "American invasion." The basic theme of the book Kylie planned was Sydney's wartime delinquent girls. That little list of Lewis' had sent her to some pretty sleazy places, and next, plain as daylight, was the item:

"One week in Long Bay Jail."

Officialdom, however, was unmoved by an honest author who believed in experiencing what she wrote about. Voluntary imprisonment was out.

Clearly, there was only one way for Kylie to get to jail: Commit an offence and get arrested for it.

Now, over the years, she had acquired a varied and colorful acquaintance. She approached a young prostitute and came straight to the point.

"Doreen," asked Kylie, "how do you get to jail?"

"S'easy," said Doreen. She named a certain address of dubious repute. "You go down there some night and

at dawn the Vice Squad will come and pick you up."

"Splendid," said Kylie. She arranged to meet Doreen on a given night, when Doreen would supply her with a suitable escort, a sailor.

Kylie dyed her hair blond and bought a terrible hat. On the fateful night she cleared her handbag of all identification, kissed her husband goodbye, and went off to keep the rendezvous.

Doreen failed to turn up. Doreen, in fact, had been picked up by the "demons." So there was Kylie, all dressed-up and nowhere to go.

"I'm going to jail," she told herself determinedly. "I'm going tonight."

She betook herself to the lane behind Central Police Station and set up a drunken singing which soon flushed a constable from his lair.

The constable was mad-deningly tolerant. "Go home," said he. She swore at him. He kept on being tolerant and she kept on being unbearable until at last his patience snapped.

"You're asking for it," said he. "Anyone'd think you WANT to go to jail!"

### In a cell

And, pretty soon, Kylie was locked in a cell at Central, listening to echoing shouts from the corridor outside, to the tramp of boots, the crashing of iron doors, and trying to figure out a way to avoid being thrown out in the morning with a ten-bob fine.

The door crashed open and who should be thrust in but Doreen. After a pleasant reunion, Kylie curled up on her board bed and went off to sleep.

"What's your name?" the police had demanded, and Kylie had drunkenly replied, "Find out."

"AMERICAN INVASION": Here U.S. sailors in wartime Sydney queued up at a depot for their liquor ration.

She kept up this attitude next day in the drunks' court, and was charged under the name of Thelma Parker.

"Don't call me that," she snarled. "It isn't my name." "Well, what is?" snapped Authority.

"Find out!"

It transpired that being without an identity card and refusing to give information was a serious offence under National Security Regulations. A magistrate wearily remanded "Thelma Parker" for medical observation—at Long Bay Jail. Kylie was in.

In the book which grew out of it all, "Tell Morning

whole space was diminishing as in a nightmare to squeeze the breath out of his lungs. He set himself to breathe slowly and evenly, to concentrate on the cell itself, and forget the weight of the stone, the thickness of the walls."

Actually, being on remand, Kylie was put in the hospital ward instead of a cell, which meant that she could talk all day to the real inmates. It couldn't have worked out better if she'd planned it.

And, much to her astonishment, she found herself a social success. As she told me just lately:

"I sailed right up from the low class of anonymous drunk to hobnobbing with the aristocrats, accessories to murder, and the top white-slavers. They taught me their songs, told me jokes, taught me jailbird slang (in fact, they gave me a dictionary of 'crim's Latin,' and I still have it). They told me their life-stories."

"I was popular, and I hadn't expected that. I was respected, because I spoke so nastily to the wardresses when they spoke nastily to other women."

"They hadn't a notion who I was, of course, or what I was doing there. I was just Thelma Parker."

"It was amazing how they all helped each other. By the time I left, I was looking on them as friends."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1967



# I'm going tonight"



● Research for the book *"Tell Morning This,"* by Kylie Tennant, involved living in girls' reformatories, pick-up houses, and going to jail. But how do you get inside prison walls if you're a law-abiding citizen? This story tells how Kylie managed it and wrote the book.



AUTHOR KYLIE TENNANT

"Most of the women in jail were handicapped in some way, physically or mentally. There were two very distinct types, the poor weaklings—the 'sawns'—and the wild ones, the vital ones. There was no putting those vital ones down. You couldn't help liking them, no matter what they'd done."

"Most of what I've written in the book about the women's prison actually happened. I saw it myself."

I mentioned a chilling incident in *"Tell Morning This,"* in which a woman convict falls foul of the prison doctor and is sent to the Reception House.

I said I hoped such a thing had never happened.

Kylie said, very seriously, "It happened to me. I'd been in about a week. A prison doctor started questioning me and as usual I wouldn't answer. He said, 'You'd better do as I tell you or I'll send you to the Reception House.' And he

did. That's when I began to get scared.

"I was put in a bath, and I was sitting with my hair all wet and wild across my face when a little magistrate came round and said 'You'll be very happy here,' and hurried away."

"By this time I was really frightened. A young doctor came round and I asked him if he'd ever heard of a writer called Kylie Tennant. He had."

"Well, I'm Kylie Tennant," I said, "and I want my lawyer."

Kylie got a message out to her husband, who came post-haste from their Laurieton home, and sought out the best legal talent.

## "Packed"

Kylie found herself in "a palatial cell" at Central. The court was packed when she came before it. She pleaded guilty to the offence with which "Thelma Parker" had been charged and the magistrate dismissed the case.

"There was talk of charging me with a number of offences, including creating a public mischief," she said. But nothing came of it. After an alarming experience, she escaped without a criminal record.

And back she went to her painstaking research. It took her nearly five years. She lived in girls' reformatories, pick-up houses, near-brothels. When he could, Lewis would come down from Laurieton, in northern N.S.W., and go with her.

She said, "We were staying once at a very dubious place. I was leaning out of the window and a character in the street kept beckoning me. When I wouldn't come down, he decided to come up. Luckily, he didn't find my room. If he had, he'd also have found my husband on the bed reading the paper!"

Kylie's eventful life of the period was only spasmodic. Most of the time she lived in Laurieton as a respectable

headmaster's wife, and loved it. She even helped Lewis at the school by taking the singing and sewing lessons.

Then back to Sydney for a plunge into low-life. She often stayed with her parents, a gentle, middle-class pair.

Her father was an executive with a steel firm who had christened his elder daughter Kathleen. She became "Kylie" in childhood, Kylie being an Aboriginal word meaning boomerang.

"I'll never forget," she told me, laughing, "the time I brought home a burglar. Dear mother, she said afterwards, 'What a delightful boy! He has a really angelic face.'"

"That delightful boy had just come out of jail. When drunk he was a savage."

Kylie's parents were used to her unorthodox ways. She grew up during the Depression, when she tramped the roads along with the tattered army of the unemployed. She found them uniformly "gentlemen."

"I was dressed like the men and acted like them," she said, "and so the men accepted me as one of themselves, without question."

She met young school-teacher Lewis Rodd during a brief time at Sydney University, when she had ideas of being a psychiatrist.

## First novel

They met again and were married in the country town of Coonabarabran, N.S.W. Lewis was writing a thesis on the influence of "The Bulletin" short story and Kylie got interested. She started writing short stories herself.

Then came her first novel, "Tiburon." It was set in a country town during the Depression. It took off an important award.

The pattern of Kylie's future writing was set. She wrote about social themes, and she went out and became one of the people she wrote about.

For "The Battlers" she took to the roads again in a horse and cart. She went to the doctor after this episode.

"You're suffering," he told her, "from malnutrition." And no wonder. Kylie had been living on the dole. Every ounce of fat had dropped off her.

For "Foveaux," she lived in the slums; for "Honey Flow," among itinerant bee-keepers.

With the years, book followed book. She acquired many honors and two interesting children. Lewis retired and the family went to live in a charming house at Hunter's Hill, in Sydney, now a virtual literary salon. Curiously, "Tell Morning

This," which Kylie had spent so many years researching, is only now (toward the end of this month) being published in full.

It struck trouble when Kylie first sent it to Macmillans, her London publishers. Those were the days of the paper shortage, and Macmillans were chary of publishing a book which might fall foul of the censors. They asked Kylie to cut it down to a third of its length.

The emasculated result appeared as "The Joyful Condemned," and ran through five editions in 1953 and 1954. Kylie thought it a travesty, and put the whole thing out of her mind until three years ago . . .

Then Margaret Dick, preparing a work called "The Novels of Kylie Tennant," came across the manuscript of "Tell Morning This."

She began telling everybody who would listen that this was the best thing Kylie had ever done. Angus and Robertson agreed, forbade Kylie to change a word, and launched the work *in toto*.

"The strange thing is," Kylie says, "that the book is completely contemporary. When I wrote it I meant it to be quite incredible in 20 years, yet it's truer than ever."

"Delinquency is a bigger problem than ever, the baccarat and gambling schools still flourish, crime is on the increase. Everything in the book is true, only more so."

It's certainly a big, vital novel about a big, vital city, and as authentic as Kylie Tennant could make it, even to the extent of getting herself thrown into jail.







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to shape immediately**

**But we're not so sure about Dad**

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# THE 'APPEALING' VOICE OF MRS. BROOKS

By MAUREEN BANG

MRS. Richard Brooks is a woman with a most "appealing" voice.

She speaks, and in answer to her appeals people part with some of their most valued possessions.

She was given 67 fur coats after one speech, a personal cheque for £1000 at the end of another.

Other results of her appeals include dozens of eggs, cases of cabbages, and, from pensioners, a multitude of "two bobs."

She accepts all gratefully without any qualms. For Mrs. Brooks makes her appeals not for herself but on behalf of the Forgotten Allies Trust.

This organisation was set up by the famous Miss Sue Ryder, wife of equally famous Group-Captain Leonard Cheshire, to care for survivors of Nazi concentration camps, of whom there are some 200,000 still in desperate need of assistance.

Mrs. Brooks returned home to Melbourne earlier this year after working for the Trust in England. She travelled 52,000 miles throughout the country, simply to make her speeches of appeal.

And even after those two and a half years of "solid yakker," as she calls it, she is now seeking support for the Trust in Australia.

"I want to interest people in setting up groups to raise money to send to the Trust," she said. "Because of the distance, money is all we can send — unless, of course, a food company would be interested in arranging to send some of its products to Europe."

Mrs. Brooks, a grandmother, has started speaking already to many organisations.

She always ad libs. "I never know what my approach will be until I see the people I am going to address, then I cut the cloth to suit."

The audience who gave her the furs were wealthy — "women, practically all in fur coats," said Mrs. Brooks.

"I thought it a good opportunity for a 'freedom from freezing' appeal. I started by saying how wonderful furs would be for the winters in Poland (where the majority of survivors live)."

"I told them I didn't want their best furs, second best would do."

"If they had holes in

them, we would cut them and use the fur to line boots. If they had moths, we could still use them."

At the end of the talk two women in the audience were so moved by the story of the survivors they took off their fur coats on the spot and gave them to Mrs. Brooks. "I took them," she said.

The other 65 coats were sent to her later.

Mrs. Brooks made her speech almost daily, and sometimes four times in one day.

Her audience varied. She spoke in stately homes and to coalminers' wives, in reform schools and (much to her consternation at first sight) to 500 kindergarten children under five years.

"I wondered how you could even mention concentration camps to them," she said.

"But it was during a harvest festival, a time of plenty, and so I spoke to them about other children and people who didn't have as much as they did."

## Rich women donated 67 fur coats after hearing her speak

"They collected dozens of eggs."

Before going overseas, Mrs. Brooks had spoken only occasionally at small meetings, although she had some experience speaking on television and radio.

An interior-design consultant by profession (under her maiden name, Pat McCormack), Mrs. Brooks was a specialist in lamp designs at a large department store in Melbourne for 20 years.

### "Desperate"

She went to England in December, 1964, to help recover from the sudden death of her husband, Mr. Ted Jarvis.

She had done some work for the Ryder-Cheshire Foundation in Melbourne and wrote to the Group-Captain offering to work voluntarily for him for one year.

"When I met him in England, he said I might be of more value to his wife, who was desperate for helpers."

Except in India, Mrs. Brooks said, this well-known husband and wife do not work together.

"His work is for the chronically ill, not necessarily sufferers from wars. Hers is entirely for war victims."

Miss Ryder was present at the liberation of Belsen.

"She never got over the shock of Belsen," said Mrs. Brooks.

For those in most need of constant medical attention, Sue Ryder has set up homes in many countries, including Poland (where there are 16), England, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Germany.

Thirty survivors are permanent guests at her 16th-century home at Cavendish, Suffolk, which is also headquarters of the Trust.

"One Home in Poland is devoted entirely to children, they suffer ill health — mainly bone deficiencies, heart trouble, and poor eyesight — because of the sickness of their parents, many of whom are unable to care for them adequately."

"Sue Ryder found many of these children living in appalling conditions," said Mrs. Brooks. "They were simply lying in beds, receiv-

ing no medical attention or education."

The Trust also arranges for survivors to spend a holiday in England.

"They call this trip the 'golden dream'," said Mrs. Brooks. "We take them sightseeing and generally give them a time they will never forget."

The Trust is financed by direct giving or by support groups, which organise money-raising activities, bazaars, concerts, etc.

"These are the groups I want to set up in Australia," said Mrs. Brooks. "Also second-hand clothes shops. In England the profit for us from them was 100 percent."

"We used condemned shops in poor areas, the clothes were donated, and the helpers were voluntary."

"We also asked doctors to give us drug samples, which they so often throw away; it's such a waste."

There were also special goods to sell: dolls made by survivors, paintings donated by artists, and specially designed tea towels and pens.

"When I went to a meeting I filled the car with all



MRS. BROOKS with "Jeune Fille," a bronze sculpture given to her by the artist after an art exhibition for the Trust in England.

these goods, like a commercial traveller," said Mrs. Brooks, "and then in return I was laden with contributions, like a Mother Christmas!"

Meeting Sue Ryder (who has been called the "Angel of the Displaced Persons Camps") for the first time can be rather deceptive, according to Mrs. Brooks.

"You see a woman with brilliantly blue eyes, a baby skin, curly hair — a little creature you think. But her rather frail appearance (she is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs about six and a half

Mrs. Brooks' debut as a speaker was sudden.

"Miss Ryder couldn't go to a particular meeting at the last minute and asked me to go in her place. 'All you have to do is show the film and thank the people for coming,' she told me."

### Broke down

The film runs for 52 minutes and includes some film on concentration camps taken by the Nazis and confiscated.

On this occasion the film broke down, and Mrs. Brooks had to talk unexpectedly for one hour. That was the first of the hundreds of speeches she made.

She was booked to speak until October, 1968, but plans were changed when she came back to Australia to marry Richard Brooks, whom she had known for many years and met again while in England.

The Trust needs £33,000 (\$482,500) a year to function. "Less than 3½ percent is spent on administration — a fantastically low amount," said Mrs. Brooks.

Miss Ryder is the custodian of all finance and won't spend a penny unnecessarily.

"She refuses to buy a meal in a restaurant — on principle," said Mrs. Brooks. "She considers it a waste of money, and even takes food with her on her journeys to Poland."

Miss Ryder goes there three or four times a year, driving herself in a truck laden with goods to give to the survivors — sewing-machines, bedjackets wrapped in gift paper, clothes, medicine, detergents, as much as can be carried. She has made the trip 40 times.

Once Mrs. Brooks accompanied Miss Ryder to Warsaw, a journey which took a little over 48 hours.

"We drove practically non-stop."

"I could hardly move when we reached Warsaw,

I was so exhausted," said Mrs. Brooks, "but Miss Ryder started off on her visiting rounds immediately."

"And just to see the love, reverence, and adulation with which the survivors, men, women, and children, greet her is enough to drive you on to do more."

Sitting in front of a cosy log fire in Mrs. Brooks' flat in Hawthorn, concentration camps seemed a long time, and a long way, away.

"It's hard to believe the atrocities which took place," she said, "even when I visited Auschwitz, where four million prisoners died."

"This enormous compound, larger in area than Melbourne, has been left untouched. It's deserted, desolate, and overgrown. You can still see the barbed wire, barracks, carts, crematoriums."

"At any minute you expect to hear the most terrible sounds. But the most terrible part about it is the silence — the utter silence."

"There is not a sound. Even the birds cannot be enticed back to that part of the countryside."

### Suffering

Then, said Mrs. Brooks, you actually meet people who are still suffering the effects of those days.

"One woman I met was about 44. While in Auschwitz she had been taken into the open in the middle of winter, stripped naked, and hosed."

"The water froze on her body and for three days she was kept imprisoned in ice."

"She suffered severe heart damage, and Sue Ryder brought her to England for extensive treatment."

Said Mrs. Brooks, "I don't think it is necessary to dwell on the horrors to make people want to help. All I do is remind people that these survivors do exist and do need help."

"If I do no other work for the rest of my days, I shall be happy."





● Bulla Coleman and Penny Yates, who are both delighted to be invited to Australia for the Melbourne Cup Carnival.

Seven London models

# Coming for the Cup



● Seven of swinging London's top models in orlon wardrobes designed by Australia's young manufacturers will add world fashion interest to the 1967 Melbourne Cup Carnival.

The Australian Women's Weekly, in association with Du Pont International and Qantas, is bringing the girls — pictured on these pages — to Australia.

They will be photographed in orlon dresses and sweaters for a Du Pont International and Women's Weekly promotion in autumn, 1968, for which several of the girls will return. They will appear on Saturday, November 11, on the National Nine TV network showing the newest in fashion for 1968.

**JOANNA FORD** (left) is better known as a film and television star than a model.

Joanna has appeared in a few of the "Carry-On" series, filmed with Tony Curtis in "Drop Dead, Darling" and says, "I suppose I can hardly count my part in 'Goldfinger' — I was a French girl in a bathing-beauty scene."

Joanna's quick wit and high spirits can turn the hardest day's work into one big giggle. She can be serious, too.

"I have to be," she says. "Acting is so demanding I find modelling relaxing and look forward to Australia as a working holiday."



**WHEN** Vidal Sassoon offered Penny Yates (left) a cheque for 90 guineas to let him chop off her hair, she said an emphatic "No."

"He wanted me to model the new curly styles and suggested I go under contract to him. I wasn't tempted. I like long hair."

Penny, the baby of the team, hopes to go horseback riding in Australia.

"I always had a horse or a pony when I was a child," she said.

This is her first big modelling job.

"I'm going to get the very best out of it," she said. "I am very impressed with the clothes designed in Australia, the kind I like to wear."

**BULLA COLEMAN** (right) loved Australia so much that no sooner had she returned from a tour of the Commonwealth for Du Pont than she signed up to return for the Melbourne Cup Carnival.

Bulla, half-French, half-Sudanese, has a tremendous zest for living.

"If I am happy I can go on for 48 hours without sleep," she said.

As a model, Bulla is well known for her clothes, vital looks, and graceful carriage. She is the girl Vidal Sassoon uses as his model for hairstyling and is under a two-year contract to him.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — OCTOBER 21





**SAMANTHA JUSTE** (left) is a model with thousands of fans.

She is disc girl on television's "Top of the Pops," flipping them for such famous disc jockeys as Alan Freeman and Peter Murray.

It is a program she loves, understandably. For on it she met the Monkees, a meeting that took her on two tours of America, Mexico, Canada, away from modelling and off "Top of the Pops" for almost all this year.

"I do not appear with the Monkees," said Samantha. "I might as well tell you, Micky Dolenz is my boyfriend."

Though it is no secret that Samantha and Micky are going steady, she says she finds it embarrassing. "Anything I might say about our friendship could be taken the wrong way, I feel, and some fans hate me enough already. It is an awful feeling."

"I used to get on so well with the fans at 'Top of the Pops,' but when I came out of the studios recently I was set upon. A couple of girls started it and in a moment there were a couple of dozen pulling my hair and thumping me. I was terrified."

**DIAN POORE** (right) calls herself the "oldest teenager in the business." She is 22, just married, but still the most sought-after teenage model in London, being frequently teamed with Twiggy for fashion shots.

Dian switched careers when she found she could go further and faster as a model than as a top secretary.

"My parents sent me to Lucy Clayton's Model School to give me a bit of polish so that I could go to Mexico with the International Legal Aid Association of the Law Society, for whom I worked."

"We were going by charter plane, but the regulations said nobody under 21 could travel in that group. Imagine my disappointment!"

Dian, however, was asked to stay on at the school as a part-time teacher. The rest of the time she spent looking for work as a model.

Her parents were not pleased, particularly as "instant" success took some time.

"But when work came, it came fast, and I got all the travel I wanted," said Dian.



**THE** trip to Australia is 17-year-old Rowena Ward's first big break in modelling — and she is very excited.

Rowena (right) has never been away from home before.

"It is not just the thrill of going to Australia for the Melbourne Cup, but the chance I'm getting of working with top models," she said.

"I know I'm going to learn a lot and enjoy every moment."

Modelling, however, was not the career Rowena planned.

"I wanted to be an actress," she said. "My mother was in repertory and was very ambitious for me."

"I didn't go to an ordinary school but to the Bush Davies School, the dancing school of the Adele Genee Theatre."

"We only did lessons in the morning."

However, she was spotted for television commercials and was such a success that she abandoned her stage ideas.

"My mother was disappointed at first, but she is quite happy now that I'm getting such a big break as a trip to Australia," she said.

Rowena lives in the country with her parents, travelling up to London each day. Unlike most girls, she doesn't yearn for a flat of her own.

Though she is looking forward to her visit to Australia, she doesn't think she will stay on after the Cup.

"My boyfriend wouldn't like it," she said.



**WHEN** the girls arrive in Australia, they will work with Melbourne and Sydney fashion designers on the clothes they will wear each day at Flemington — and Jan de Souza (left) is the most excited about this.

"I was studying fashion designing, but gave it up for modelling," she said. "I design and make all my own clothes."

Jan is one of London's best-known models, the girl who revolutionised modelling by her kooky presentation of Mary Quant's clothes, back in the days when Miss Quant was establishing her million-dollar fashion empire.

She and Mary Quant met at art school and have been close friends ever since.

Jan has gone from kooky to daddy's girl to flower-power, changing her appearance as each fashion style evolves.

"But I thought I was typed and finished with Vidal Sassoon's star-pointed hairstyle," she said. "If it hadn't been for the wig fashions, I would have been."

She has boxes of wigs and hairpieces.

She is also one of the "Birds of Britain" in John Green's recently published book of photographs of swinging Londoners.

Jan was born in Agra and spent her childhood between England and India.

When she gives up modelling, she is going back to dress-designing and joining Mary Quant's Chelsea Bazaar.



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## SOCIAL ROUNDOABOUT

By  
Mollie Lyons

JUST back from their honeymoon, Sir Walter and Lady Michelmores have asked friends to a cocktail party on October 28, which will really be a belated wedding breakfast. They were married on September 15 and left immediately afterward for a three weeks' stay at the Fiji Hotel. Lady Michelmores, who was formerly Mrs. Dulcie Scott, and Sir Walter have both come back with wonderful sunbans.

HEARD from Sue Du Val that the garden at "Bobingah," Nimmitabel, where she stayed with the Bill Gordons, is so beautiful she is going back again in a fortnight's time to see the tulips, azaleas, and peonies in bloom.

MY head whirled when Diana Fisher read me the list of farewell parties to be given for her and Humphrey before they leave Sydney next month for England, where Humphrey will take up a senior appointment with the BBC. I stopped counting at around the twenty mark. They are hosting five parties themselves so they can say "goodbye" to their friends, and I had a preview of the keepsakes they've had printed as souvenirs. They're the cutest little orange match-books and printed on them in gold it says, "Diana and Humphrey will ... Be Back Certainly."

AND, at the very bright party artist Paul Jones gave for the Fishers, I had trouble deciding just who was the most strikingly dressed guest. I finally settled for two. Beth Churchill, who was on her way out to dinner, looked stunning in a perfectly plain apricot silk dinner dress and a glamorous pair of earrings which were actually outside cascades of white hyacinth blossoms. Melburnian Jaimie Aitken, who now lives in Sydney, was in a scarlet coat with gold buttons and a navy-and-red tie to match his pocket handkerchief.

TWO interesting engagements of which I heard this week. The first is that of John Godfrey, of "Bando," Collarenebbri, and Gillian Prentice, of "Wellwood," Walgett, who are planning to wed early next year. The second, that of Patricia Petschler, of Moree, and Gerard O'Brien, of Seaforth. They have set the date for their wedding for September 7 next year.

ANOTHER engagement is that of Elizabeth Blacker and John Grant, who celebrated at a family dinner party at the Royal Automobile Club. Elizabeth is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blacker, of Armidale, and John is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. David Grant, of Denistone.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vickery after their marriage at St. Philip's Church, Church Hill. The bride was Miss Christina Watt, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Watt, of Tamworth. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Vickery, of "Dobbikin," Bellata. A reception at the Australia Hotel followed the ceremony.

LATEST news from Dr. John Vyden and his wife, Jennifer, who are at present living in Los Angeles, told his mother, Mrs. Moss Morton, they had just spent a fabulous two weeks at Banff Springs, in Canada. The Vydens have been living in Los Angeles for the past eighteen months, where John is doing heart research at the Cedars Sinai Medical Centre and Jennifer nursing at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

MORE overseas news, this time from England, from Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Montagu, who are thrilled about the birth of twin daughters, Katherine and Victoria. Mrs. Montagu (who was formerly Sydney girl June Finlayson) wrote recently to her mother, Mrs. James Finlayson, to say the twins are identical and their sister and brother, Caroline and David, are as excited as their parents about the new arrivals.

BELIEVE that Ralph and Rachelle McGarrity, who left for a six-month trip abroad just four days after their wedding on October 6, are at present in Delhi, and will go on to Moscow and London before they set off for Majorca for a four weeks' stay and then move on to Europe. Rachelle was formerly Rachelle Nevin, of French Forest.

DATE for your diary ... October 14, when a reception at Qantas House, attended by the Turkish Ambassador, Mr. B. V. Karatay, will inaugurate an exhibition of Turkish goods and arts and crafts. Invitations have been sent out by the women's committee of the Institute of Urology Appeal.

AND a second one, November 4, when the annual barbecue of the Sydney Squadron of the Royal Australian Naval Sailing Association will be held at Garden Island. Proceeds are to go toward the cost of buying a new Endeavour-class yacht.

MOUNT HAGEN, in New Guinea, will be the home of Helen Dawes and Ian Frost after they marry at the Malvern Hill Methodist Church, at Croydon, on October 21. Among guests at the wedding will be the Reverend George MacDougald, who will fly out from England.

BUSY bride-to-be Sue Benjamin is right in the middle of a whirl of pre-wedding parties and wedding preparations. Her two bridesmaids, her sister Carol and Elyse Phillips, gave a party for her at Elyse's home at Mona Vale, and Mrs. John Bonnington entertained also for her at her home at Avalon Plateau. Sue marries Geoff Grant at St. Andrew's Cathedral on October 24.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Millington signing the register at Christ Church, Blayney, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Judith Hill, daughter of Mrs. James Hill and of the late Mr. Hill. The bridegroom is the only son of Mrs. Charles Millington and of the late Mr. Millington.





AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Gurner after their marriage at Barker Chapel with their attendants, Miss Marilyn Goldstein, Miss Lois Dally, and Miss Lynn Wilson (left to right). The bride was Miss Mary Vandervord, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vandervord, of Vaucluse. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mrs. Norman Gurner, of "Nisbett," Muswellbrook, and of the late Mr. Gurner. The newlyweds will make their home on "Yarracoin Stud," Brewarrina.



SKI CLUB DANCE. Mr. and Mrs. Brian Friend (at left) and Mrs. Ross Radford were among guests at the Sydney Ski Club's thirtieth annual dinner dance held at the Wentworth Hotel.

TO WED. Mr. Norman Storey and Miss Gail Marks, who have announced their engagement. Miss Marks, who is wearing a sapphire engagement ring with baguette diamond shoulders, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Marks, of Mosman. Her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Storey, of Killara.



ABOVE: The Consul-General of the Republic of China, Mr. C. Y. Yang, and Mrs. Yang (right) received guests, including Dr. and Mrs. D. Hing, at a reception at the Wentworth Hotel to celebrate National Day of the Republic of China.



ROOMS ON VIEW. Mrs. Harold Holt, wife of the Prime Minister (at left), with Mrs. Alexis Albert, wife of the president of the Royal Blind Society, at the gala opening of the exhibition of Rooms on View at the Daily Telegraph Home Centre. Mrs. Holt officially opened the exhibition, which will remain open until October 31 and benefit the Royal Blind Society.

AT RIGHT: The president of the women's committee of the National Trust of Australia, Mrs. Morris Jackaman (at right), with Miss Margot Thatcher in the garden of the Bellevue Hill home of Lord and Lady Portarlington during an inspection arranged by the committee.







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# So tortoises do have winning ways

● They're the chief interest of a very pet-loving family

By  
BERENICE CRAIG



PETS are VIP members of the Goode family, of Frankston, Vic. John Goode holds dachshund Sunny; wife Clare has Coco the poodle; eldest son Christopher (11) nurses a ring-tail possum which wildlife authorities let them rear for research. With Mark (8) and Jeremy (6) are the cats. The tank holds tortoises.



AT THE POOL John Goode shows a large tortoise from the Murray River; Clare holds a tiny specimen, and on the top of the half-submerged post is a medium one. The pool is full of them.

IT'S hard to imagine anyone becoming wrapped up in tortoises, but Melbourne freelance journalist John Goode admits it has happened to him. So wrapped, in fact, he's written a book about them.

Called "Freshwater Tortoises of Australia and New Guinea," it is a prestige volume of hard-won facts and handsome photographs, recently published by Lansdowne Press.

This is the culmination of seven years of devoted part-time study which started when someone gave John's eldest son a tortoise for a pet.

Soon there were two tortoises in the family. The second, called John and discovered ambling through the Goodes' suburban shopping centre one busy Saturday morning, is still with them and so tame it eats meat from a proffered fork.

There have been hundreds of others, all anonymous, but the cause of a revolution in the lives of the Goode family, John, his wife Clare, and young sons Christopher, Mark, and Jeremy, in the bayside suburb of Frankston.

The boys have become the best tadpole hunters for miles around.

The main tadpole consumers are tortoises in an indoor aquarium. More tortoises inhabit a willow-fringed pool, which John made in the garden and where, in the hibernating period, they are stacked like cards at the deep end.

Still more tortoises are to be found in a laboratory behind the pool. Financed by a grant from the CSIRO, this is a firmly locked room where the temperature is a constant 70 degrees. In it, among a glorious clutter of experimental gear, is a tank full of tropical species—including a "snapping" specimen with a mean eye.

Here, too, is the incubator which John designed and in which he has successfully hatched tortoise eggs; the only ones, he believes, hatched artificially in Australia.

While John's regard for these star boarders is more clinical than affectionate and Clare's is tinged with a reasonable reserve, the boys dote on them.

The pool draws tribes of their young mates who, if they are allowed, will paddle happily among the rightful inmates.

Clare Goode is a slim, vital young woman who fortunately believes that every member of a family is entitled to his own interests.

"At first," she said, "I thought the tortoise bit was just another of John's hobbies. He's had others and tends to go overboard for a time about them. It was a little frightening to realise this one looked like being a lifetime thing. Still, I suppose it could have been snakes, and then I'd have had to leave."

One thing the tortoises have done for Clare is to teach her to love camping. A self-confessed luxury lover when it comes to holidays, she has had to organise her family for countless camping trips when John goes field-working along the Murray.

"I know now that this is the best possible type of family holiday," she said. Clare is taking a part-time Arts course

at Monash University and hopes to major in anthropology.

"We bombard each other with news of things that interest us, and I must say I've never found any of John's projects boring," she said.

"I've had to drop everything at times, indeed the whole family has, because of the tortoises. They've made a widow out of me for quite long periods, but don't think I'm not terribly proud of what John has done. It's wonderful that he has achieved what he set out to do.

"I'll never forget the hubbub when the first tortoise babies were hatched — it was tremendous."

John is convinced that Clare's acceptance of the tortoises dates from the time he cracked one of the eggs and showed her the embryo inside it. "I think it aroused something maternal when she saw the heart beating and the blood circulating."

English-born John feels he must have had some affinity with reptiles since his childhood. He has a vivid memory of putting a harmless grass snake into an aunt's bed and being amazed at the uproar it caused.

Before he married Clare in Brisbane, he had been a stationhand, ship's cook, mission helper, and "you name it, I've done it" worker around Queensland and Thursday Island.

They came to Melbourne and he freelanced as a motor writer and public-relations consultant.

John's first book, "Automobiles of Australia," was published, and he felt it was time to start another, although he'd written himself out on the subject of cars. Then tortoises came into his life.

He discovered there was very little known about tortoises and decided a book on them would be a nice, quiet, three-month research job. Soon he was hooked.

Charles Tanner, curator of animals at the Alfred Hospital, taught him a great deal and another Melbourne scientist provided what John calls "just about a three-year free course in zoology."

There was a certain amount of coolness, however, in general scientific circles, where well-meaning amateurs can be regarded with suspicion and the rule is "If you don't know everything, don't publish anything."

Letters to overseas scientists brought valuable information. "They just took it for granted he had a degree. I remember letters addressed to 'Herr Doktor Goode,'" said Clare, laughing.

Frequent trips to the Murray River, mostly in the Gubnower area, made local friends who helped with practical work.

"One of these, a farmer named John Russell, has become almost as wrapped up in tortoises as I am. He'd make twice-daily temperature checks in nests where eggs were hatching over a period of a year for me. He still helps," said John.

John has two more books (both for children) due for release shortly — one on the history of aviation in Australia and one on the history of motoring. But the "tortoise bit" is by no means over.

He insists he is learning more and more every day.

## The sight of an egg "aroused something maternal in Clare"





● Mrs. Else Blackett, above, with her secretary, Mrs. Bernadette Tom. Right, with one piece of the farm equipment it is her job to know about.



# Farm machinery is one woman's field

—AND SHE HAS LEARNT ALL ABOUT IT IN FOUR YEARS

THE small office off the main street of Orange, N.S.W., was piled high with papers—all about the farm machinery, equipment, and methods which will be shown at the annual Australian National Field Day to be held in Orange in November.

Definitely a man's world, one would think. But there, very much in charge of it all, sat Else Blackett.

Mrs. Blackett is the full-time secretary and organiser of the Field Day for the voluntary committee of 30 graziers, machinery agents, bankers, and other businessmen who stage the exhibition under the sponsorship of the Graziers' Association of N.S.W.

An open, direct woman with an easy friendliness, Mrs. Blackett discussed her work with confidence, but with a touch of shyness about herself.

"I knew nothing about farm machinery when I took this job four years ago,"

she said. "But I have read and read and can now discuss with exhibitors anything from tractors to spraying equipment to silos."

Local farmers, graziers, and machine distributors rate her as an outstanding secretary for the Field Day committee, and she has become a sort of "mother confessor" for all their problems with the exhibition.

Purpose of the Field Day is to enable primary producers to see a complete range of farm machinery and products in demonstrations and exhibits where

their suitabilities can be compared.

Farmers and graziers from all parts of Australia and overseas watch comparative demonstrations (all machines in the same category performing at the same time) of such equipment as ploughs, earth-movers, chain saws, pumps, irrigation, fire-fighting, hay-making, and fencing equipment.

On a separate orchard site, products for all forms of orchard activity from spraying and cultivating to bulk handling, fruit presentation, and packing are demonstrated.

Mrs. Blackett, as the co-ordinator of all these events, must be able to discuss any one of these demonstrations or any piece of machinery.

As well as general organising, Mrs. Blackett has to attend the monthly meetings of the general committee and all meetings of the 12 sub-committees.

She is the only woman on these committees, but says this doesn't worry her at all. "I feel confident about my capabilities and know I am accepted because of them."

Although the field of farm equipment was new to her, Mrs. Blackett is no stranger to business administration.

Her career, stretching over more than 30 years, has covered company secretary work for a building construction firm, allocation and checking of advertising for a tobacco firm, newspaper advertising work, and five years with a stock and station agent in Orange.

All this stemmed from just basic secretarial training.

"I got my Leaving Certificate in Sydney, then went to secretarial college," she said.

"I never had any specialised training for any of these jobs. I learnt them 'on the job.' But I had always had a yen for a career, which led me to look for these positions and learn from them."

"I have always loved my work. I love the challenge and excitement of organising something and watching it develop."

"The National Field Day is very satisfying work. It is held in November (this year November 13-16) and by about June each year the pressure is on and I am working 12- to 15-hour days."

This leaves her with little time for other interests.

"But both my daughters

Her efforts are certainly rewarded. Last year exhibitors reported the best sales results ever from the Field Day, which had an attendance of 38,500.

Awards for new implements and practical aids are made at each Field Day, and Mrs. Blackett is constantly on the lookout for new machinery and ideas which could be entered.

"This really keeps me up to date on machinery and methods," she said.

Mrs. Blackett has added one feminine touch to the exhibition.

"Most visitors bring their wives to Orange for the four days, and previously there was no entertainment arranged for them."

"Since 1964 we have been arranging a series of talks and demonstrations on subjects varying from cooking, pottery, bark painting to theatre and collecting antiques."

Another idea introduced in the past four years was to have a special guest exhibitor for each Field Day. The first year it was Japan, then the Territory of Papua and New Guinea, Great Britain, and this year the N.S.W. Department of Conservation is staging a half-million dollar exhibition on water, soil, and forestry conservation methods.

"The exhibition is now bigger than anything held in America, and we believe it to be the largest agricultural exhibition in the world," Mrs. Blackett said. "This year about five million dollars' worth of equipment will be exhibited."

Mrs. Blackett is justly proud of her achievements. "I don't want to appear conceited, but I have attained a lot, and I know where I am going. I feel I can now cope with anything."

## "U.S.A. TODAY" PARADES

CLOTHES from top American designers and fashion houses will be seen in parades at David Jones' stores in Canberra, Wollongong, and Sydney soon.

CANBERRA. The Canberra parades will open with a Gala Charity Show (invitation only) at the Canberra Rex Hotel on October 29. Tickets will be \$10 a double and proceeds will aid the A.C.T. Division of Red Cross.

Daily parades will be held at David Jones' Canberra store on October 30 and 31 at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

Tickets may be obtained from the David Jones' Canberra store Theatre Booking Office AFTER October 16.

Tickets for all parades will cost \$1.20 each and proceeds will aid local charities.

WOLLONGONG. Gala charity preview on November 1 at the Strata Hotel in aid of the Red Cross. Tickets (by invitation) will cost \$4 each.

Parades in David Jones' Wollongong store

will be free. They will be held on November 2 and 3 at 12 noon and 1.30 p.m.

SYDNEY. On November 4, cocktails and refreshments at 7 p.m. before a buffet supper to be held in the new 6th floor Annexe at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store.

The hour-long parade will start at 8.30 p.m., and coffee and biscuits will be served afterward. Tickets (invitation only) will cost \$10 each.

Proceeds will aid the Golden Committee of the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

Parades will be held in David Jones' new 6th floor Annexe (Elizabeth Street store) on November 6 and 8 at 11.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. each day. Morning and afternoon tea will be served at 11 o'clock and 3 o'clock.

Tickets for all four sessions cost \$1.50 each and will be available for booking from October 16 at the Theatre Ticket Booking Office, David Jones' Market Street store.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1967



# So Dusty Springfield has music wherever she goes

● Dusty Springfield, the famous English pop singer, who will star in a special edition of Brian Henderson's "Bandstand" on GTV9, Sunday, October 22, is the first personality I have interviewed through a third person.

## Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

DUSTY was around, but her throat was giving her voice trouble and her handsome English manager, Victor Billings, 37, spoke for her.

Billings had escorted Dusty and bass guitarist Doug Reece across the concrete bridge and over the wooden stile down into the backyard of the "Bandstand Cottage," formerly a suburban house that adjoins TCN9 in Sydney.

Dusty came in the back door, past the disused laundry, through the kitchen, and into the bow-windowed front room where Brian Henderson and his producer, Ray Newall, waited for her. I was there, too.

Dusty, like the old nursery rhyme's "fine lady of Banbury Cross," has music wherever she goes.

She doesn't go for bells on her fingers or bells on her toes; she wears them, a whole rope of them, round her slender neck.

They were Indian bells, she said, about a dozen. They rang in a small silvery tone and her strings of green, purple, and yellow beads rattled woodenly against them as she moved.

The guitarist wore a similar bell—just one round his neck. In the flurry of introductions, I thought he was introduced as "Dusty's boy" and concluded the bell-wearing was a tangible sign of their affection.

Mr. Billings set me

straight on that. He and I were sitting on the front steps of the cottage while I did this proxy interview. He looked quite startled when I asked if Reece were Dusty's boyfriend. Definitely not, he said. Reece was there about the music.

When we'd settled this, Dusty had disappeared and Mr. Billings had recovered from the "Bandstand Cottage" (he said it was just like a film set), and I noticed a beautiful gold watch and identity bracelet on his left wrist.

### Looks fragile

The identity bracelet was inscribed "Love from Dusty." It was Florentine gold mesh, he said, and Dusty had given it to him; the watch, too.

Mr. Billings said Dusty was keen about jewellery. "She's not a diamond girl," he said. "She's crazy about rings. I have given her most of the jewellery she has — a watch, the Georgian bracelet of fine gold with a pearl clasp she is wearing today, a gold-and-enamel locket, rings, a couple of neckties, and other bits and pieces."

Dusty is tiny, and looks fragile. She is "nearly 5ft. 3in." and her measurements are 34, 24, 35 (Dusty had to tell me this; Mr. B. didn't know).

She has the whitest skin

and uses so much eye make-up that the only apparent feature is two black eyes, like cigar burns in a white blanket.

She has a lot of platinum-blond hair rinsed with grey framing a little face that she topped with a pale pink plastic loop hat.

With it she wore a deep cyclamen trouser-suit printed in glowing cyclamen, yellow, and white daisies and a shocking-pink turtle-necked sweater. Her shoes were flat and glowing cyclamen, too, and she picked herself a handful of dandelions from the "Bandstand" lawn.

Flowers and bells and beads notwithstanding, Mr. Billings says she is not a hippie or flower person.

"Dusty is sympathetic with the hippies," he said; "she tries to understand their point of view. She doesn't take drugs or any of that sort of nonsense. She is definitely not a hippie. She would always be wary of that sort of thing."

### Kind of outlet

Dusty is famous as the voice that has sung so many great hits and also as a thrower of almost international repete.

Recently she hit the headlines when it was reported that she threw a meat pie at a waiter in a famous English restaurant because she thought he was being rude to a customer.

"She throws a lot of things," Mr. Billings said, "but it wasn't a meat pie, not in that restaurant; it was a Quiche Lorraine." (A Quiche Lorraine is much ritzier than a meat pie—a kind of high-fashion bacon-and-egg pie.)

"Throwing things is natural for Dusty; it is a kind of outlet. When she's in the mood she'll throw anything that comes to hand."

Mr. Billings copped a thrown vase in San Remo, a camera in the office one day, and lots of other things, too — expensive things as well as "the usual things like milk and buns."

I enjoyed talking to Mr. Billings. It was fun, but he was off to America to fix things there for Dusty. After her season at Sydney's Chequers she is meeting him in Los Angeles, where he has "quite a TV round" set up for her.

It includes guest-starring with Dean Martin, the Smothers Brothers, Johnny Carson, and in "Hollywood Palace" — and you can't do



● Singer Dusty Springfield at the "Bandstand Cottage" with Brian Henderson.

better than that on American TV.

You can't do better than "Bandstand" here, either. I bet the special will be a wow. It was obvious that Dusty clicked with Brian and the whole "Bandstand" crew at first sight.

### Promise for

#### next year

THE power of a woman isn't as great as I sometimes like to believe.

Nothing I can say will persuade TCN9 to turn round "The Power Game," which ended recently, and start it again right now. They don't think I'm right.

Instead of Patrick Wymark ruthlessly on in the Monday 9.30 p.m. timeslot, viewers are to have Will Rushton in an hour special on October 23 — "The Best of Will Rushton" made up of bits of his half-hour series — followed on October 30 at 9.30 p.m. by a new series of "No Hiding Place."

"No Hiding Place" is a good Scotland Yard detective series. I like Superintendent Lockhart (Raymond Francis) and I am prepared to enjoy it because I have cross-their-heart promises from the TCN men that "The Power Game" will be repeated next year.

### The art of

#### newsreading

CHANNEL 9's daytime news (TCN9, 1.27 and 3.27 p.m.), read by Penny Spence, is a good move for daytime watchers.

Penny is as pretty as paint and worth watching. If you don't want to hear the news but appreciate grace, just look at her without the sound.

Her early reading was too quick, but I'm sure it was starting jitters, and she will settle into a less-frenzied pace.

The technique of reading

news from a teleprompter doesn't appeal to me. (A teleprompter is a moving blackboard above eye-level that turns up line by line for the reader.)

It makes Penny and other readers, too, look as if they've learned the news by rote, are reciting it, and at the same time straining upwards looking for a sign in the sky.

Because of the teleprompter, they appear to look through and beyond the viewer. I find it disconcerting. I think it would be better if they read from their script from time to time, and made it obvious that they are indeed reading the news.

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the week

MOMMA ONCE SAID: "When I was given a bad write-up on an act I was doing, I used to feel very depressed. No matter how hard you try you can just not please everyone. But what kind of a world would it be if everyone liked the same things? My advice is to just go out and do the best job you can and try to please the majority of the people. That's the best that anyone can ever hope for." Since that day that has been the principle I have worked on.

MOMMA'S MORAL: People seldom think alike — until it comes to wedding presents.

## SYDNEY TRADE FAIR — WORLD MARKET-PLACE

THIS month (October 19 to October 28) the Sydney Showground becomes the market-place of the world when Australia plays host to ten countries — Rumania, Japan, the United Kingdom, Malta, India, Republic of China, Belgium, Luxembourg, East and West Germany — at the Sydney International Trade Fair.

Laces, ceramics, textiles, fashions, toys, foods, wine — in fact, the cream of these nations' exports — transform pavilions into international shop windows.

Sponsored by the Chamber of Manufactures of N.S.W. and Retail Trades' Association of N.S.W., the fair's main purpose is to expand international trade here and in the rest of the South Pacific and South-East Asia.

Because of this, Australia is staying in the background, but one notable exception is

the Department of Territories' exhibit.

Devoted to Papua-New Guinea, it is constructed entirely of New Guinea timbers and displays products including coffee, cocoa, rubber, timber, and tea.

An interesting feature is the section devoted to pyrethrum, a brand-new industry in Papua-New Guinea.

Pyrethrum is a natural insecticide derived from a variety of chrysanthemums, and was first planted in the Eastern and Western Highlands in 1961.

### Machine tools

For the technically minded, a highlight of the fair is \$12 million worth of computer-controlled machine tools from Britain, East and West Germany, and Japan. Vying for first place as a newsmaker is a Japanese video tape-recorder that takes film.

Those who prefer a touch of tradition shouldn't miss East Germany's pavilion. Against a backdrop of white lace curtains — which have been woven in Germany for more than a century — are displayed the famous Zimmermann and Ronisch pianos in their new and practical host size.

Zimmermann and Ronisch have been "aristocrats" of German piano-makers since the 18th century, but since World War II their fame has been confined to East Germany.

And the fair doesn't forget children. Hand-embroidered and beaded Christmas ornaments add bright color to the Republic of China's pavilion.

The Fair is open to the public on October 21, 27, 28. Admission prices are: children, 20c, adults, 40c. There are restaurants and snack bars.



### Spiced Ham Loaf

Soften 1 tablespoon of gelatine in 1 cup of cold water and dissolve in 1 cup heated water with 1 cup lemon juice. Add 2 tablespoons each of Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce and vinegar and chill the mixture until slightly thickened. Take 1 lb of Hutton's cooked ham, grind or mince it to make about two cups. Add the ham to the chilled gelatine mixture, plus 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon each of grated horseradish and diced pimiento, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, and a pinch each of cayenne, cloves and freshly-grated nutmeg. Put the mixture in a buttered loaf pan and chill until set. Unmould the loaf on a platter and serve it in thin slices with whipped-cream horseradish sauce. For this gourmet treat you must use HUTTON'S COOKED HAM.

**Hutton's**

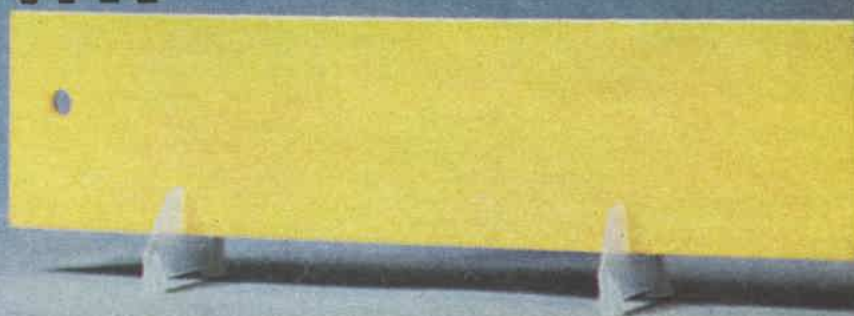
for Pineapple Brand Hams and Bacon, Australian smallgoods, and A&R Continental Smallgoods.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



# Kill flies continuously:

Just hang up  
Shelltox  
Pest Strips:  
or let  
them stand  
on their own  
two feet.



A Shelltox Pest Strip in an average size room will kill every fly within sight for 3 months.

No odour, mist or work. Pest Strip breathes out invisible Vapona insecticide to every corner of a room, 24 hours a day for 3 months.

One Pest Strip protects an average 9ft x 12ft room.

Free plastic stands allow Shelltox Pest Strips to be put out of sight on shelves, pelmets and cupboards.

**The only full time  
Fly killer \$1.60**



Shelltox and Vapona are Shell Trade Marks





# "ADVENTURE ISLAND"— A PLACE OF ENCHANTMENT

● "ADVENTURE ISLAND" is a slice of pure fantasy, rich and enchanting, specially designed for the five-to-seven-year-olds. The island is peopled entirely by fantastic characters like Mrs. Flowerpots, whose hat blooms in and out of season, the Panda Pair, Clown, Fester Fumble, and Miser Meany. The recognisable humans are Nancy Cato and Liz Harris from the defunct "Magic Circle Club." I was unprepared for the reaction of a clutch of moppets at the preview when Nancy Cato came into view. They were ecstatic, sucked in their breath, and hissed "The Magic Circle" as they sat silent, entranced. If their reaction is any guide, "Adventure Island" is definitely going to be the In thing with the kindergarten set.

—NAN MUSGROVE



NANCY CATO AND LIZ HARRIS in "Adventure Island." There is a computer on "Adventure Island" every mother will want: called "I Know," it can answer all the questions children ask.

Television



LEFT: CLOWN, one of the characters that make "Adventure Island" so fascinating, is gay in dress and cheerful in nature.



THE PANDA PAIR. Left is Dodo, sister of Perce E. Panda, right. There seems no trouble in their lives that can't be danced away.

● "Adventure Island" may be seen on ABC-TV throughout the Commonwealth, Mondays to Fridays, at 4 p.m.



# HEAD-TURNING FLATTERY FROM THE GROUND UP SKYLINE COLOUR-BALOO

Want to corner the conversation? O.K. then — if you're really keyed-up ahead, befoot yourself with a new dazzlement of dynamic Skyline colour. Skyline's burst forth, afire in utterly voluminous vivids. Colour-crazed strip-straps, lace-ups, trims a fancy. Skyline shapes lie low and clumpy in sleek patents, cooled kids, and glo-calf. Real conversation pieces. Join in Skyline's Colour-baloo.

*Skyline* from \$9.99  
by Clarks



NEW YORK



NIAGARA



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# The CHEMISTRY of FASHION

● American multi-million-dollar paper companies have been on a good thing with the manufacture of paper dresses. Now the multi-billion-dollar chemical companies are all set to jump on the non-woven fabric bandwagon with a new "miracle fibre."

THE backroom chemistry boys have stopped weaving and started rolling. The result: spun polyester and a material called fake flannel.

These fabrics come off rollers just like rolls of newsprint, and not much more expensive.

The fake flannel, a material called Kypron, has the same chemical fibre structure as rayon, but the fibres are not woven. Spun polyester fabrics print well, are tissue-thin yet strong.

In the past two years paper companies have been able to supply dress designers with a non-woven material that was fairly inexpensive, strong enough for their needs, could take color well, and satisfy the laws in respect of fire resistance.

The biggest single reason for this was that

paper fibres were rolled into sheets instead of being knitted or woven as conventional dress materials are.

The chemical companies saw a threat to their dacrons, acrilans, and cellulose acetates, and got busy.

Elisa Daggs, of New York, who has been in the forefront of paper fashion design, obtained some of the first bolts of the "paper textiles" to come out of chemical plants.

Her designs, pictured on this page, are expected to be in American stores soon, and will cost about \$U.S.9.50 (\$A.8.57).

—By Bill Wilson, in New York



BLOOMER DRESS, above, in spun polyester, is a two-piecer — the bloomers and the cape or poncho. It hangs to just above the knee to almost, but not quite, conceal the bloomers.



CHARCOAL-GREY fake flannel dress, right, with gold belt made of paper. The dress fabric has the same fibre structure as rayon, but is not woven.



SPUN POLYESTER has been used for this bra dress, designed by Elisa Daggs, of New York. The "bra" is a five-foot-long wide band of Kaycel (a paper fabric) that wraps around the dress and ties in a bow.



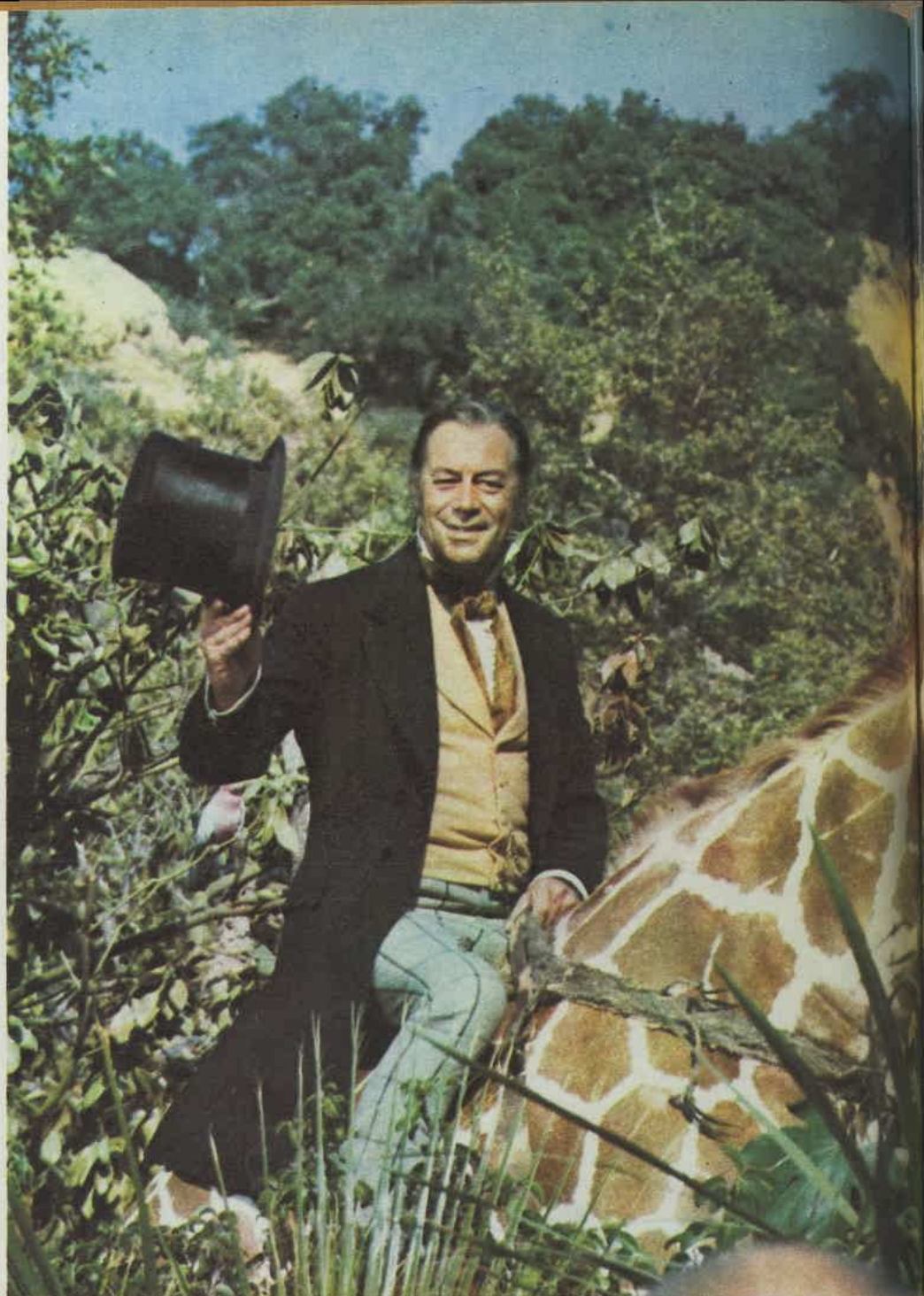
WHITE SHIRT made of spun polyester, decorated with a floppy yellow neck bow in paper. Elisa Daggs, of New York, designed the shirt to be worn over a culotte skirt.



● Rex Harrison (right) aims to ride into hearts on a giraffe's back—a scene from the forthcoming film musical "Doctor Dolittle" (no relation to Eliza Doolittle, dustman's daughter).



FAMILY PORTRAIT. Rex Harrison as the doctor sits with three members of his immediate household, Polynesia the parrot linguist, Chee Chee the affectionate chimpanzee, and Jip the dog.



## The animals

*IF we could talk to the animals —*

*Learn their languages —  
Maybe take an animal degree,  
I'd study Elephant and Eagle,  
Buffalo and Beagle,  
Alligator, Guinea Pig, and  
Flea.*

Rex Harrison, as the famous top-hatted character in Hugh Lofting's books for children, sings this in the screen musical "Doctor Dolittle," an APJAC production for 20th-Century Fox release.

The generous-hearted, animal-loving doctor learns from his

friend, the parrot Polynesia, that animals have languages of their own, and she agrees to teach him all she knows.

"Parrots," she says, "are the finest linguists in the animal kingdom. I speak over 2000 languages, including Whale, Dodo, Unicorn, and English."

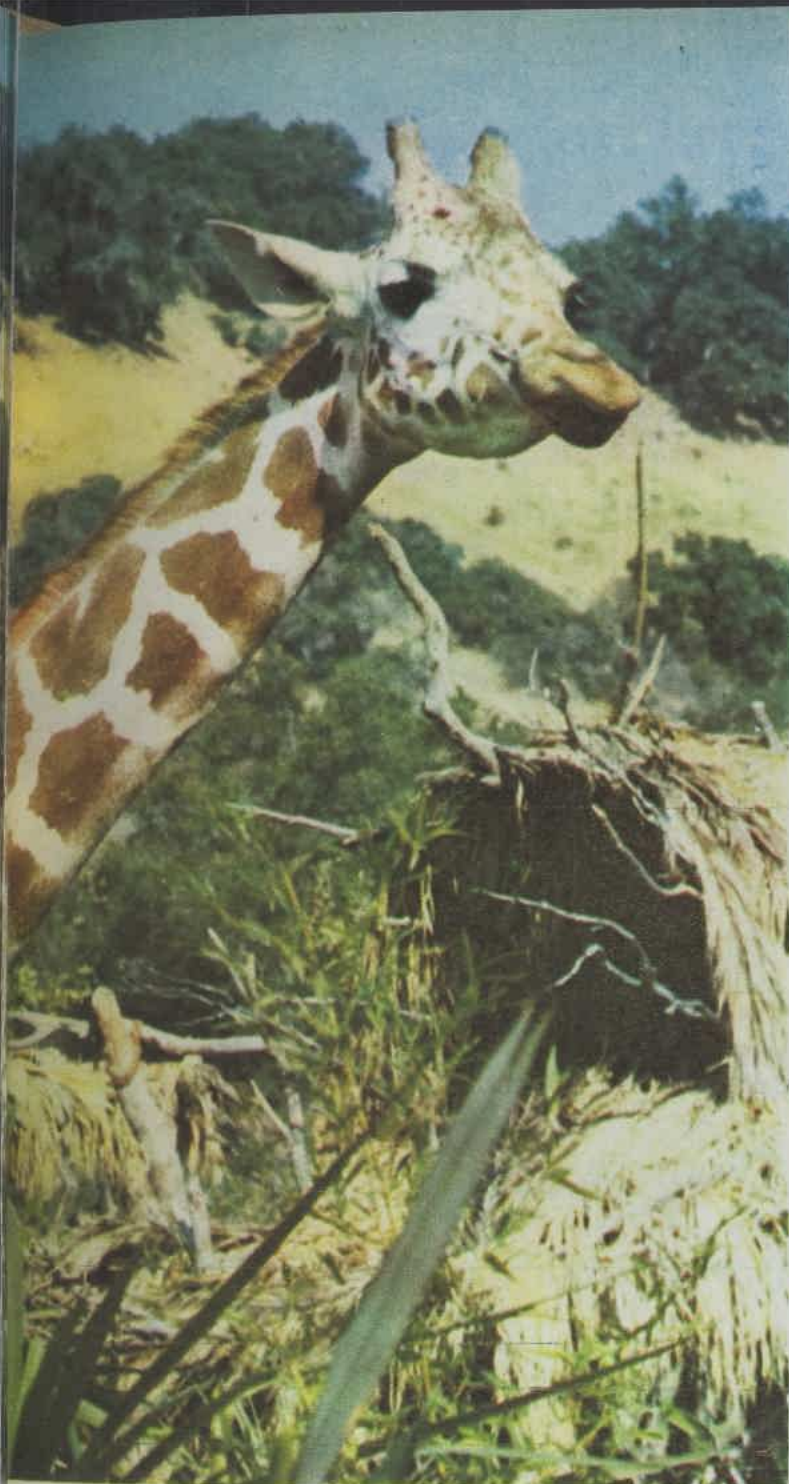
For the first day's lesson Dr. Dolittle and Polynesia go out to the fields, where Dolittle discovers that he can say "Good morning" to many of his animal friends.

"Most animal languages are a mixture of sounds and movement.



TRIBAL CHIEFTAIN (played by Geoffrey Holder, noted choreographer and dancer) is about to release the doctor and his friends, captured in the African jungle. This was shot in West Indies.





TWO - HEADED pushmi - pullu is introduced to the public. Circus owner is Richard Attenborough, singing and dancing on the screen for the first time.



LEFT: Samantha Eggar as the girl who marries the cat's - meat man. This is her first musical film, and a big change of pace from her role in "The Collector."

BELOW: The dedicated doctor adds to his vocabulary in Sheep. He has learnt a total of more than 400 animal languages.

## talk back

A short snort means 'good.' Shaking the left hind leg means 'morning,' Polynesia instructs him.

Dolittle quacks a "Good morning" to the ducks and gets a loud chorus of quacks in reply; he greets the goats and one of them snuggles up on his lap; he gobbles at the turkeys, who gobble back; he exchanges greetings with an elegant family of swans and a small family of rabbits; he walks into the meadow filled with cows and sheep — moos and baas, and gets a deafening response.

"It's incredible! Impossible!

But it's true!" cries Dr. Dolittle:

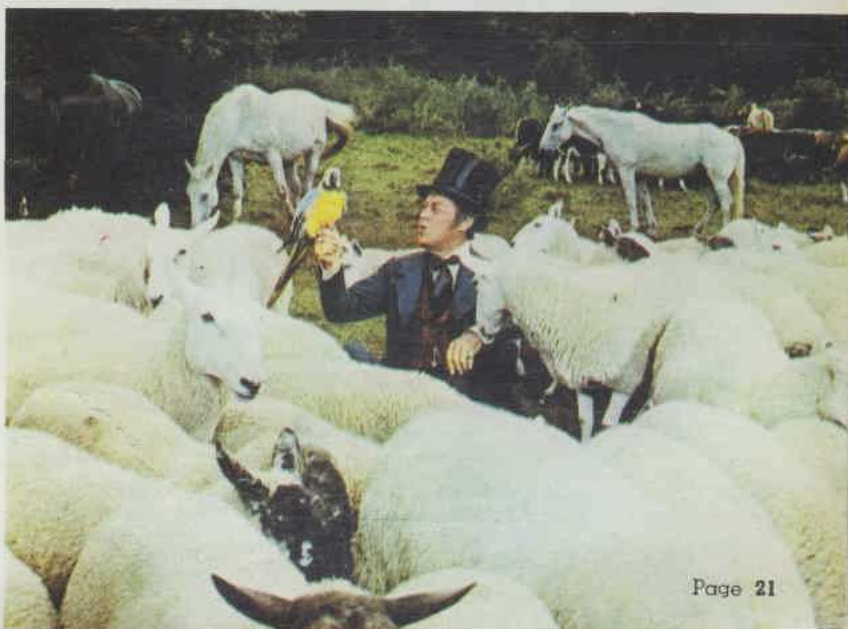
*"A man can talk to the animals! It's a miracle!*

*In a year from now I guarantee I'll be the marvel of the mammals, Playing chess with camels —*

*No more just a boring old G.P."*

"Doctor Dolittle" also stars Samantha Eggar, Anthony Newley, and Richard Attenborough. The script and the music and lyrics for the 14 songs are the work of Leslie Bricusse.

INCIDENTALLY, Rex Harrison, at 59, really does ride that giraffe, a rare and difficult feat.







Wide stripes add zest to the hooded mid - calf beach dress (left). Made in heavy silk, the design is slightly A-line and has a boye - wrist uncuffed sleeves.



Long-sleeved overblouse (right), made in flower-printed crepe, tops a white crepe one-piece pantsuit. The blouse is cut low in front.



After - five cafe suit (left) made in striped lame. The brief top bares the shoulders and midriff. The pants are caught into the ankles with narrow self-bands.



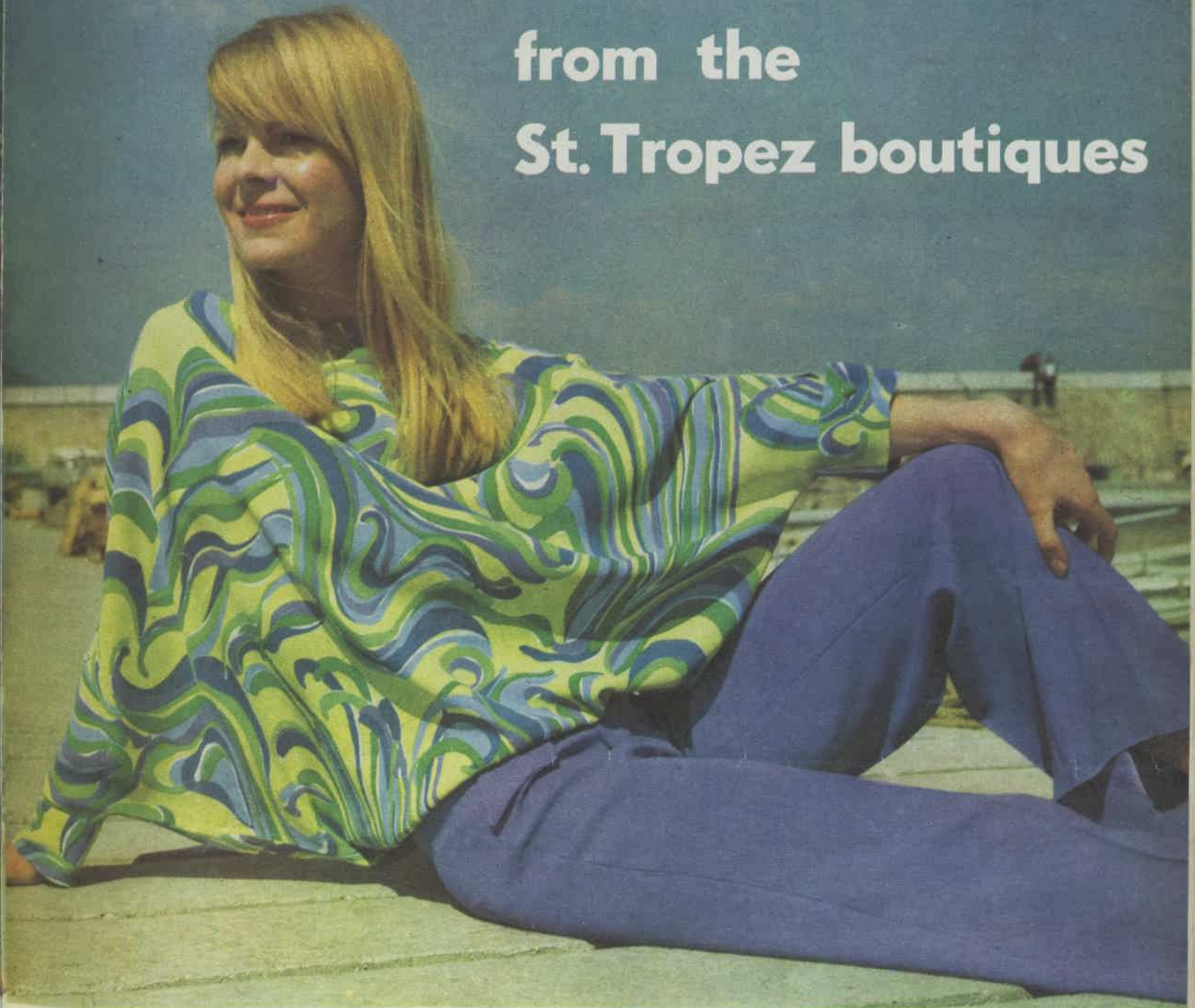
Ankle-length dress in white cotton (left) is printed with an abstract motif. The dress is designed to be worn day or night.



The pantaloonsuit is an off-the-beat favorite worn by South of France setters. The one above is made of flowery cotton mingling blues and whites.



# Fun fashions from the St. Tropez boutiques



Typical of the boutique fashions sold and worn in Saint Tropez is the overblouse (above) with its new wide dimensions. The material is crepe printed in lime and blue. Top is worn with lilac crepe pants.

**D**OWN SOUTH in France, round Saint Tropez, the fashion outlook for by-the-sea and holiday clothes is bright. Flamboyant colors add zest to current trends. About designs: The long length is important and is worn for day and night — for example, a dress to the ankles or slightly higher can double for the beach and after 5.

The pantaloon suit is booming. This, too, can be worn a.m. or p.m. Resort designers label this suit "Bar" or "Cafe." Then there are all the co-ordinated separates. In this field a loosely fitted overblouse is no. 1 favorite. Glitter weaves and wonderful crepes come in an array of stripes and brilliant prints.

— BETTY KEEP



# Special families\* brush with



# the special toothbrush



**Only Tek has**  
**ANTI-GERM**  
**built-in germ**  
**fighting action**

\* A special family — the nine Wynans — Mary (13), John (12), Peter (11), Paul (10), Robert (8), Michael (6), Gregory (5), Raymond (4), Ingrid (2).

*Johnson & Johnson*

GOOD TEETH FOR LIFE  
Free Booklet from: Dental Health Education & Research Foundation, Box 3834, G.P.O., Sydney  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1967





● This one-piece dress with cut-away armholes is my design choice for a reader who lives in Queensland.

HERE is part of the reader's request letter, with my reply:

*"I have 2½ yards of large-patterned floral silk to make a summer dress and would like a design and pattern for this fabric. I just want something cool and simple, as we have a very hot summer here. The frock is for after-five."*

Illustrated at left is the design you wrote me about. The dress is semi-fitted and has an A-line silhouette. The bodice-top has cut-away armholes and oval neckline; there are pockets in the side front seams. If you decide to order the pattern, full details are given under the picture.

*"Could you let me have a paper pattern for some sort of garment to wear over a bathing costume? I have terry-towelling for the style you recommend. I take size 16."*

Our pattern department has a design for an attractive beach cover. The garment comes in three lengths — above-knee, street, and ankle, and it is finished with a shaped turtle-type collar, bell-shaped raglan sleeves, and pockets in the side seams. If you decide to order, please quote Butterick Pattern 4419, price 65c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

*"What shades would be flattering to an older woman who has blue eyes and white hair?"*

All shades of blue and pink and olive-green. Unless you have a very high color, avoid black and very dark brown.

*"I live in a very hot part of northern Queensland and have been invited to a morning wedding taking place in December. What would be the correct thing to wear? I usually don't wear a hat. My age is 24, and I take a 32in. bust size."*

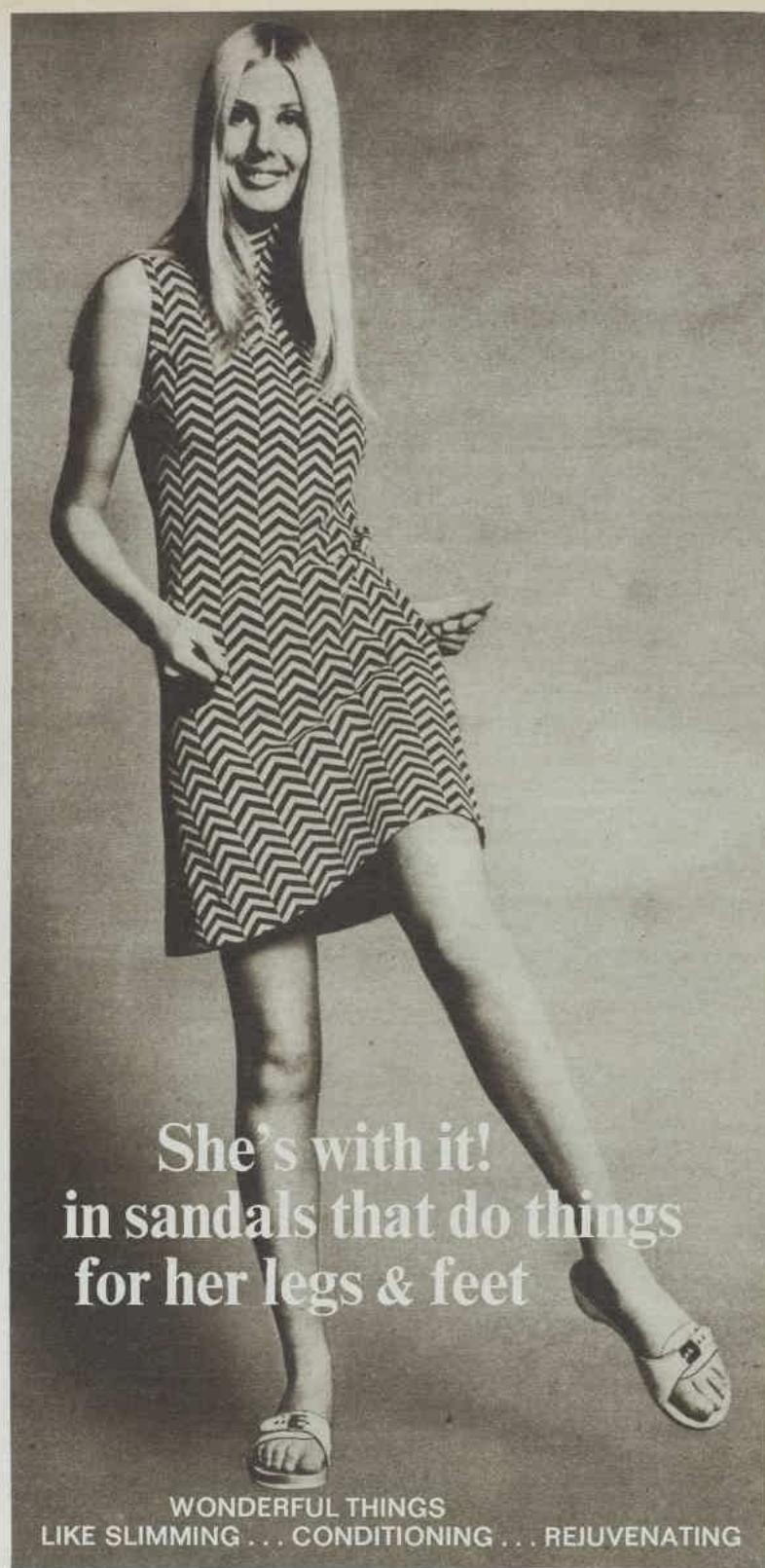
Something cool. My choice would be a sleeveless A-line dress made in bright linen or in a soft printed silk. For the accessories I like the idea of white patent shoes and a matching handbag, and white wrist-length gloves. Replace a hat with a white grosgrain hair bow.

7094.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7094, price 85c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

# DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1967



She's with it!  
in sandals that do things  
for her legs & feet

WONDERFUL THINGS  
LIKE SLIMMING . . . CONDITIONING . . . REJUVENATING

She's with fashion — the lissom, leggy look. And she keeps her legs and feet fit for fashion . . . with Scholl exercise sandals. The sandals that help slim legs and ankles. The sandals that make feet fit and full of go.

## INGENIOUS TOE-GRIP

That's the secret. As you walk, your toes clench the exclusive, built-in toe grip. Lazy muscles WORK. Simply, spontaneously, your legs and feet are being exercised in a special and beneficial way. This action has a slimming effect on legs and ankles, a rejuvenating effect on feet. Foot arches and muscles are strengthened, revitalized, and the feet conditioned against tendency to corns, callouses and bunions.

That's the promise of Scholl exercise sandals. The more you wear them, the better your legs look, the fitter your feet get. Start wearing them now, indoors and out . . . for comfort . . . for fitness . . . for beauty.

**Scholl** exercise sandals  
every step — a step to beauty

Raised Heels \$9; Flat Heels from \$8.40

FROM CHEMISTS, STORES, AND SCHOLL BRANCHES.





BASIC JELLY WHIP

What's even more delicious than Carnation jelly whip?



MAYPOLE WHIP

BERRY-BANANA WHIP

FRUIT SALAD WHIP

CHOCOLATE PINEAPPLE WHIP

ANGEL FOOD WHIP

TWO-TONE WHIP

These 6 exciting new variations... couldn't be simpler!

One can of Carnation Evaporated Milk and a packet of jelly crystals. That's all you need for the smoothest summer desserts ever, Carnation Jelly Whip. Delicious, cool, nutritious. Try these variations, then some of your own. Add your favourite fruits for that home-made special.

**Basic Jelly Whip.** 1 packet of jelly crystals, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk, icy cold. Dissolve jelly crystals in the boiling water, allow to cool, but not to set. Whip icy cold Carnation Milk till thick and blend in jelly mixture. Set in refrigerator. Serves 6.

**Maypole Whip.** Make up lemon flavoured jelly whip and a lime flavoured one, following the basic jelly whip recipe but using only half quantities of ingredients for each. Layer with coconut in tall glasses. When preparing, it will be necessary to keep the jelly whips beating gently if you are using more than one layer of each color.

**Berry-Banana Whip.** Make up the basic jelly whip using a raspberry jelly. Fold in sliced bananas. Serve topped with pieces of banana.

**Fruit Salad Whip.** Make the jelly whip recipe using an orange jelly. Fold in 1 drained 15oz can tropical fruit salad. Use extra passionfruit if desired.

**Chocolate Pineapple Whip.** Make up the basic jelly whip using a pineapple jelly. Fold in 1 15oz can of well drained crushed pineapple. Layer in tall glasses with crushed chocolate biscuit crumbs.

**Angel Food Whip.** Make up the basic jelly whip using a lime jelly. Fold in two tablespoons of grated chocolate and 1-2 teaspoons of peppermint essence. Decorate as desired.

**Two-tone Whip.** Make half a chocolate instant pudding. Half fill serving dishes. Then make half quantity of basic jelly whip, using strawberry jelly, and spoon on to top of instant pudding.

Carnation, the milk 'from contented cows'



Look for the free Carnation Cook Book in your store, or write to Mary Blake, Carnation Company, 252 Swanston Street, Melbourne.





**KANGAROOBIE:** A fine Victorian two-storey home in red brick with white cast-iron veranda railing, Kangarooobie (above) was built in the 1870s by James Dalton, an early settler in Orange, for his son, Michael Francis Dalton, on his marriage. The present owner is Mr. Brian Dalton, grandson of James Dalton. Much of the furniture in the home, including the dining-room suite and the carpeting, seen in the pictures at right, was brought to Australia from Ireland by Mrs. James Dalton. The home has an interesting collection of old family portraits and books, and also an architect's drawing of the first Dalton home, called Duntryleague, which is now the country club at Orange.

# HISTORIC HOUSES

By BARBARA MARTYN



● Orange, a cherry-blossomed city set in fertile pastoral land in the central west of New South Wales, has a history dating back to the middle of the last century when it was "The Village of Orange" and an important gold-mining centre. The early settlers' homes, built in Colonial and Victorian styles, and their churches, courthouse, and other buildings are now of historical interest and have been chosen by the Women's Committee of the National Trust of Australia (N.S.W.) for the second of their 1967 country tours, on November 4 and 5. (Two country tours are organised yearly: the first one this year was to the Hunter Valley.) Four of the homes to be visited by the Trust party are featured on this and the following pages. They are Kangarooobie, Springfield, Boree Cabonne, all built last century, and Mayfield, dating from 1910.

*Continued overleaf*





1

**SPRINGFIELD:** An excellent example of early Colonial architecture, Springfield was built 120 years ago by Cornish settler William Tom from sandstone quarried on the property. The walls are about 2ft. thick, and Trust examiners have praised the excellence of the stonework, general construction (it has two single-storey wings, the kitchen and the storeroom), and the siting (built halfway up a hill with a magnificent frontal view across a large valley). The flagged porch (picture 2) features the traditional three round Cornish welcome stones. The drawing-room (picture 3) has a beautiful French cabinet with ormolu, and the house is generally furnished in late 19th-century style. The present owners of this fine house are Mr. and Mrs. John Kouvelis.

2



## HISTORIC HOUSES

*Continued from previous page*

3



1







1

**MAYFIELD:** Built in 1910 in Georgian style by Scotsman James Crawford, Mayfield is now owned by his nephew and godson, James Crawford. A delightfully decorated home with curtains and much of the upholstery of specially dyed and woven Thai silk chosen by the present Mrs. James Crawford, the home has a fine collection of 18th-century furniture; some of it from the Crawford home in Scotland, some from Mrs. Crawford's family, the Stephens (Sir Alfred Stephen was the Governor of Tasmania when it was still called Van Diemen's Land), and some of W. C. Wentworth's furniture, as the property was originally part of the Wentworth estate. In picture 2, the two orange upholstered chairs were built for the Austrian Emperor Franz Josef. The Crawfords also have Chippendale arm chairs. The china cabinet in picture 3 contains some blue plates which were part of Sir Alfred Stephen's dinner service. Picture 4 is of the home's modern sunroom. The light shades are actual coolie hats from Thailand, and the cart (seen at the left in picture 4) is a hand-made Swiss hay cart, which Mrs. Crawford fills with geraniums in summer.



2



3



2

**BOREE CABONNE:** Situated 19 miles from Orange at Cudal, Boree Cabonne is another fine Victorian home, built in 1896-98 by Lance Noel Smith, grandfather of the present owner, Mr. James Mac.Smith. Features of the house are its cast-iron verandas, lovely cedarwood floors and trim, a tiled hallway, and marble fireplaces imported from Italy (picture 2). Mr. Mac.Smith also has a collection of pieces from the old Twogong Court House.



4





All eyes are on

**METTERS**

**14 cu. ft. Free O'Frost  
refrigerator-freezer**

- FREE O' FROST
- DELUXE AUTOMATIC
- SEPARATE FREEZER
- 7-DAY MEAT CHILLER
- TWIN CRISPERS
- ICE CUBE STORAGE
- INTERIOR FLOODLIGHT

MFF 1467



MFF 1267



MST 1266



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MA 1167



MT067



MF 1167

**FREE O' FROST**

- 12 cu. ft. Automatic
- Ice cube storage bin
- Wood grain trim
- 7-day meat chiller

**2-DOOR SUPER TWIN**

- 12 cu. ft. Automatic
- Ice cube storage
- Separate meat chiller
- Wood grain trim

**12 cu. ft. AUTOMATIC**

- Full-width freezer
- Lift-out egg racks
- Separate meat chiller
- Thinwall insulation

**11 cu. ft. AUTOMATIC**

- Full-width freezer
- Separate meat chiller
- Glide-to-you shelves
- Thinwall insulation

**TREMENDOUS TEN**

- Full-width freezer
- Full-width meat drawer
- Tall bottle storage
- Standard defrost

**UPRIGHT FREEZER**

- 11 cu.ft. capacity
- Thinwall insulation
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**METTERS — FIRST WITH THE FEATURES WOMEN WANT MOST**



# BETROTHAL ON MT. KILIMANJARO

By NANCY MANDERA

● There was no popping of champagne bottle corks at my engagement party. No crowds of friends with warm congratulations. Not even a conventional ring with a sparkling diamond.

Instead, the wind whistled icily across the snowfields, there was one solitary witness, and the ring that was slipped on my frozen finger was of curiously wrought Arabic silver from Zanzibar.

At least it was original — just as the whole story of our courtship was original.

MY own story had started several years before with an attack of that strange disease, wanderlust. The remedy had been the leaving of my quiet country home in the North of England to travel with a similarly afflicted girlfriend.

Bad news from home necessitated her return, but I decided to continue alone from Europe, and invested the remainder of my savings in a third-class ticket to South Africa aboard a Portuguese ship. I disembarked at Cape Town knowing no one and having no job.

Within a few days I was working for the State Government Libraries and had a small room at the YWCA and already many friends. I grew to love Cape Town, the attractive, bright city clinging round the foot of the great grey mass of Table Mountain.

After some time I was sent on a tour of inland library centres. This meant visiting the isolated, tiny communities of Europeans—farmers, teachers, and doctors—to restock their small depots with welcome supplies of books.

For me it was a wonderful opportunity to see South Africa, the wide rolling veldt and desert plains, and have my first glimpse of the still primitive and colorful tribes of Africa.

Then an overnight stay in a lonely hostel brought about the meeting that was to change and direct the rest of my life. I met two German brothers, Franz and Heinz, who were on a hitchhiking trip round South Africa.

They were planning to turn northwards via Rhodesia, East Africa, Egypt, and Libya, making their way slowly home to Europe. My expressions of envy were promptly answered by an invitation to accompany them.

I have always based my associations with others more on feelings than on reason, and in this case my feelings were of liking and trust. We agreed to travel together.

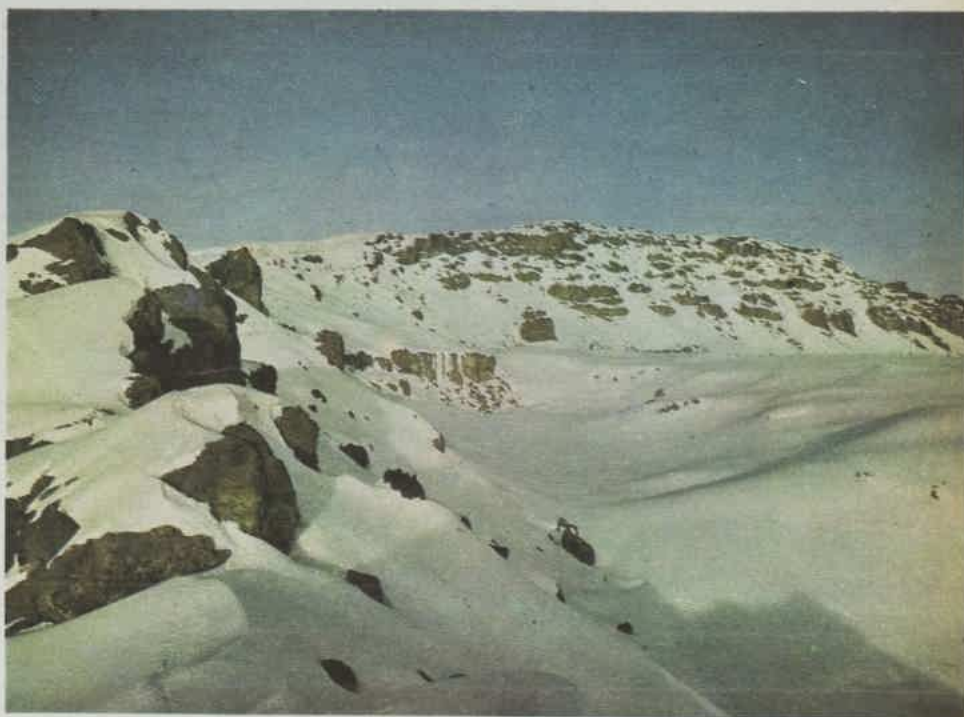
I was well aware it would be no easy undertaking. Our pooled resources and budget did not run to luxury hotels, expensive restaurants, and first-class fares. We would be sleeping mostly in the open air, cooking our own meals from whatever was available, and hitchhiking when possible.

Accordingly each packed a light rucksack with the minimum of clothing and necessities for a camping life. These included sleeping-bags, mosquito-nets, a set of cooking pots, and minor items such as first-aid kits and cameras.

*Continued overleaf*



MORE THAN 15,000ft. up Africa's highest mountain, the writer receives an engagement ring from her young husband-to-be, Franz.



ABOVE: Picture was taken when Franz reached the summit, at 19,340ft., with brother Heinz. BELOW: During their long journey through Africa, the trio often "walked for days on end, or took a native bus . . . where we were objects of curiosity and amusement."





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pampering foundation cream and ultra-soft face powder. And those beautiful skintone matching shades are part of the Innoxia magic.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 25, 1967



# Betrothal on Mt. Kilimanjaro

Continued from page 31

So began the long and wonderful journey that was to take us 20,000 miles through the heart of the dark continent. A journey that led where ever fancy took us in our desire to get off the beaten track, to see the true Africa, her people, animals, forests, and great rivers. Sleeping beneath the stars or in native huts, eating pounded cornmeal from friendly Africans or a welcome rich spread in a lonely European home-stead.

We gratefully accepted lifts from Good Samaritans, only to find they were equally grateful for company on the endless stretches of dusty road. We also walked for days on end or took a native bus, simply a lorry with wooden benches and seats, where we were objects of curiosity and amusement.

## "Had to conquer"

Our journey lasted 11 months. I wish I could describe it all in detail, but from 11 months when every day held something new, something memorable, some excitement where would I begin?

Therefore I have chosen one incident, one experience to relate — our ascent of the fabled Snows of Kilimanjaro.

Not far from the Equator itself, rising from the burnt and bushy plains of Tanzania, is this 19,340ft. mountain. We had seen its top already from more than a hundred miles distant. Coming nearer we made out the forested slopes, the cloak of light cloud, and emerging unbelievably bright and white the towering, snow-shining peak.

We knew we had to conquer it.

Inquiries among locals elicited the information that at least it wasn't necessary to be fully-fledged mountaineers to reach the top; there was a certain track which, if followed, cut out any rock- or ice-scaling.

"But no one goes without an expedition. You must take a guide, and porters to carry your food, firewood, mattresses — and a cook to prepare your meals. And provide rations for them all. You must hire the right equipment: winter clothing, boots, sticks . . ."

Such an expedition was out of the question — that is, out of our budget. We asked more questions.

It would be a trip of about five days, three to go up and two down, about 20 miles altogether. The weather at the moment was good, but rains were due any day and then it would be impossible to ascend.

There were small mountain huts at three stages of the climb, rough shelters only with hard boards to sleep on and wood stoves. Up to 12,500ft. was a supply of wood and water, but afterward these must be carried. Of course, all food supplies must be taken from the start.

We still knew we had to attempt it. There was another reason why it meant so much.

During the previous months' adventures and hardships there had grown between all of us a real and deep friendship. But for Franz, the elder, and myself there was something more.

We had had chances to get to know each other in circumstances often other than favorable — in all situations, sometimes dirty, tired, or sweating, all day and every day.

Not for us an evening date at the cinema, each carefully dressed, but always wearing the same old shorts and shirts.

Knowing each other already so well, we knew also that the end of this journey could not be the end

of our time together. We decided to become engaged.

For an unusual relationship in unusual surroundings, where better than at the highest point of the whole African continent, the summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro?

We started from the foothills early one bright, fresh morning. It was 12 miles to our first day's goal, the hut at the height of 9000ft.

The track wound, not steeply, but continually rising. The slopes were well watered and fertile. There were several native villages whose inhabitants, the Chaggas, were clean and hardworking, growing bananas, corn, and fruit.

They ran eagerly out to offer us refreshment as we passed. The hut was successfully reached by the end of the afternoon, but I was only ready to flop on to a wooden bunk while the boys made a fire and soup. We were soon asleep.

The next morning was again clear as we set out.

The mountain at this height was ringed by a belt of dense rain-forest.

## NANCY MANDERA, the

English girl who married the young German met so far from home, has added this sequel to her story:

"We found on our return to Europe that we were no longer contented with the life there. There seemed to be so many people, so much rush; we missed the wide open spaces and free outdoor life that one leads in warmer climates. We would have liked to live in certain areas of Africa, but the future is now too uncertain to begin a new life there. So we decided to try Australia."

"We landed at Fremantle in March, and I can honestly say, after only a few months in the country, that we are happy: we are quite settled and finding our place here. My husband is a builder and I intended to continue in my profession as a librarian, but directly on arrival we had the wonderful news that we are expecting our first baby."

"So our wanderings are, for a time, over, although we hope in the future to see most of Australia, and when we make a visit back to Europe we will probably go overland."

The path climbed between roots and hanging vines as we walked through the lush undergrowth in shadowy green light, hearing calls of strange birds and chattering of curious monkeys.

The belt ended abruptly, emerging on to grassy, thinly treed slopes. Once again I experienced the dull tiredness and leg-ache that comes from a continual ascent.

## Too cold to sleep

Until now we had felt little change in temperature, but that came quickly at the end of the second afternoon as we reached the hut at 12,300ft.

These huts offered only a protection against the winds and I scarcely slept that night. I had no appetite and shivered violently, although the boys lent me their extra clothing.

We had only light tropical wear, and I put on every item—shorts, skirt, jeans, and three blouses helped little.

In the daytime the sun took the

edge off the frostiness, but after this height it was always chilly. Now we had to load up with wood and water for the final stage. We left the last signs of vegetation, the bright, brittle everlasting flowers.

The way to the last hut was not so steep, but I found it most difficult. Not only my sleepless night but now the thinness of the air was having an effect.

My legs dragged like lead across the hard lava plains. I had to rest every 15 or 20 minutes. My companions were little better, but managed to carry my rucksack between them.

The tiny tin shelter in the distance seemed to get farther away, but in the early evening we finally reached its crude comfort. This was near the snowline. The last 4000ft. rose directly to the peak.

We had learnt that the last attempt should be started in the small hours, for two reasons: because the sun would make the snow surface slippery, and, secondly, to be on top at dawn for the unique experience of seeing the sunrise over the plains of Africa if the day was clear.

We dozed until about 2 a.m. before making final preparations. I still hadn't slept much, and although I stepped out very determinedly into the black icy air it was almost impossible to force my limbs forward.

Slowly, one step at a time, I covered a hundred yards in about 15 minutes. Franz and Heinz were already ahead, and now Franz came back to where I stood trying not to weep.

## Left in darkness

I knew I could not go on. "But you must try it," I said. "I'll wait here."

He hesitated, torn between the desire to conquer the last stretch and a reluctance to leave me alone in the freezing darkness.

"I'll go back to the hut," I said. "There's no danger. Only be careful yourself." So he turned upward, and sadly I turned back.

It was not pleasant in the hut, and with the first rays of light I was outside scanning the snow for signs of two tiny figures. At last I saw them and moved on as far as I could to meet them. They were exhausted and breathless, not only from their successful climb but from the awful and inspiring wonder of dawn on the mountain.

I felt a deep disappointment on my own account, but this was banished for a time as Franz drew from his pocket the ring, bought from an old Arab dealer in Dar-es-Salaam, and slipped it on my frost-bitten finger. Completely successful in my climb I had not been, but this was more important.

There was no time for celebration. It was almost midday. We packed quickly and turned our backs on the summit to begin the return journey.

By nightfall we were back at the second hut. I was recovering; and coming back into normal conditions, our pace was so fast that at the end of the fifth day we had crossed the plains and the rain-forest and were back at the starting point.

Now happily married and living in Australia, Franz and I look back with mixed emotions on our climb.

I can never quite stifle the feeling of failure in coming so near, yet so far, from the peak, but at least I tried. I did my best, and 16,000ft. is no mean height.

Then, looking at the quaint silver ring, I have only a wonderful memory of the great African mountain.



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## In minutes you feel elegant carefree — more confident

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Remember me? Amelia B. Pepper. Reporting from New York for Sunoroid. (The reason I'm not in any of the pictures is because I spent the whole day at Paraphernalia behind the camera.)



Pam Huberman is the boss of Paraphernalia. All the big stores in the States ask for her advice on fashion. So when she wears Sunoroids, you know they've got a good thing going for them.



This is Paraphernalia, 572 Madison Ave. It's the swangiest place in the world to buy things to wear. That's Pam, second from left. Tomi Hager, left, is her Asst., and on her right there's Trixi and Carolyn. They're real fashion authorities—and they really like Sunoroid.

"The going's great."



Sunoroids arrive in New York. Pan Am 118. Helicopter 1006. I know it sounds impossible, but it only took 10 minutes to get from Kennedy to the Pan Am building! The going gets greater on Pan Am.



When a girl from Arizona waves the Australian flag, there's got to be a reason. I just gave her a pair of Sunoroids! Her name's Mary Ellen Madsen — we met in Hawaii.

Sunoroid takes a look at New York



and vice-versa.



By the way, this is the boy I met on the plane. He bought those Sunoroids in Sydney. Said it was the authentic optical glass lenses that sold him.

Here's Tomi (that's her in the middle, too) in Paraphernalia's black jersey shift with silver plastic arrows and Sunoroids. She stopped traffic on 5th Avenue.



These are the Sunoroids that made the big hit in New York—the black and white ones. Style 671L. \$4.65. That black pair Tomi has on her head (above) is the same style—just in a solid colour. They all have authentic optical glass lenses.



Trixi (the Countess Beatrix Von Losch from Munich to be precise) and I are lunching at Dawson's on 53rd. That's my ever-present Pan Am bag on the table.

Bye bye for now. I'll keep you posted on how we go in London. Watch for the ad in the Weekly on Nov. 15. (I'll be on TV soon, too.)





# AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● A weekly series  
by Bill Beatty

## OCTOBER 22

**1850** Birth of Charles Cameron Kingston, South Australian politician. Kingston was admitted to the South Australian Bar in 1873, but was attracted to political life and in 1881 was elected to the House of Assembly. In 1893, he became Premier, and held the post for seven years. Kingston was considered one of the best parliamentary draftsmen in Australia, and was responsible for the franchise for women, the establishment of a State bank, a protective tariff, "progressive" taxation of land, industrial conciliation, and other measures. An early advocate of Federation, he became Minister for Trade and Customs in the first Commonwealth Government. A statue of him stands in Victoria Square, Adelaide.

**1872** First cable message from Sydney to London, via Adelaide and Darwin.

**1874** The first sod turned of the first government railway in Western Australia. The line was to connect the port of Geraldton with Northampton, a distance of 33 miles. Three years earlier two privately owned timber lines had been built. One of the steam locomotives — the first in the colony — has been preserved as a relic in the town of Busselton.

**1894** Martha Needle executed, aged 31. Martha Needle was hanged in Melbourne after having murdered her husband, her three children, a man named Louis Yuncen, and having attempted to murder Yuncen's brother. She did it for the insurance money.

She administered arsenic methodically to all her victims, but during a visit to Mrs. Needle, Yuncen's brother, Hermann, became suspicious of a cup of tea she gave him. It made him ill, but he recovered and laid a trap for her. On his next visit he was offered tea again, but instead of drinking it he summoned waiting detectives. The tea was found to be heavily poisoned. Bodies of all the victims were exhumed, and found to contain arsenic.

## OCTOBER 23

**1803** The first church service in Victoria, taken by the Rev. Robert Knopwood, chaplain to the short-lived convict establishment at Sullivan Bay, near the present site of Sorrento. Three weeks later the chaplain preached his first sermon and, before the settlement moved to Tasmania, solemnised his first wedding and conducted the first baptism in Victoria. The baby was the son of a marine sergeant, and was given the names William James Hobart Thorn.

Among the convicts and their families was a wild 11-year-old youngster named Johnny Fawcner, who later founded a colony where this present company of marines, soldiers, and convicts had failed. No permanent buildings were begun, and the settlement was abandoned two months later.

**1813** Birth of explorer Ludwig Leichhardt.

**1887** Queensland immigrants denounce misrepresentations of the immigration authorities in England. In 1887 the Quetta brought hundreds of British immigrants to Rockhampton. Some, after tramping many miles in search of work, found it months later cutting and clearing burr and prickly pear from station properties at \$2 a week.

In those days there was no "week's notice or week's pay" given in the pastoral industry. Men could be put off hundreds of miles from the next chance of work without a shilling to their names. The Quetta workers got this raw deal, and at a camp meeting passed a resolution (cabled to London) denouncing the misrepresentations of the immigration authorities.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1967



STATUE of Charles Cameron Kingston in Victoria Square, Adelaide. Kingston became Premier of South Australia in 1893, and brought about many progressive parliamentary measures, including franchise for women and the establishment of a State bank.

## OCTOBER 24

**1856** First responsible ministry in South Australia formed, with Boyle T. Finnis as Premier. Boyle Finnis arrived in the colony as assistant surveyor under Colonel Light, was made Colonial Treasurer and Registrar-General in 1847, and four years later was nominated to the Legislative Council by the Governor, Sir Henry Young. In his short term as Premier and Chief Secretary of South Australia he passed measures dealing with waterworks for Adelaide and the first railway in South Australia.

The rank of lieutenant-colonel was conferred on Finnis by an act of the local council in 1854, when through fear of Russian privateers the colony was raising a volunteer defence force of 2000 men. The unsettled state of the world in 1860 caused this force to be revived, and Finnis (who raised a company known as the Adelaide Marksmen) was given command of the 1st Adelaide Regiment.

**1857** Wreck of the Aberdeen clipper Catherine Adamson at the entrance to Sydney Harbor, on Inner North Head. Having no steerage way, she anchored inside the harbor, but drifted ashore and sank. Those lost numbered 21.

**1889** Sir Henry Parkes delivered his "Tenterfield" speech on Federation. Parkes, then aged 74, devoted the rest of his life to Federation. The Federal Council he felt was inadequate, and nothing short of a federal parliament would achieve the end, "One People, One Destiny."

When Major-General Edwards, a British officer brought to Australia to report on defence, recommended the federalisation of colonial troops, Parkes seized the opportunity to seek political union on a federal basis. His speech at Tenterfield, N.S.W., brought about a premiers' conference and the calling of a national convention to draft a federal constitution.

## OCTOBER 25

**1616** Hartog landed on the island now named after him. The spelling varies of the name of this Dutch merchant seaman who was the first European known to have set foot on the Australian west coast. The Dutch have decided upon Dirck Hartog, but in the title of the island named after him the christian name is spelt Dirk.

A party from Hartog's vessel Eendracht landed on the island and affixed an inscribed pewter plate on a post on the northernmost point, which was named Cape Inscription by the French in 1801.

**1794** Arrival of the Scottish Martyrs. As a group, these were probably the most notable men ever sent to New South Wales. They were five political reformers — Thomas Muir, Thomas Palmer, William Skirving, Joseph Gerald, and Maurice Margat — sentenced to transportation at the celebrated trials for sedition held in Scotland in 1793-4. The reforms they advocated have long since been attained, and a monument to their memory has been erected on Calton Hill in Edinburgh.

**1911** Launching of HMAS Australia, first battleship of the Australian Navy. The Australia was a battle-cruiser of 19,500 tons, with a speed of 26 knots. Her armor was 10in. thick on the turrets, and she carried eight 12in. guns, 16 4in. guns, and three submerged torpedo tubes. In World War I she covered some 100,000 miles, more than half of them in the North Sea, where she was flagship of the second Battle-Cruiser Squadron. She returned to Australia in June, 1919, but under the Washington disarmament treaty of 1922 was sunk with naval honors 24 miles east of Sydney Heads.

**1938** The DC2 aircraft Kyeema crashed at Mt. Dandenong, Vic., with a death toll of 18.

## OCTOBER 26

**1793** William Charles Wentworth born.

**1832** First cargo consigned from Australia to America. The Boston trader Tybee took back with her from Port Jackson the first consignment of cargo to the United States — hides, horns, and skins. A regular exchange of commodities did not follow, mainly because of the prohibitive American tariff, but an American business firm, Kenworthy and Co., founded a branch in Sydney in 1836 to handle imports and exports, the first U.S. firm to establish in Australia. Three years later the first American Consul landed in Sydney.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 suddenly opened a market for Australian grain, flour, timber, etc., between San Francisco and Sydney, Melbourne, and Tasmanian ports. This trade was reversed

when gold was found in Australia three years later, and this country clamored for American picks, shovels, stoves, carriages, liquors, tobacco, preserved foods, and general manufactured products.

**1835** Five hundred sheep and 50 Hereford cattle landed at Williamstown, Port Phillip, from Launceston, for Batman's Association. Williamstown, at "the anchorage" on the western shores of Hobson's Bay, was the first suburb of the capital, founded at the same time as Melbourne.

**1859** Passenger ship Royal Charter wrecked off Wales. The vessel was on her way from Melbourne to Liverpool with 500 people aboard. Only 41 were saved.

## OCTOBER 27

**1728** Birth of Captain James Cook.

**1837** Police station and jail erected in Melbourne near the site now occupied by the Bourke Street West police station.

At that time there were seven constables to guard Melbourne, but Captain William Lonsdale, the police magistrate, considered this inadequate and procured several mounted men from Sydney. Melbourne's first police had no uniform, or any sign of office, except a bludgeon and a pair of handcuffs dangling from a leather belt. In 1840 they were provided with a colorful costume — a blue jacket with a red stripe round the left wrist, white canvas trousers, and a yellow waistcoat. They could wear any shape or kind of hat they fancied.

Like the police of Sydney, they were obliged to call out the time of night every half-hour of their patrol, to interrogate people found out of doors after curfew, see to the good behaviour of licensed victuallers, keep a strict eye upon houses of ill-fame, apprehend drunkards, suspects, and sly-grog sellers. But there is no record of wheelbarrows being issued to them.

In 1837 wheelbarrows were issued to the police of Sydney for conveying drunken persons to the lock-ups. The legs of restive prisoners could be fastened to the barrow by means of buckles and straps. A "Sydney Gazette" of November, 1837, mentions that the police on wheelbarrow duty resembled a muster of coachmen on a street stand.

**1848** The convict ship Governor Phillip wrecked on a sandbank off Cape Barren Island, Bass Strait. Nearly all the convicts were saved through the bravery of Lieut. Griffiths, who was in charge of them. He died while trying to save the last four convicts as the vessel sank.

## OCTOBER 28

**1788** Sinking of the Friendship. The convict ship Friendship, a vessel of the First Fleet, left Sydney for England in company with the ship Alexander. So many of the Friendship's crew died from fevers that the survivors were taken aboard the Alexander, and the Friendship sunk off Borneo.

**1883** Death of William Bede Dalley.

**1895** Birth of Les Darcy, champion boxer. James Leslie Darcy was born of poor parents near Maitland, N.S.W., and had to leave school at an early age. Always keen on boxing, he won his first professional fight at the age of 16. In Sydney, he was quickly recognised as a potential champion, and the greatest night of his career came in December, 1915, when he knocked out the American Eddie McGoorty, a contender for the world middleweight championship. The following year he won every match.

Darcy enlisted in the Army, but his mother insisted on his discharge as a minor. Meanwhile, there was an urgent demand for his appearance in America, and he was persuaded to cross to New York in contravention of the War Precautions Act. He was given a spectacular welcome, but soon afterward newspapers accused him of being a deserter from military service. Although cleared of all charges, he became run down in health, developed pneumonia, and died, aged 21.

The "Denver Post" said of Darcy: "He took all that came to him with the ever-present smile. His body was perfect — his heart immune to cowardice, but even the strongest cannot endure the tongue of criticism. So it was with Les Darcy. His physical self could not repel the onslaughts — the charge that he ran away when his country called him . . . He died of a broken heart and because his fellow men had forgotten that six feet of earth makes us all of one size."



Nourishing rice made richer with vitamins and minerals called niacin, thiamin, riboflavin and iron.



# Rice and shine!

build breakfast on  
Kellogg's\* Rice Bubbles<sup>†</sup>  
and help them live up  
to their very best.

When you pour on milk and hear that cheery Snap! Crackle! Pop!—it's good to know that you're getting more than crispness and great taste from Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. They're whole grains of rich rice that Kellogg's make even richer with vitamins and minerals. Great nourishment!



\* Registered Trade Mark. † 'Rice Bubbles' is a Registered Trade Mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.



# BOOK SPELLS OUT MAGIC

■ The title of the book interested us — "Cures and Curses," by Dorothy Jacob. And, then, the introduction said it was a companion volume to the author's "A Witch's Guide to Gardening."

Apparently, to make a curse really stick it must be repeated nine times — for nine has always been considered the strongest of magic numbers, being the "perfect plural."

Shakespeare seems to have known this, and had his witches in "Macbeth" chant: "Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, / And thrice again to make up nine, / Peace! The charm's wound up."

Second only to nine in potency is the number three, the "perfect dual." Miss Jacob somewhat disconcertingly suggests that the familiar "To be taken three times a day" could be a relic of an old magical invocation.

To point up the enduring nature of the mystic nine in legend, and even in law, she quotes the 99-year lease, nine points of the law, the nine orders of angels, the nine planets, and a cat's nine lives.

## Deadly cure

In the Middle Ages injuries were cured by ignoring the wound, and treating the object that had caused it. So a nail or a bit of rusty iron would be kept greased and brightly polished, while the wound remained neglected.

Insisting on this spartan treatment as late as 1902, an Essex, England, woman, not unpredictably, died of tetanus.

To extract a tooth without pain: "Take some newts, by some called lizards, and those nasty beetles which are found in ferns during summer, calcine them in an iron pot, and make a powder thereof. Wet the forefinger of the right hand, insert it in the powder and apply it to the tooth frequently, refraining from spitting it off, when the tooth will fall away without pain. It is proven."

That's as maybe. The book (published by Elek) costs \$2.70.



## ONES THAT GOT AWAY

GET together some of the world's best fishermen, let them drop their lines in a prime spot for 720 hours (collectively) — and what sort of "bag" do you end up with?

The answer is an empty one!

Yes, at an international angling contest in West Berlin recently not one fish took the bait.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1967

# POSTCODE

## competition results

● Well, we've finally waded through the many entries and come up with the winners of our contest to find the three best stories written by readers using Australian place names and their Postcode numbers.

Each winner will receive \$20.

Entries came from far and wide. Wau, New Guinea, produced one long-distance entry. And a woman in New Zealand competed and showed she was really keen. In a letter she said she had a Sydney friend send her a Postcode book so she could play the game.

Many children entered the contest—and so did an 83-year-old pensioner.

There's no prize for it, but we must give an honorable mention to what we judged to be the best heading. It was "EUABALONG TEMA HART."

The Australian Post Office will be pleased to learn that almost every entrant used Postcoded addresses.

All right, now — on with the results. (The order in which they appear, by the way, does not suggest an order of merit.)

Here is a winning entry submitted by Mrs. D. de Warren, of 9 Grunert Street, Holland Park, Qld. 4121:

### COPPING the lot.

OFFICER DUDLEY BELL, of POLICE POINT, is in a QUANDARY.

It's BINALONG time since, INJUNE, he told YOUNG CLYDE CLUNES if he didn't stop DOOEN all that BRAWLIN and ACTON up he would have to BOOKHAM and CLAPHAM in the COOLAH.

THE BROTHERS of the boy couldn't HARDEN their HART against him, NORWOOD THE SISTERS, who did a lot of CRYON.

But they felt he ADELONG time (TOO-LONG, in fact) to think over CURBAN his MERRI ways, and they were WANDERING what would BECKOM of him, and said, "CAN-NIE change?"

It makes BELLANGRY to see him JOSLIN and BALINGUP people in the MAYNE street and saying, "You BUTE, CUMNOCK me

down," and then he gives them a HYDEN and gets BOULDER and BOULDER.

HOWLONG can it go on?

The OFFICER has tried to act FARLEIGH and feels now THE RISK is the YOUNG GALAH will APPIN to meet his WATERLOO in some COME-BY-CHANCE BIGGA fellow he PICTON, and, BINGO!, he could be taken for a RYDE, there could be SHOTTS, and the BIGGA bloke might GUNDAGAI down.

It would be too late for BOLTON, and he WOODEND up MILES from his SNUG HOMESTEAD with an INDENTED HEAD in DEEPWATER or a DARK CORNER and CROSSOVER to a NEW RESIDENCE, DWELLINGUP at ST. PETERS PLACE or BELTON on the DEVILS GATE.

WADDAMANA of COEN! I ESK KEW!

● OTHER WINNERS ON PAGE 48

# Hear the price, and sit down!



● The chair that costs \$600

IT costs \$600 — and has been called "the most expensive deckchair in the world."

There IS a slight resemblance in design — the low-slung frame, the high headpiece, the armrests.

But one more glance shows that it is no ordinary wood-and-canvas structure.

This luxurious, revolutionary-style chair is the creation of designer Jean Gillon, of Brazil, and is included in an exhibition of Brazilian and Scandinavian furniture in Melbourne.

"Several" have been sold here, exhibitors say.

Materials used are really "wild." Buffalo skin, which has been hand-beaten to increase the softness, covers the cushioning.

The timber is palisander, often found in swamplands. A prestige timber in Brazil, palisander is plentiful but difficult to find, according to Mr. Brian Davies, director of the exhibition.

"It doesn't grow in forests, but is scattered here and

there at random," he said.

Ultimate luxury is guaranteed by the saddle-bag-type cushions being supported on a knotted-nylon hammock attached to the base.

Mr. Davies says Brazilian furniture is very successful in Europe and the United States.

"It's so entirely different. It is rugged and individual ... in a field all of its own."

Judging by this chair — and its price — he is so very right.

● An inflating and deflating pillow now being marketed in Japan is the latest invention to waken heavy sleepers.

It has the advantage of being noiseless, as opposed to the din of alarm clocks and similar systems.

The new device consists of a rubber pillow connected to an air pump, and controlled by a time switch.

At the appointed time, the air-pillow fills and deflates at intervals, awakening the sleeper by its movement rather than by an alarm bell.

# WHY SUFFER WITH CORNS



Dr. Scholl's

## ZINO-PADS

WHISK AWAY CORNS FAST

No mess, no bother. Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads are quick, clean, safe. Super-soft pad gives instant relief from shoe pressure and friction. Medicated disc loosens corn for clean, easy removal. No wonder this is the world's most popular corn remedy. Only 42c (4/3) pkt.

Sizes also for CALLOUSES & BUNIONS



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FEET FIT

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FOOT COMFORT  
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Remedies for  
every common  
foot trouble

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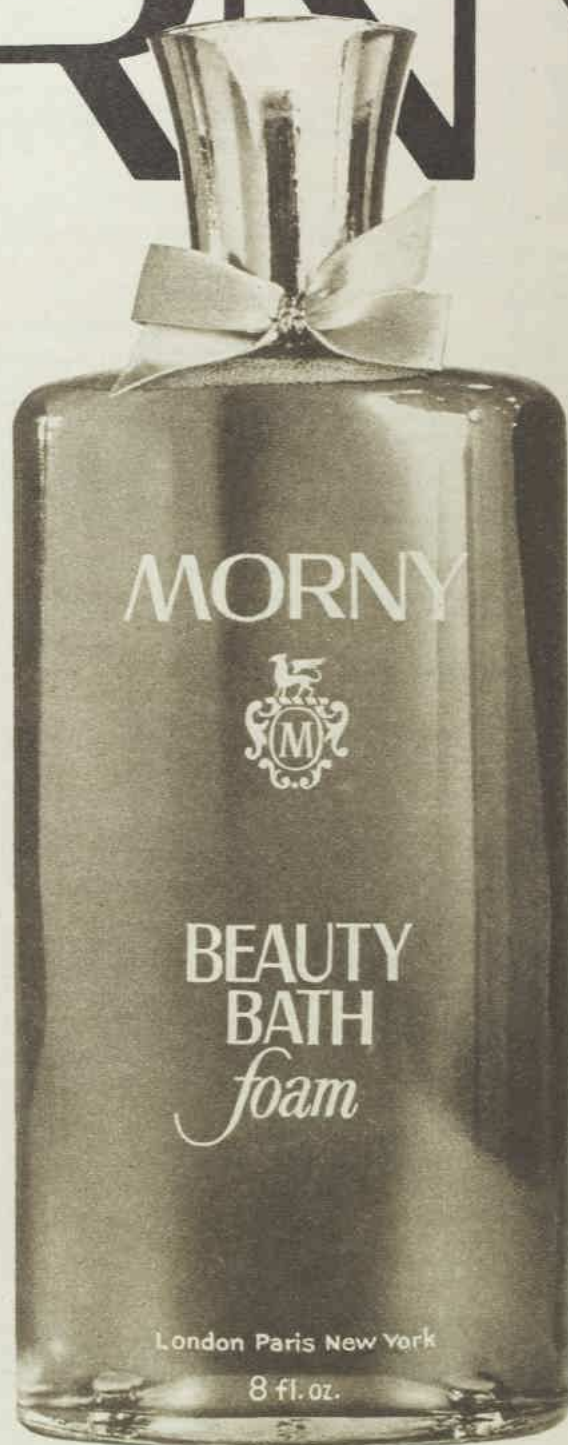
## Soften those Forehead Lines

Cherish the smooth serenity of your forehead by firmly coaxing a film of vitalizing night cream into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements. Now placing the hands on the centre of the forehead with fingers interlocked, pull the fingers apart, so that the Ulan vitalizing night cream is smoothed across the forehead to ease away any vertical lines.

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# MORNY



**Both these products are new** ● Both are created to beautify your skin. To give your body a luxurious pampered feeling ● Beauty Bath Foam is the all-over-at-once way. Splash it generously into your bath. Join it there. Feels just like a tubful of liquid silk. Caresses your skin, and clings subtly, all day long, never intruding on your favourite perfume ● Hand Lotion not only keeps your hands soft, supple and youthful, it's also fabulous used from head to toe. In world-famous Morny fragrances. French Fern, June Roses, Gardenia and Sandalwood. MORNY OF REGENT ST., LONDON.



## Remarks— whether fat or thin

"FED UP" said she was tired of people passing remarks about her thinness. I am one of the bigger people of this world and I have had to put up with very rude remarks — always from thin people. I now reply with, "Elephants have more friends than snakes."

\$2 to "Also Fed Up" (name supplied), Enfield, S.A.

AT one period, hurtful remarks about my thinness had quite an effect on me. I would worry — and lose more weight. That is all over now. No, I haven't put on a couple of stone, but I have a sensible husband. He got to the bottom of what was worrying me, and asked just who had called me skinny. When I listed half-a-dozen names, he collapsed with laughter and said, "Just picture every person you have named. Every one is outsize — or more. You wouldn't want to be like them." Now such remarks just go over my head.

\$2 to "Mrs. C." (name supplied), Orange, N.S.W.

"FED UP" said there are more rude remarks made about underweights than overweights. This is not true, as I'm sure all who have been called "Fatsos" will agree. Overweight is not always caused by over-indulgence. There are many causes. But fat people seem to take the teasing with a smile that can hide the hurt they feel inside.

\$2 to "Tubby" (name supplied), Redcliffe, Qld.

WHEN people pass remarks about your being thin, just tell them, "You cannot fatten thoroughbreds," and then dismiss the subject as I do.

\$2 to "Happy Now" (name supplied), Elizabeth, S.A.

NO one would make critical comments about the size of people's noses or the smallness of their eyes, so why must they remark on their weight? Overweight, but not enormous, I've had such remarks as, "Is there room for both of us?" "Hello, Skinny," and "When is the blessed event?" I feel hurt and smile, but I take it. Most fat people would like to be thin and too-thin ones fatter. Anyway, my husband says he loves me as I am.

\$2 to Mrs. A. Allen, St. Kilda, Vic.

WOULD that I had a thinness problem! Overweight people get, "Some people are meant to be fat," or "But you've got a big frame" — which I haven't. Believe me, anyone who comments that you are skinny does so not from malice but from envy.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Slade, Carlisle, N.S.W.

AFTER comments on my size from shop assistants (particularly dress-shop), friends, and relatives, I can only look at my skinny sisters with great envy.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Pointon, Southport, Qld.



## LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Help or hindrance?

MOST people praise the guide-signs to motoring along our highways, "Road Widens Ahead," "Piptown Welcomes Careful Drivers," "1½ Miles of Winding Road." But an expert on traffic problems believes all this lettering tends to increase, rather than reduce, accidents. The constant need to read instructions becomes an extra mental strain and can distract a driver's attention from more immediate dangers. Are the numerous signs really aids or impediments?

\$2 to "Word Ways" (name supplied), Cheltenham, N.S.W.

### Taken for granted

THE only female among the three males in our family, I always wear skirts. Therefore, I am the only one with a lap. When travelling by car, plane, or bus, everything that my males don't want to hold themselves (cameras and accessories, maps, pamphlets, and books) is dumped in my lap. Nothing is ever said, such as "Would you mind looking after these for me?" They just take it for granted that that's the place for everything they don't want themselves.

\$2 to "Too Easy-Going" (name supplied), Sheffield, Tas.

### Spare the patient

WE are apt to forget that hospital patients who are unable to speak may have their hearing. A friend who had a stroke told me that when she could not move or speak she could hear nurses and visiting relatives discussing her case. It was most upsetting. Fortunately, she recovered. I pass this on so that some other patient may be spared her experience.

\$2 to "My Neighbor" (name supplied), Rockhampton, Qld.

### Mistaken idea

MY daughter enrolled her three-year-old in a dancing school. It's funny, but most of the people I've mentioned this to have said, "I wouldn't let my children learn dancing, it makes them cheeky." In my view, this is a very mistaken idea. What do other readers consider the merits and demerits of dancing classes for small children?

\$2 to Mrs. Clarke, Ashfield, N.S.W.

**Ross  
Campbell  
writes...**

### THOUGHTS OF A SANE SURGICAL

TWO nurses came in briskly and said: "Tidy Time!"

They smoothed my bedclothes, rearranged the magazines on the table, picked up a brown-paper bag, put my slippers in the cupboard, straightened the rug, removed an empty glass, said "Bye!" and went out again.

A hospital is the tidiest place I have been in except an Air Force hut. Hospitals don't carry tidiness to the extremes of the military (I remember getting a fatigue for not having the stripes of my two blankets in line). But they beat the Air Force for all-day tidiness.

At the hospital I was in, there were four Tidy Times — before breakfast, before afternoon visitors, before evening visitors, and before going to sleep. In between nurses

would look in and do a bit of impromptu tidying.

I didn't mind. I liked the nurses' company. I just marvelled at their tidiness.

One day I said: "Am I an untidy patient?"

The nurse replied: "No, you're quite tidy. We had a man here last week" — she rolled her eyes. "Cigarettes and orange peel!"

I wondered how much tidying they would have done if I had been untidy.



Between Tidy Times there were Temp. Times.

A nurse would come in and put a thermometer in my mouth. She also held my wrist. This happened several times a day.

Temp. Time was less enjoyable than Tidy Time, because I could not talk while the thermometer was in my mouth. The nurse also remained thoughtfully silent.

I wondered what nurses thought

about during Temp. Time. Work? Doctors? Money? Boyfriends? I never had the impudence to ask.

My temperature was always normal.

"Am I very normal today?" I said once. The nurse replied: "You can't be more normal than normal."

Tired of my role of Norm the Normal, I thought of ways to change it. I would slip an ice-block or a hot potato into my mouth at Temp. Time. The nurse would gaze at the thermometer in amazement and gasp: "50!" or "134!"

But with the inertia of the convalescent, I never did anything about it.

I was a Surgical patient, and Surgicals are notoriously dull after the drama of their operation.

Medical patients who are really sick are more of a challenge. Some of them do unexpected things like trying to get into cupboards in the middle of the night.

A sister said to me: "Things are quiet here after the Mad Medicals." It made me feel very humdrum.

You think a lot in hospital. One of my thoughts was: When nurses marry and live at home, are they still tidy? Do they rush into bedrooms saying, "Tidy Time!"

I would guess that they let things slide a little. And they must be so glad to get away from Temp. Time.



## LEG ART

I used to buy my stockings — same shop, same brand, same color,

It helped to make life simpler, perhaps a little duller,

And when one sprang a ladder (it often did, the brute)

I flung it with the rubbish right down the garbage chute.

The rest, unpaired and tangled, were stowed all in together,

They did for day and evening, for fine and stormy weather,

But now, the complications! The green ones or the mesh?

(Remember how one settled for what was labelled flesh?)

You need a special system, no longer do they mingle,

A ladder means a write-off, what use an orange single?

Decisions haunt each morning — the white? Or match the skirt?

Well, let's be philosophic, it keeps the mind alert.

—Dorothy Drain

I've  
stopped  
singing  
the  
blues



"Time-of-the-month"

used to be a real nuisance—with all that paraphernalia and everything. Glad I switched to Tampax. You know what? Besides all the advantages they talk about in the ads, I find I'm just plain happier!

Tampax gets many, many letters reflecting the enthusiasm the younger generation feels for this product. In fact, Tampax itself is young! (Still under thirty!) It's made for the young in fact and the young in spirit. It lends itself to all kinds of activities—it is never blatant or noticeable—it makes you feel clean, fresh, secure, poised—and millions love it!

Why not turn to Tampax menstrual tampons? Worn internally, it's the modern way!

Your choice of two absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's and the Economy 40's at substantial saving.



If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

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### Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.



# AT HOME . . . . . with Margaret Sydney

- Some of my friends are confirmed furniture-movers, forever trundling heavy pieces of household equipment from end to end of their houses in search of the perfect and most comfortable arrangement.

VISITING them is a sort of minor voyage of discovery. You find that overnight the master bedroom has become the sitting-room, the sitting-room furniture has migrated to what used to be the spare bedroom, there are wild and impractical plans for turning the laundry into a sunroom or a wine-cellar, and a lot of furniture, temporarily redundant, has ended up in a dismal canvas-covered heap on the back veranda.

As a family we're too lazy to indulge in this hobby. Or perhaps it's that we're too conservative. Once put

into the "right" place, our furniture seems to have an uncanny ability to sink itself in, and any whimsical urge to move it even a foot or two will be greeted by one or another of the whole of the family saying, "But you've mucked up the look of the whole room by moving that."

Fortunately, the whole family was absent yesterday when I embarked on a riotous (and to me entirely necessary) rearrangement of half our household belongings.

I've heard of other people's households being thrown into chaos by the advent of a new baby, a mother-in-law, an aged grandparent, even a new cat or dog. I've never

yet met anyone else who had to work like a navvy all day moving furniture just because of the arrival of a box of flowers.

Mine was a large box of dried Western Australian wildflowers, leaves, and grasses, all the strange and beautiful things that simply don't grow in the eastern parts of Australia, and all in the russet and bronze and brown and yellow, gold and cream and grey shades that I like so much.

I spent an hour or so messing about in the kitchen with sand and chicken-wire in the bottom of a vase, making what I personally and modestly regard as a superlatively beautiful arrangement of my flowers.

Three of the cats kept me company and gave me their undivided attention. I knew what was in their evil little minds. In the past, we've been through the era of tall vases, then the more sophisticated routine of the simple spray of flowers hoicked from the vase and deposited in the middle of the floor, leaving a trail of tell-tale drops of water all the way.

But constant nagging and their advancing middle-age have led them to give this up, and for some time even the flowers in an empty room have been safe from attack.

But dried flowers, flowers that make an irresistible noise when batted with a paw, flowers that have pendant fluffy bits, like smoke-bush and lambs' tails and kapok plant, or spiny things, like djingara leaves and dryandra, that will fight back if given a push — these were the very things they'd been needing to give their lives a feeling of fulfilment.

At last, having fended off the cats and carried this wonderful thing in to the sitting-room mantelpiece, I discovered it just wouldn't do. It was too big, too wide, too expansive, too absolutely gorgeous for a mantelpiece.

What it needed was an impressive entrance hall, with a mahogany table and a curved marble stairway. They didn't seem to be any practical way of converting our laundry into that, so the furniture-moving began.

I had just the right side-table in the dining-room, so I moved that to the sitting-room, putting it in a corner near the windows where it catches the sun and the flowers look magnificent. There were only two disadvantages — no side-table in the dining-room to serve food from and the rest of the sitting-room looked all wrong.

I started by moving the sofa and all the chairs round and round into every conceivable combination, sitting down between moves to contemplate the new arrangement — and decide against it.

**"What have you done all day?"**

**Just one bowl of flowers?"**

SLOWLY the sofa and the chairs got back to their original positions and I started on the bookcases. There are three, large, and crammed with books, and they can't be moved without first being unloaded.

I would hate to tell you how many times I moved those bookcases, trying them in different positions in the room, in other rooms, having to carry them everywhere the long way round because the floor was strewn with books.

At least I was free of the cats. There is nothing in life cats find more deeply disturbing than any interference with the ordained position of familiar bits of furniture. They had retired to the peace of the garden.

By mid-afternoon I had decided that the cats were right. Furniture should not be moved. Moving bookcases meant moving paintings from places where the light was right for them, it meant covering up power points so that they couldn't be used, it meant chairs had to go where nobody would want to sit in them.

Short of buying a new house, there was nothing for it but to put everything back where it had been before.

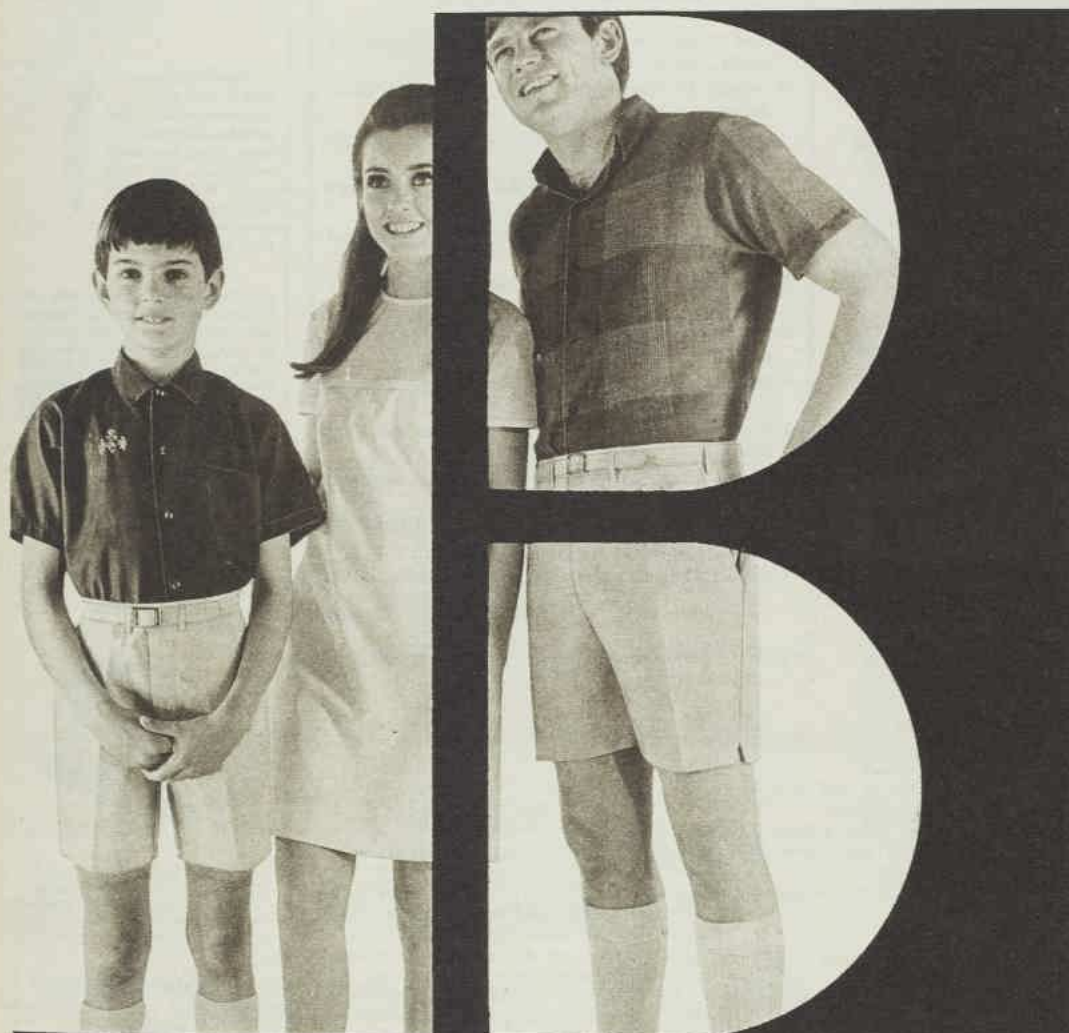
When Hugh came home he said, "What have you been doing today?"

"Messing about with my flowers," I said.

"You can't have been doing that all day," he said. His eye fell on the one change in the sitting-room — the table. "You're not going to leave that in here, are you?" he said. I assured him vehemently that I was, that in time it, too, would sink itself in and become immovable.

None of the family could understand why I was so tired, since all I had managed to achieve in a full day was the arrangement of one splendid bowl of flowers. I'm told that Western Australian wildflowers last for ever and ever. I hope it's true.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1961



## KING GEE *Tropical* SHORTS

King Gee make shorts to be worn in the sun, stylish but comfortable, strictly for fun.

For boys or for men, the colours and styles leave all other shorts behind them by miles.

And the fabrics they use to make sure of success

Are by Bradmill-Burlington (wouldn't you guess!)

But whether you're a sun-loving, fun-loving bloke

or relaxed, debonair type whose clothes are bespoke

One thing is certain—common ground where you meet

You'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week

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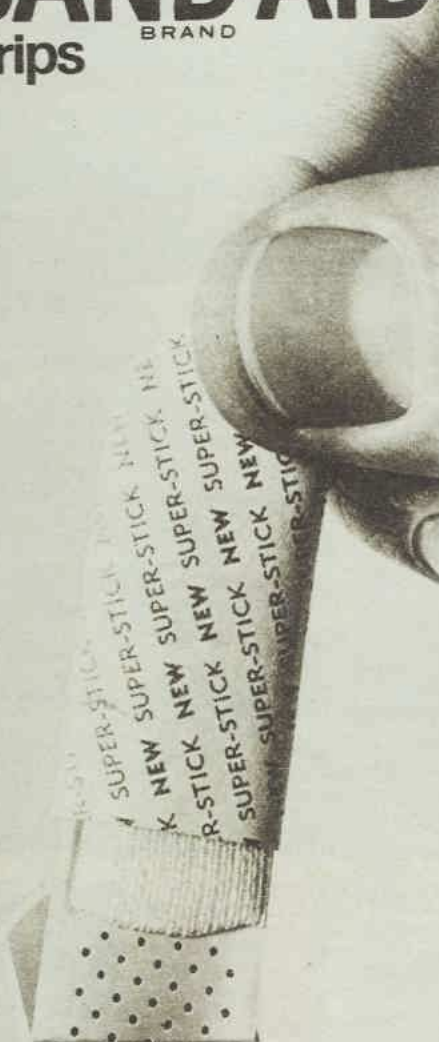


# This is a BAND-AID Dressing undressing.

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● Judging panel of top chefs praise entries in big Bake-Off Contest — general standard excellent, recipes original, dishes good in texture, flavor.

## "GREAT AUSTRALIAN DISH" RECIPES IN WORLD CLASS

**I**NTERNATIONAL food expert Mr. John Goodman-Jones has the utmost respect and admiration for the Australian housewife's cooking ability and her ingenuity in creating outstanding dishes.

Mr. Goodman-Jones, a former leading London chef, is now a head teacher at the East Sydney Technical College Food School.

With other professional chefs from the school, he recently spent a week testing 52 recipes selected from more than 20,000 entries in the "Great Australian Dish" section of the 1967 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off contest.

In this section, prizes were offered for the best dishes distinctively Australian in character, name, and ingredients.

The panel's task was to grade the best 18 recipes to be sent overseas for further testing and marking by 15 of the world's leading chefs and restaurateurs before the final judging at Sydney's Roselands shopping centre next week.

Mr. Goodman-Jones and his panel of chefs said they considered several dishes they tested would hold their own on the menus of any of the world's top hotels and restaurants.

General standard was excellent, the recipes original, and the dishes prepared first class in appearance, texture, and flavor.

In fact, Mr. Goodman-Jones was so impressed with one dish made from lamb with tomato and mushroom sauce served on pineapple rings that he will use it for an informal luncheon he will soon give for advertising executives.

A great majority of the dishes tested at the Food School had a distinct Asian influence, calling for rice, soya, and sweet-and-sour flavors, yet, the panel reported, the actual dishes would be completely new to the people of the East.

Mr. Goodman-Jones said he had been impressed by the fact that some two-thirds of the recipes called for Australian seafoods, while it had been evident that the Australian housewife had used imagination and cooking skill to produce chicken and other poultry dishes with a distinct Australian difference.

Mr. Frank Sorenson, secretary of the Bake-Off Committee, said that a feature of this year's contest had been the tremendous response by young cooks — girls and boys.

More than 1500 entries had been received from boys and girls under 18.

Home economists who did the preliminary assessment of the 20,000 recipes entered

the Hotel Meurice, Paris; Napua Stevens, Hawaii's "Grand Lady of Cooking," from the Hotel Ilakai, Honolulu.

These experts are being flown to Australia by Qantas and will be guests of the Wentworth Hotel during their Sydney stay.

Section 2 of the Bake-Off, covering cakes, biscuits, savories, and desserts, is an important section to the housewife and her family.

The record crowds expected to visit Bake-Off Week at Roselands will see nearly 90 recipes in this section prepared by top home economists for the final judging.

This will mean almost non-stop cooking for the five

Mr. Sorenson said that the Bake-Off Committee had been very happy with the response to the contest from handicapped children, whose best entries will be given a special award.

Object in awarding these special prizes is to stimulate interest among young boys and girls who are taking cookery lessons as occupational therapy.

Summing up the contest, Mr. Sorenson described it as an "outstanding success" and said the response had been overwhelmingly gratifying to the organisers.

The 1967 Bake-Off will officially end with a spectacular Presentation Dinner on Tuesday, October 31, at the Wentworth Hotel, where the Grand Champions and Runners-up of No. 1 and No. 2 sections, as well as the Best Junior of both, will receive their prizes.

The Grand Champion in the "Great Australian Dish" Section and the Grand Champion in No. 2 Section will each receive \$1000 in cash, a \$300 Metters Range, a \$300 Metters Dishwasher, and a kangaroo fur coat.

The runners-up in both sections will each win \$100 in cash, a \$300 Metters Range, and a suede coat.

The best Junior entry in either section, won by a boy or girl under 18, will receive \$100 in cash, a kangaroo fur coat, and a \$300 Metters Range.

The whole of Roselands will be specially decorated for the week, and its stores will offer customers Bake-Off Bonanza Bargains.

Winner of the Miss Bake-Off (pretty hostess contest) will also receive her award which include a trip to Hawaii by Qantas, a week's holiday at the luxury Ilakai Hotel, Honolulu, and a wardrobe by Wilson's Fashions.

Profits from the dinner will go to the Sydney Runners, who are raising funds for the new Unilever Clinic at Sydney Hospital.

Tickets, \$10 per head, are available from Mrs. E. Wrobel, 59 William Street, Double Bay, N.S.W. 2028 (Tel. 36-2621.)

## Final test is judging by international chefs over five days, beginning October 23.

were faced with the colossal task of sifting out the top 52 to be sent to the East Sydney Technical College Food School.

The subsequent 18 chosen by the school's panel have now been tested and marked by 15 international chefs in the U.S.A., Britain, Denmark, Switzerland, France, Italy, Austria, Hong Kong, and Hawaii.

Chairman of the Bake-Off Committee, Graham Kerr, during his recent world tour enlisted the aid of the chefs to judge the top 18 "Great Australian Dishes."

The next hurdle will be faced when three famous international culinary experts will judge the dishes in the finals to be held at Roselands over five days, beginning on October 23.

They are Signor Antonio Pranter, Maestro of the Hosteria dell'Orso, Rome; M. Lucien Chassignat, France's leading chef from

days on ten ranges—five electric, five gas—supplied and installed by Metters in Roselands Raindrop Fountain area.

Mr. Sorenson said next week's Bake-Off, the climax to a nationwide quest designed to raise the Australian cuisine to international standards, will be a spectacle no gourmet, housewife, or anyone interested in cooking should miss.

It must be remembered the European peasants were at the root of many of the world's famous dishes. Though they were often poor, they were also resourceful people who used the products around them to create interesting food.

With the culinary aids and ingredients available, there was no reason why the comparatively well-educated Australian should not create national dishes which could be developed by professional Australian chefs.



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A splash of paisley in a crisp little swimmer tied at the front from **Jantzen**.

This style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'. Go ahead — you're assured of the quality. 'Bri-Nylon' means easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over. 'Bri-Nylon' means value for the price you pay. 'Bri-Nylon' puts the fun back into shopping for clothes. Be happy! go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'.

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looks after  
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Page 43



“The body of the average person is middle-aged by the time it is 26 years old”

says THE COMMONWEALTH COUNCIL FOR NATIONAL FITNESS



**“KEEPING FIT”** is a 44 page book prepared by The Commonwealth Council for National Fitness which provides busy men and women with a planned programme of graded exercises. “By spending 10 minutes each day on programmed exercises a good standard of fitness can be obtained,” says the Council. “If you cannot spare 10 minutes some worthwhile exercise can be performed as you carry out your normal activities.”

“Keeping Fit” is brought to you FREE as a community service by the Australian Mutual Provident Society. Learn how to exercise on your way to breakfast . . . at your office desk. Special exercises for women . . . learning to relax . . . calories and commonsense . . . age, blood and muscles . . . if you want to lose weight. For a FREE copy of “Keeping Fit” ask your A.M.P. man, call in at any A.M.P. Office or write to A.M.P.

A community service by



THE AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY  
in association with  
THE COMMONWEALTH COUNCIL FOR NATIONAL FITNESS





# WHAT IS YOUR STRESS LEVEL?

• Never before in history has living been subjected to so many and varied pressures—in work, personal relations, money problems, the increasing pace of life, the noise, and crowds. But doctors and psychiatrists agree that not all stresses are harmful.

According to a world authority in this field, Dr. Hans Selye, of the University of Montreal, "Each of us has his own 'stress level.' It isn't the amount of stress alone that determines whether it is harm-

ful or beneficial but the amount you can take. When stress is an invigorating force that helps you adapt to the challenges and changes of your life, it becomes a means of bringing about harmony rather than harm. But when it overwhelms you, wearing down your sense of well-being, then stress becomes an enemy."

How much stress can you take? And even more important, how best can you handle the stress you have to face?

## QUIZ

### 1. DO YOU CONSIDER TENSIONS AND STRESS ARE AN ESSENTIAL PART OF LIFE:

- (a) not at all?
- (b) perhaps?
- (c) definitely yes?

### 2. WHICH DO YOU THINK IS THE BEST CURE FOR LACK OF ENTHUSIASM IN ANY PROJECT OR ACTIVITY:

- (a) a sudden new incentive?
- (b) a total change of course?
- (c) a new gimmick?

### 3. WHEN ANGERED OR ROUSED WHICH DO YOU USUALLY DO:

- (a) lash out at the cause?
- (b) keep your feelings under close control?
- (c) work them off in some other activity?

### 4. WHICH HONESTLY CAUSES YOU THE MOST UPSET IN AN AVERAGE DAY:

- (a) the major worries of life?
- (b) the minor irritations?
- (c) the inconsiderateness of others?

### 5. ARE THE WEAKNESSES IN YOUR OWN PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS:

- (a) largely your own fault?
- (b) largely the fault of others?
- (c) six of one and half a dozen of the other?

### 6. DO YOU FIND RELAXATION MOST BENEFICIAL:

- (a) before a major job is undertaken?
- (b) halfway through the task?
- (c) when it is completed?

### 7. WHEN YOU ARE FACED WITH A THORNY PROBLEM, DO YOU USUALLY:

- (a) sleep on it?
- (b) talk it over with someone?
- (c) just let it stew?

### 8. ARE YOU A PROCRASTINATOR:

- (a) yes, very much so?
- (b) sometimes?
- (c) not really?

### 9. WHEN THINGS SEEM TO BE GETTING ON TOP OF YOU, DO YOU FIND GREATEST RELIEF IN:

- (a) solitude?
- (b) mixing with jolly company?
- (c) going to bed?

### 10. CAN YOU HONESTLY SAY YOU LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR EVENINGS ALL THROUGH THE WEEK:

- (a) no?
- (b) yes?
- (c) only on occasions?

This is how you mark your answers:

1. (a) 0 (b) 7 (c) 10

According to consultant-psychiatrist Dr. George S. Stevenson: "Tension is an essential function of living, just as hunger and thirst are. But excessive tension is bad. If one recognises the good and the bad in tension, he is more likely to employ the good and control the bad."

2. (a) 5 (b) 10 (c) 3

"Give in to your natural craving for variety," says Dr. Hans Selye, "for often it is nature's way of safeguarding you from stress caused by sameness. It is through taking up some new interest, changing the routine of our lives, that we meet the vital need within ourselves for self-expression."

3. (a) 4 (b) 1 (c) 10

"Work off your anger," advises Dr. George S. Stevenson. "If you feel like lashing out at someone who has provoked you, try holding off that impulse for a while. Meanwhile, use your pent-up energy in some physical activity."

4. (a) 10 (b) 0 (c) 0

"Ask yourself how the myriad minor irritations of life, many of them due to the inconsiderateness of other people and all of which build up the day's total of stress, really affect you," counsels a doctor. "Are they important in your life? Do they actually affect you, or do they just make you fearful of what might happen? This sort of approach helps you reduce your problems to size. After you have noted the things that have an actual bearing on your life, stop and coldly consider what you can do about them. Can you do something concrete to eradicate the effect or nullify the probable effect? If so, do it!"

5. (a) 6 (b) 3 (c) 10

A welfare officer with long experience in employee relations states: "Bad personal relationships can only lead to the worst kind of stress, emotional stress. We have to live and work with others, so it's only rational to do our best to get on with them. Nobody's perfect, there are always faults on both sides, but give the other fellow a break. Competition helps, but co-operation helps even more."

6. (a) 10 (b) 2 (c) 8

Relaxation is beneficial at any time, but as Dr. James P. Hendrix points out: "Present-day living is fraught

with tensions and anxieties for many persons. When your work load seems overwhelming, remember that some things can almost always be set aside until later. Concentrate on one particular job. Your work will go faster and you'll be under less strain. Never spread yourself too thin — trying to do too many things all at once."

7. (a) 4 (b) 10 (c) 0

"If your problem could be settled by an expert in some field, go to him quickly and take his advice," says Dr. Austen Riggs, a psychologist convinced of the valuable therapy of talking things over. "Talking releases stress and strain, especially for the one too close to a situation to see it in the proper perspective, or in emotionally charged situations that may be hard to handle intelligently."

8. (a) 0 (b) 3 (c) 10

"If you want to add to your stress," warns a psychiatrist, "keep putting off decisions and action. But action itself will always reduce mounting stress. Try the simple trick of writing down all the tasks that face you, however unpleasant. Then rearrange them in order of urgency, allot a definite time to each — and get them done."

9. (a) 10 (b) 5 (c) 2

As Dr. Stevenson points out: "Togetherness isn't everything. Privacy is important for everyone, too. Used properly, solitude can reduce stress in every case."

10. (a) 0 (b) 10 (c) 5

Keeping your evenings peaceful and happy is the best insurance against mounting stress and insomnia. Repeating advice he has often given, Dr. Selye says, "It is during the whole day that you must prepare for your dreams. For if you are subject to insomnia, whatever you do during the day, your next night's sleep depends largely on how you do it. A stressful activity that has come to a definite stop prepares you for rest and sleep, but one which sets up self-maintaining tension keeps you awake."

If your total score came to 75 or more, out of a possible 100, you are obviously well equipped to handle any volume of stress coming your way.

Any score below 75, however, suggests that you beware of the rising level of stress in your life and act according to the advice given.

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## HERE'S YOUR ANSWER (from Louise Hunter)



● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### She is her own worst enemy!

"I AM 17 and still at school. I have a problem that is affecting my outlook on life and my friends. I have no self-confidence. Although I have been out with several boys, they didn't appeal to me, and I have no steady boyfriend. This worries me. Most of my schoolmates have boys after them. Years ago I thought 17 would be a wonderful age—dates, boys, and happiness. But in my 18th year I don't seem to get much out of living. I want to be happier

—how can I be? And how can I obtain more self-confidence?"  
"Hopeless," S.A.

● Stop dwelling so much on Number One! How can you expect to be happy if you keep dashing your "hopes" by telling yourself you lack confidence? Obviously a romance is just what the doctor ordered for building up your ego. But you'll never find a boyfriend — that is, one who appeals to you — unless you brighten your outlook on life. Admitting failure before you have really tried — at 17 you've hardly had time to try! — will only cast a shadow over your personality, over your whole appearance, and scare away admirers.

### Speaking of love

"I HAVE been going with a boy for two years. I am 16 and he is 17. I really believe that I am in love with him. He has told me he loves me, but I sometimes doubt this, because I always have to say it first. Do you think it's all right if a girl tells her boyfriend that she loves him first? I don't know what I'd do without him. Please don't think I'm silly saying this, but if you knew how much I like this boy, then maybe you could understand how I feel."  
"Desperate," Vic.

● It is usually wiser to wait for a boy to speak of love first, but a boy's shyness forces some girls to make the first move. If he has already said that he loves you, be satisfied with that. If you tell him too often that you love him, the words become as meaningless as "pass the sugar." For the time being I think you would be wise to change the tune to "I like you very much." When love becomes deep and genuine on both sides, the words aren't needed.

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## REBEL SISTER

"SINCE my mother's death recently, I have taken over the house. But when I tell my 13-year-old sister to do some work she gets very annoyed with me. She tells me to leave home, as no one needs me. It hurts me deep inside to be treated like this. Please advise me on how to make her understand that I am the boss. I am 16."

"Unwanted," N.S.W.

● It's only natural she should resent your sudden "rise" to power, and making her understand you are the boss will antagonise her even more. Instead, let her feel you are BOTH running the home. You can do this by dividing household chores equally. Show her how much you depend on her co-operation, too. In time I'm sure the rebel in her will be tamed. As for her hurtful remarks, a 13-year-old who feels she's being bossed around is likely to say almost anything!

## Match 'breaker'

"I AM 16 and my boyfriend is 18. We have planned to become engaged on my 18th birthday. We will have known each other for four and a half years. My mum approves, as she believes by then we should know if we really want to get married or not. The only problem we have is his mother. She doesn't like me very much and has tried to break us up. I would like to know how I can get on with her better. I honestly don't know what she has against me."

"Slim," Vic.

● One thing she may have against you is that you're "stealing" her son from her. Some mothers (of boys, especially) cannot face the fact that they won't always be the most important person in their offspring's life. You must remember, however, that 18 is young for a boy to make marriage plans, and this makes her attitude more understandable. Try not to make a big issue of it at the present time. You say you want to become engaged in two years, when you are 18. If you are both sure of each other, there's no need to discuss your plans yet, except with each other and your own mother.



## GO-MANGO



## Poor old Beatnik "gets the bird"!

By ROBIN ADAIR

● From this issue on, artist John Lovell Jones' regular cartoon strip will be called "GO-MANGO" instead of "BEATNIK."

WHAT'S in a new name? Well, for one thing, John thought the label, "Beatnik," was getting a bit old hat.

And, of course, Mango is the name of the parrot which has emerged lately as a star of the strip.

### ● Birthday

As the artist says, the new name is also a play on words.

Then, there is another reason why it is interesting to talk in this issue about the popular strip.

This week marks the seventh "birthday" of John's off-beat collection of characters.

Beatnik (looking different — see right — from today) made his first appearance in a joke in which another character said to him: "You're looking well, man. Are you sick?"

"Why has he changed in looks?" said John.

"Well, yes, he is fitter and fatter than he was."

"Maybe it's because when he was 'born' it was about the time of the financial credit squeeze!"

The cartoon strip is far from being John Lovell Jones' only success as an artist.

He is a sought-after painter — mainly in oils — of everything from traditional portraits to abstracts.

His creation of Beatnik and Co. is, however, perhaps his most widely approved effort.

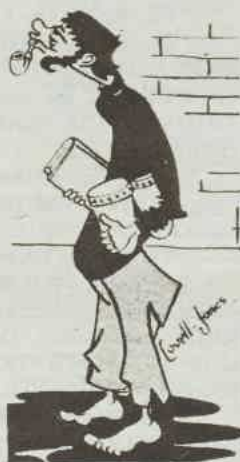
He has often been called on to supply decorations in that style for big functions.

### ● Football

By the way, in the color treatment above many readers will see for the first time that Mango wears a Balmain, N.S.W., Rugby League jumper.

As John explains, there's no offence intended to followers of other teams, or other codes.

"It's just that Mango is a Sydney parrot, who happens to know that Balmain is the best club," said John.



● Beatnik, in 1960.

"Bar an accident of geography he could be an Australian Rules fan."

"Anyway, perhaps a deeper meaning is that Mango would prefer to think of himself as a tiger (Balmain players are nicknamed 'the Tigers') than as a parrot."

I'm sure Melbourne's Richmond (also "the Tigers") Aussie Rules fans, whose team won its competition, will be forgiving.

For Mango's team — like many of the parrot's plans — got well and truly beat(nik)!

For teenagers

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**"I don't have to change  
gear as much."**

MISS RUTH HADDOCK (MORRIS MINI)



**"I find I'm not using  
as much petrol."**

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ADC 2.143

## POSTCODE WINNERS

Continued  
from  
page 37

★ From Mrs. M. ADENEY, 4 Oakleigh Road, Glenhuntly, Vic. 3163.

How she BRIGHTONed her PROSPECT.

When ELAINE WESTERN CREEK married ALBERT PARK she was a BELL with ROSEBUD lips, like ROWENA in "IVANHOE." ALBERT promised her a FAIRHOLME, but it was all BLUFF. They lived in a HUTT.

ELAINE (so called because MA MA CREEK used to REID TENNYSON) was always BROKE. She longed for just WUNKAR, but they couldn't even BYABARRA.

She soon had a SANDY FLAT hairdo, and wore an old WOOLI and shapeless MACKINTOSH. Her voice became a REEDY CREEK, not worth WUNGONG in a talent quest.

One day she was at the BAKING BOARD, making a LITTLE PLAIN SCONE, when the SISTERS CREEK called, bringing some NAPOLEONS and a PYALONG.

They said: "DARLING, we think KEW should take a MIRRA VIEW of your PEARSHAPE. WALKAWAY and get some hair CULLERIN and a CHARMAN new CARDIGAN with RAGLAN sleeves."

"ARDEER," sighed ELAINE. "That's a RUFFY, when WEERITE out of cash."

Up ROSELLA, saying, "You're not TOOBEAH GALAH. We happened to COME-BY-CHANCE past the OLD BAR, and we had a CLEARVIEW of ALBERT playing EUCHAREENA DARK CORNER. His mates were saying, 'Pass the PORT ALBERT.' He's been HYDEN many a DOLLAR from you and ACTON poor."

When ELAINE had done raising KAIN, she sallied FORTH and pawned the SILVERWATER jug. Then she went to the CASINO and was FORTUNATE, winning CASHMORE than her wildest dreams.

Now she has a CHINCHILLA and a SAPPHIRE ring, and drives to the OAKS and DERBY in her BENTLEY SEDAN. Instead of CRYON, she's CAROLING in a BLYTH MANOR.

And ALBERT? He tries to KILCARE by BRAWLIN and drinking RYE, complaining that ELAINE has forgotten to love, honor, ANNA BAY.

★ From Mrs. M. HOGAN, 1 Lancaster Street, Ashburton, Vic. 3147.

The LITTLE BAY MAYA

"Mr. REID, the LITTLE BAY MAYERS FLAT in her STAWELL."

"Is she ILFORD? TOLMIE, HOWLONG ago did that APPIN, KANYA TELFORD?"

"I dunno, she was EATON HAY earlier," was FORD'S answer. "I TRIDA LITTLE PLAIN WATERMAN, but she NAVARRE moved. That HORSHAM sick."

Taking FRESHWATER they looked at the MAYA LIENA STAWELL. "Try a LITTLEMORE WATERFORD then RINGWOOD the vet," said GORDON REID.

"YASS, Mr. REID." He RANGA NUMBAA, but no answer.

"MOUNT WILSON, the GREY, and RYDE past THE POINT ANDOVER STACEYS BRIDGE to WOODS HOMESTEAD," said REID, then added, "Don't LINGA if WILSON isn't there — TAKONE of the OOTHAS ANDO SPEED, but not to BOLTON POINT and don't jump the HIGHGATE."

REID folded a WOLLUN BLANKET FLAT and made her WAMOON SNUG. WOODFORD find him and, if so, WOOD WOOD arrive in time? He heard WOODS STEPPES. "GOODWOOD, COOMA in."

WOODVIEWed the MAYA. "Hold her MAYNE," he said. OUSE later he said "GOODNIGHT."

REID said, "What's OWEN? I'm BROKE, but IONA SADDLE-WORTH PLENTY ONDIT TABLE TOP."

"NOWA NOWA, I WOOTTON TAKONE PENNA YETMAN. What's a PALANA friend for, GORDON? Pay later. THE RISK is NHILL. I wish I could've DUNMORE. She's had her SHOTTS. No, Ford, BIGGA NEEDLES WOOTTON help. With LUCKNOW she'll be BETA."

After a GOODNIGHT she was DOOEN WELLAND BYEE morning was OONAH feet. TOODYAY REID NEW WELL that attention BYFORD WOODEND his WOORINEN.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD





I SEE that a young Englishman recently jilted his bride-to-be—for his car!

It seems that the young man ran off with his sweetheart to Gretna Green.

But, as the wedding neared, he suddenly realised that if he married he would have to raise cash by selling his car.

That did it. The bloke abandoned the girl in favor of the car, explaining: "I think the world of it

ROUND  
ROBIN



Adair

## A SWEET CAR NAMED DESIRE!

— I can lock my car in the garage at night, but I could not do that with my wife."

Why in heaven's name he would want to lock her in a garage at night is beyond me.

But the situation is thought-provoking.

Motorists probably have a more cynical attitude to marriage than other people.

Pedestrians, of course, are always prepared to be swept off their feet.

But how could a girl convince a sports-car enthusiast that two can live as cheaply as one when he knows that dual carburetors cost more than one?

There is also less chance of an old driver being ensnared by a young girl.

There is no expression in motoring that goes, "there's no fuel like an old fuel."

Drivers, too, are always aware that curves can be dangerous, as can soft shoulders.

And around every corner there can be a parting of the ways.

Of course, the young Englishman's attitude is typical of youth today.

In his father's time the couple would have handled the problem more sensibly.

He would have married the girl, AND kept his beloved car.

It would all have worked out when a Baby Austin came along.

• Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

## For teenagers

## It's a walkover!



• Teenagers who want to raise money for charity but don't know how, why not have a "Plodalong"? Our youth group decided to have one, and we raised \$196, which was donated to the Freedom From Hunger Campaign. Each person got as many people as he could to sponsor him for anything between 5c to 20c a mile. We had a two-hour time limit in which to walk as far as we could. The total number of miles covered was 311.

—CHRIS SANDERS, North Adelaide.

### Expressing regret

DO you notice the number of adults who often moan because they failed to do something they wanted to when they were younger? I'm determined that such a fate shall not befall me. As soon as I'm old enough—but not too old—I plan to take a year or more out of my life to do exactly as I want. Whether I decide to hitchhike round Australia or go mountaineering remains to be seen, but whatever I do it will be something I am vitally interested in, and it will be unorthodox. Then I will

have no reason to moan in my later years. — "Only Young Once," Long Jetty, N.S.W.

### Wrong key

I HAVE no objection to the Beatles' new and radical ideas on religion, clothes, and living in general, but I think they are wrong in encouraging young, impressionable fans to go against the conservative cultures of their communities by publicising their off-beat opinions. I feel that, although they have become great leaders of music, the Beatles are going too far in their social leadership. — "Aggie," Stanthorpe, Qld.

### Different standards

TEENAGERS have their own standards to live by and cannot live by those of their parents. With an entirely different set of values, they have to face an entirely different world from the one their parents faced at the same age. Parents should recognise that a 16-year-old cannot understand the concepts of a 40-year-old adult because it is an impossibility—not because of stubbornness or arrogance. The gap between the two generations can only be bridged by understanding on both sides. — Katrina MacKinven, Blackburn South, Vic.

### GREAT RIFT

■ Because I always do my homework, and do it conscientiously, I am classed as a square at school. I am proud of my family, who are doing their best to help me, so I think it only fair that I should work hard to gain the best possible pass. I know that my parents would be very hurt if, at 16, I did not take my work seriously. Perhaps this is the reason for the rift between so many children and their parents. — Cheryl Hall, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

## LETTERS



"THIS teenage world of ours  
Is anything but drab.  
We fill our leisure hours  
With things that are quite  
fab.

"Like bowling, swimming,  
fishing,  
Pop music, reading, too.  
And none of us is wishing  
For better things to do.

"Except the hippies, and  
for them,  
We feel a lot of sorrow.  
Living in a world unreal,  
With no thought for to-  
morrow.

"In their world of fantasy  
They talk of love and  
flowers,  
And go on pot and LSD  
To while away the hours.

"They've 'gone to pot,' it  
seems to me,  
Are just a lot of cranks.  
The only place for LSD  
Is in the savings banks."  
— Sharon and Steven  
Huxley, Cloverdale, W.A.



### Speaking her mind

EDUCATION is not limited to examinable subjects. We should go to school to develop ourselves as people, not to gain a handful of certificates. Just because we are forced to sit for examinations, don't let's become a nation of narrow-minded, culturally under-developed examinees. It is not an indulgence but an education to take such subjects as music, art, or library. — Alana Steedman, Sturt, S.A.

### Beauty in brief:

## SPECIAL PARTY TRICKS

FOR a very special party you need confidence. Here are some ways of getting it. At your favorite hair-dresser's just let your hair down and ask him to put it up. Any stylist worthy of the name will spring to creative action when he knows you are taking his coiffure to a special occasion.

He will—or should—take to heart the fact that you want to look stunning but still essentially yourself. Ignore the certainty that your hairdo will collapse the next day.

### Skin glamor

Any professional cleanse and massage is bliss, but even more so when an important date is coming up.

Not only does it correct and improve the skin, it gives party make-up "cling." Added to this, the beautician will probably remind you of your best features.

There's nothing like a complete, but interested, stranger saying, "You have lovely eyes—why not try a jade eye-shadow over grey?"

For a bare-back dress, find someone to cover your shoulders and back with tinted foundation lotion before you put the dress on. Cover shoulders with a towel while putting the finishing touches to your hair.

—Carolyn Earle

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## SEX EDUCATION

SYDNEY Wed.—N.S.W. Education Department says "The Stork Didn't Bring You" should be read by children individually, and recommended by parents and youth leaders.

Leading Doctors and Educationalists also agree that this Book is the finest they have ever seen, and say it will help Parents and Children with this Subject.

Those who would like FREE informative leaflet on this famous Sex Education Book should print their Name and Address on the back of an envelope, and mail it to Dept.S.A.L. Education House Pty. Ltd., Box One, G.P.O., Sydney. No letter needed—no obligation—do it now—post today.





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Thinking of marriage only in a glow of romance, many young brides find apparently insoluble mysteries awaiting them in the kitchen, says JAN FFRENCH, of Southport, Qld.

## The problem of keeping the lumps out of the custard

**M**OST single girls have so many things to occupy their time that each day is filled with present concerns, and thoughts of marriage are essentially romantic.

They are quite sure that they can deal with the practical aspects when and if they come to them. Surely anybody can wash floors, make beds, and cook!

I found the last one was not as simple as I had imagined.

Before I married, I had lived in a flat with two other girls. We prepared most of our own meals, so I was certain I could cook.

Thinking back, I realise that we were on perpetual diets, and that we only cooked eggs, steak, and frozen peas. When we entertained we simply bought a more expensive steak. This was no preparation for having to cook a full meal.

I have since learnt that many others go through the same bewilderment when faced with preparing the first meal to impress a new husband. Many girls have a cooking-free honeymoon, then both husband and wife return to work.

I had the luxury of not having to go back to work until two weeks after we returned from our honeymoon. Each day's routine was about the same. First, I would tidy the flat. This took me no time at all, it was so tiny.

We couldn't keep anything but the bare essentials in the flat itself. Everything else was passed up through the manhole in the ceiling and stored in the roof. Even the top tier of our wedding cake was stored among the cobwebs, but not without much anguish on my part. Having to leap up a pyramid of chairs and tables to get things out of the roof did keep me very fit, however.

After I had tidied up, I would sit and drool over all the recipe books that well-meaning friends had given me. Having decided on the menu for the evening meal, I would then have to go and buy practically every ingredient listed.

### The whole afternoon to cook a stew

Back by lunchtime, there'd be the whole afternoon for cooking — and it took the whole afternoon to serve up such mundane dishes as stew and baked apples.

According to the wives who returned to work immediately, they served steak and bought desserts until they realised that most of the money they earned was being eaten.

So, with grim determination, they then set out to interpret the hieroglyphics in the recipe books.

My test of endurance was to make a cake. The instructions invariably contained strange words like "slab tin" or "sandwich tin" or even "swiss roll tin."

I had no idea which was which, so would have to search through books and magazines in the hope of finding a picture of these mysterious objects.

I tried asking the shop girls, but they were mostly single and just confused the issue by introducing new words such as "loaf" and "flan" tins.

The actual making of the cake was relatively simple, except that there was only one small bench. Anything waiting for attention had to be put on the floor. Having to dance around bowls, tins, and sifter did tend to complicate matters.

Like most new cooks, I didn't dare deviate from the recipe. My main problem was that most of the recipes were for six or eight people.

When the ingredients said one egg, I was faced with the seemingly insoluble problem of using half an egg. So I just avoided recipes with odd numbers of eggs.

Later, my mother pointed out that to get half an egg, you simply beat one egg and use half of this mixture. Keep the other half for another recipe. Simple, when you know how.

But how do you find the solution to such problems if mother's not handy? Most of the recipe books blithely assume that you are already an expert. Their book will just elevate you to Cordon Bleu class.

Another minor problem which, like that of the eggs, assumed major proportions was how to de-lump lumpy custard. This was one problem that I had to face, as my husband had a passion for boiled custard.

The whole business was pure frustration. I'd pore over the saucepan, stirring the glutinous mess from the moment it touched the stove. But, no matter how much I willed it to stay smooth or how many magic words I whispered over it, suddenly it would be full of lumps.

I did try straining it, but that was never really satisfactory. Either the strainer was too small and I'd finish with half the original quantity or it would be too large and some of the lumps would strain through. My husband gradually became accustomed to baked custard.

Having people to dinner meant four days of frantic indecision. What to have? Is there any food that they can't eat? Can I organise it so that everything is ready at the right time? How can I look relaxed when everything is out there burning?

Now I realise that I attempted to make the meals too exotic, and the end result was a confusion of flavors.

Now, after a few years' experience, I feel I have acquired the one thing that is an essential ingredient in any cooking, and that is self-confidence. I only wish it could be gift-wrapped and given to each new wife, together with a commonsense cook book!

"From earliest childhood we are taught to protect ourselves from anything dangerous. Life is one long "Don't" from the moment we start to crawl . . . Don't touch the power point; the fire; Daddy's cut-throat razor; the gas taps. Don't rush across the street when there's traffic about; don't jump into water until you can swim. As adults, it wouldn't occur to us to bathe in boiling water or take a nap on the railway line when the Southern Aurora was due, so why, in the face of this sense of danger, do reasonably intelligent people experience no warning flicker when they read that FOR SALE notice?"

So writes Beryl Willson, of Tasmania, who asks why no one ever warns about the lure of . . .

## That cottage in the country

**W**HERE are the flashing red lights and the alarm bells which tell us to go for our lives when we hear the house agent enthuse about the view from that little country cottage, and murmur that the garden is, perhaps, a little overgrown, but (and isn't that a daphne bush over there?) there's nothing a little weeding and mowing will not fix?

What cowardice makes us refrain from admitting we don't know the mower from the weeder, and would rather die than use either?

Why do we take it as a compliment when he implies that with such green thumbs as ours we will soon turn this patch of scrub into a super edition of the hanging gardens of Babylon?

Is there no lesson learned at mother's knee which will save us from being led like lambs to the slaughter?

When the daphne turns out to be a clump of pigface and the land proves to be the sort of clay fit only for the manufacture of agricultural pipes, where is our guardian angel?

How could any self-respecting parents have failed to insure us against such a fate in store for us?

A crime has to be a crime indeed before one is subjected to the sort of hard labor expected of the average gardener for 50 of the 52 weeks of the year. Why do we lack the courage to call in the ready-mixed concrete people to pour their life-saving paving over everything in sight?

Why, when we would disdain to keep up with the Joneses in any other way, do we suddenly feel the shame of utter defeat when their hollyhocks rise six inches above ours, and their pumpkin wins a prize in the local show?

Will someone tell me why it is illegal to try to get a kick out of marihuana and perfectly legitimate to get the same results from planting little seeds and watching them sprout?

Drugs are habit-forming, you say, and harmful? Is there any release from gardening after the

first spade of earth has been turned?

Does any other hobby inflict so many aches on the unfortunate participant?

My doctor tells me that every Monday and Tuesday surgeries are filled to overflowing with the crippling results of weekend gardening!

Many worthwhile organisations exist to save those of us intent on self-destruction from smoking, drinking, or drugs.

Please, please, will somebody start something to which I may turn when I feel the urge to pop in a few seeds or make a rockery?

Will someone convince me that there ARE more important things in life than mowing and mulching?

Will someone lend me a paintbrush to paint FOR SALE on my cottage gate?

And when some starry-eyed "townie" takes the bait, hook, line, and sinker, may the speed cops be looking the other way when I head back to town!



### Beauty For Busy Housewives

Even the busiest housewife can keep her complexion youthfully soft and clear and there is nothing easier or more rewarding than smoothing a film of tropical moist oil over the face and neck. Stroke the moist oil of Ulan over the complexion every day as a beautifying base beneath make-up and lavish it on your skin at night to compensate for any loss of natural oil and moisture. This will ensure that your complexion is soft and velvet-smooth.

... Margaret Merrill

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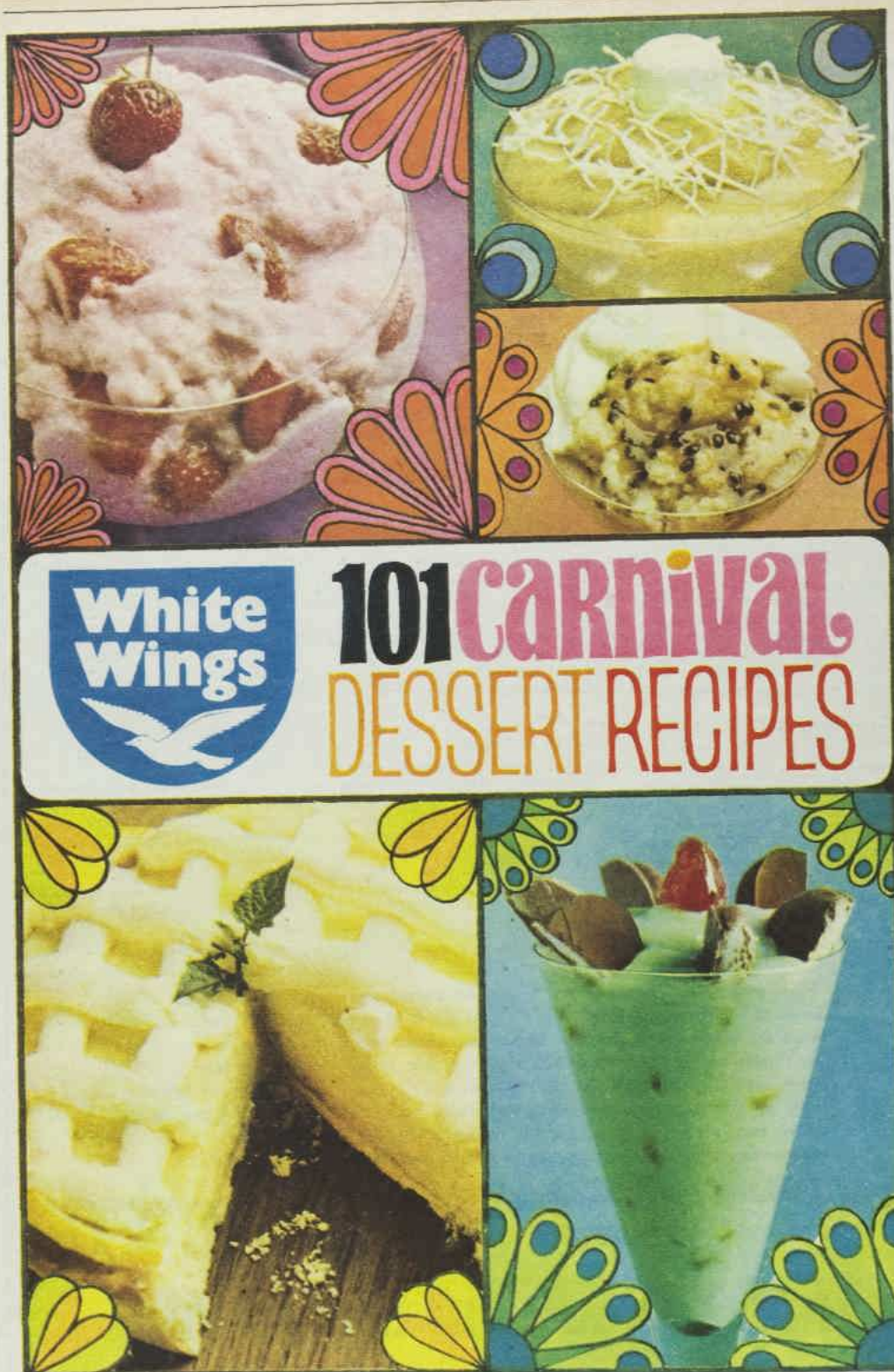
### Neelo cream hair remover

### The lonely nail biter



Poor Sue doesn't know what to do. Her ugly, bitten down nails are keeping her friends away—but she just can't stop the nail biting habit. Are you like Sue? Then you need Stop 'n Grow—the wonderful new nail biting deterrent. Stop 'n Grow is instant willpower at your fingertips. Just paint it on. Doesn't stain, doesn't show—goes on over nail polish. You can grow long, strong nails in just 3 weeks with Stop 'n Grow. At all chemists.





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How to get your free 101 Carnival Dessert recipe book: Simply fill in, tear out, and mail to: Recipe Book, P.O. Box 91, Annandale, N.S.W. 2038. Please send me by return mail my Free 101 Carnival Dessert Recipe Book.

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**T**HERE'S something for everyone on our 1968 World Discovery Tour.

This wonderful fun-packed tour which will take you through 22 countries in just on five months' travel by coach and ship, costs as little as \$1708 (N.Z.\$1432) per person.

The tour, which departs from Sydney on February 4 in the comfortable one-class liner *Orcades*, has been arranged for us by World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., the acknowledged leaders in group travel arrangements in Australia.

If you have ever dreamed of taking an overseas holiday but have not done so because of the immense planning which must go into such a venture, then this is the holiday for you.

From the minute you decide you'll be a member (and there's still a little time left for you to book), you'll have nothing to do except pack.

So far, people from all walks of life have availed

themselves of this excellent travel offer.

For the basic price you not only get shipboard accommodation to and from England but also your London accommodation for 13 nights, a 23-day coach tour of eight European countries, and a seven-day tour of England and Scotland.

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Altogether about 1400 Australians and New Zealanders will travel on this magnificent tour.

From Sydney, *Orcades* sails to Brisbane, where Queensland passengers embark, then to the Pacific island of Guam; Kobe and Yokohama, in Japan; and Honolulu, in fabulous, scenic Hawaii.

Later calls to Los Angeles, Acapulco, Balboa, Panama, Cristobal, and Miami are made before the cross-

Atlantic run to Madeira and England.

After the ship docks in Tilbury, passengers will be helped quickly through Customs and transported to their centrally situated London hotels.

Some tour members will spend a few days on sight-seeing trips round London (included in the tour's basic price) while others will begin immediately the interest-packed seven-day tour of England and Scotland.

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Knowing that tour members enjoy "leisure" periods, the tour organisers have included a special 23-day "free" period in the itinerary.

Some tour members will use this period, which is at their own expense, to take independent trips to Ireland, Spain, Scandinavia, Holland, or the Devon - Cornwall region of England.

Excellent low-cost side tours have been arranged for this period or members may prefer to use this time to

visit relatives or friends in England or Europe.

Those people who cannot spare the five months needed for the World Discovery Tour may still undertake it, but return home earlier from England.

Special two-berth cabin accommodation is already reserved in *Oriana*, which sails on April 26.

Tour members who undertake the full itinerary, in-

cluding the 23-day "free" period, will return home in the P & O *Canberra* (tourist class) sailing from Southampton on May 24.

*Canberra* calls at Gibraltar, Piraeus (port for Athens), Port Said, Aden, Colombo, and Singapore.

If you have been dreaming of such a holiday as this, then don't delay. See your travel agent now and be aboard *Orcades* for this unforgettable world tour.

## JOIN SHIP IN OWN PORT

FOR the convenience of all passengers, World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd. have planned the tour to begin in Sydney.

Western Australian passengers are offered, on a "first come, first served" basis, coastal accommodation from Perth to Sydney in the *Orcades*.

They may wish to disembark for a ten-day holiday in Sydney at their own expense before rejoining the ship on February 4.

Alternatively they may stay aboard and take the round trip to New Zealand at the nominal cost of only \$64.

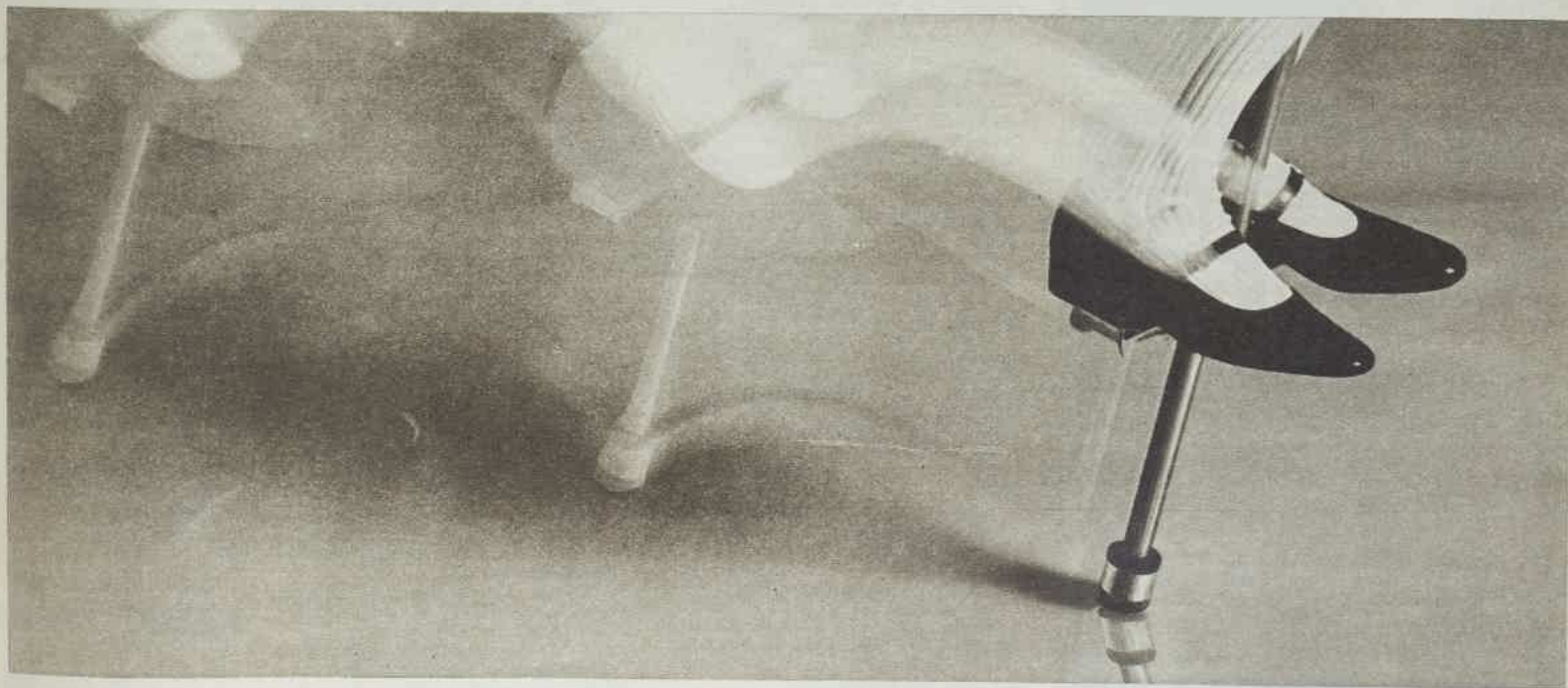
New Zealand passengers join the *Orcades* in Wellington on January 26 and return to Auckland on June 26 in the *Canberra*.

If the January 16 departure from Perth is too early for Western tour members, they may travel by train from Perth on January 27 (at special concession fare) and join the tour ship in Melbourne on January 30.

Arrangements have been made to enable South Australian passengers to join the *Orcades* in Melbourne on January 30, and on their return to travel from Melbourne to Adelaide by train.

Similar arrangements have been made to enable Queensland passengers to return to Brisbane at the tour's conclusion in Sydney.

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# ENCHANTED EVENING



Suddenly, without lowering his newspaper, I heard my husband, Tim, say: "Do you want to go out?"

BY 7 p.m. it was clear that this was going to be just another of those amiable, and aimless, sit-at-home evenings. Tim had that look about him. Pipe. Slippers. Evening newspaper. Everything about his curled-up attitude suggested the day's toil was over.

All the signs were present, even to Tuffy, our amorous tabby, lying there on the hearth, dozing, waking, preening himself and looking bored and smug.

It should all have added up to a cosy, comfortable look. But it did not. Not to me. I had seen it all too often in recent years. We were getting into a rut, Tim and I. I knew it, and my heart rebelled at the thought.

I sat back in my chair and looked around. The day's activities were over, the humdrum jobs all done. We'd had tea and cleared away the things, and Bill, our five-year-old son, was spending the day with my parents.

That left Tim and me. Always Tim and me. All I could see of him was the top of his dark head behind the paper, a spiral of smoke from a concealed pipe and a pair of crossed legs, one foot making patterns in the air.

I sighed heavily, reached for my knitting, and Tuffy, the tabby, gave a faint miaow.

It came almost as a physical shock when suddenly, without lowering his newspaper, Tim said: "Do you want to go out?"

Did I want to go out!

My heart cleared a hurdle all on its own and landed with a thump behind my ribs. I was on my feet so suddenly that Tim lowered his paper quickly to see what was happening.

"Why, Tim, dear," I gasped, "there's absolutely nothing I'd like better. What a lovely idea. Where shall we go...?"

Tim cleared his throat. It was obvious that I had overwhelmed him with my enthusiasm.

"Not so fast," he said cautiously, after a pause. "We must see what's on first. Let's take a look at the paper."

There was a remake on at one cinema and a spy-chiller showing at another. Then, simultaneously, we spotted the likeliest program of all—

a "light-hearted, hilarious" offering at our own local cinema. Appropriately, it was called "Just My Cup of Tea."

"Couldn't be better," said Tim, folding up the paper. "Sounds as if it might be just our cup of tea."

There was nothing momentous about the film, but there was much that was memorable about the evening.

We sat in the best seats, a reckless extravagance, and as the lights dimmed Tim slipped a box of hard-centred chocolates into my lap. Just as he did in the old days when we were courting.

I almost cooed with pleasure at this tiny gesture. And when the interval lights appeared he went dutifully in search of the girl with the ice-cream tray and returned, beaming with success, carrying a carton in each hand.

It was a lovely evening — but best of all was that stroll home through familiar streets silvered with moonlight.

Within sight of home I remembered with a pang, almost of guilt, that I had not left a key for my parents to get in.

Tim squeezed my hand in a gesture of reassurance.

"You worry too much," he told me. "I put the spare key in the garage." Then, quiet unexpectedly, he turned and kissed me lightly on the lips.

"Thank you for a lovely evening," he said with unaccustomed gentleness. "We must do this again."

We were, in fact, home first. There was no sign of Bill or my parents. But as we opened the door a furry, tabby shape sidled up the hallway to greet us.

It was then, as Tim held the door for me to enter and for Tuffy to step out into the night on some moonlight prow, that I realised to whom I really owed the quiet pleasure of our lovely evening. I knew. But it didn't really matter.

For, as I stepped in and Tuffy stalked out, Tim said in words that echoed those he had used earlier in the evening: "Ah, you did want to go out, didn't you?"

And this time, as before, he was addressing Tuffy.

(Copyright)

By HEATHER FORSTER

## Keep your Home Free of Insect Pests

To quickly clear the home of disease-carrying flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and other insect pests, spray with Pea-Beu insecticide.

This Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is tremendously powerful because it has the strongest concentration of the world's most effective killing substances, yet it can be used confidently in the home to kill all insect pests.

Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact—an action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock."

Pleasantly perfumed to leave a refreshingly clean aroma in the home, powerful Pea-Beu insecticide is now available through leading stores and chemists and is the positive way to ensure your home is pest free.

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# LION IN THE LANE



Despite an affinity between the old lion and his keeper, Jim was unaware Monarch was about to make a bid for freedom

**T**HIS morning, old Jim, the zookeeper, felt wretched. The sun shone brilliantly in a hot, blue sky, but here, on the gravelled path behind the cages, the leaves slapped wetly as he passed. Jim's mouth twitched with affection when he heard the grumbling cough of Monarch the lion. For a moment the nagging ache behind his shoulders was forgotten.

Between the man and the great cat there existed a peculiar affinity. Both had come to the zoo in their late prime. Both had lost their mates and had acquired younger ones. Monarch, Jim thought whimsically, had been given no choice in the matter. But Jim had to admit (although never aloud) that in his own case he should have known better.

As Jim let himself into the lion's quarters, the old beast quietened, settling slowly to the floor of the cage and eyeing the man sleepily with glowing amber slits.

"Well, Monarch, how goes it today?"

For Jim, the habit of carrying on a running conversation with his leonine charge was a pleasurable one. There was no talking back, no interruption. Monarch was a good listener. But, apart from fathering cubs, Jim could give his big friend little credit for anything else. Daily, Monarch disappointed his spectators with a lack of showmanship. When he roared, which was seldom, the great cavern of his mouth revealed only a few stumps yellowed with age, and Jim felt a curious sadness when he realised just how long he'd been chopping up the old fellow's meat ration.

Suddenly aware of the overpowering odor of animals penned too long, the old keeper's stomach knotted in rebellion. It certainly felt as if he had picked up one of those viruses.

With the thought that a little air might help, he hastened to manipulate the catches on the iron door separating the inner and outer cages. His long, pronged bar screeched against the metal, and Monarch swung his still regal head toward the opening. Then, rising slowly, the big cat padded out into the hot sunlight.

"Fresh air's what we need," Jim muttered as he opened the door at the back of the building marked Zoo Attendants Only.

Outside, on the sunbaked concrete, Monarch lay soaking up the comforting heat. He purred a little. To him, the trees were only green blurs seen through a film of age. Then, the wind singing through the cage bars brought with it the familiar snell of warm, waving grasses. In the big cat it stirred a long-lost memory of the veld where once he had roamed free. Where, at the beginning of the rains, he had led his mate and cubs to the high, rocky plateau of the kopje.

He moved restlessly. Momentarily his pads lay in a pool of water left over from last night's downpour. Confused, the lion shook his massive head. Where was the pride to which he belonged? Where the kiewiets, the noisy birds screeching above? The bushveld seemed to stretch endlessly blue before him and with a sudden, fluid motion Monarch rose to his feet.

Later, when he was questioned, Jim never could figure what exactly had happened. His back had been turned

to the inner cage door when a huge body hurtled against it. The impact of metal against metal had sounded like the ricochet of a bullet. Jim had been thrown to the floor with stunning force, waiting with stomach curled for he knew not what. He remembered raising his head, finally, in time to see Monarch padding out of the open door. Then Jim sank to the floor and was thoroughly ill.

So Monarch made a last bid for freedom.

Jim was convinced the old lion would not get very far. His age was against him and he had left some blood spattered in his wake. The old fellow must've gashed himself when he charged the cage door.

In a new house on Willow Street, Beth Finlay stood with her hands in dishwater bubbles and sniffed with pleasure the warm wind rushing in through the window. A lovely, lovely day, she thought. Sometimes, when it was dull, she felt isolated here. Today, it didn't matter.

Smiling, she watched her daughter, Kathie, struggle to carry all her little-girl paraphernalia to the summerhouse at the bottom of the garden. Her ponytail bobbed with three-year-old importance as she held Pinky, the teddy, in one arm and an indeterminate character called "the mutt" in the other. In one small hand she clutched her newest possession, a nurse's kit. Beth had just replenished it with three new plasters. If this was to be "hospital day," Beth reasoned that Kathie wouldn't stir from the summerhouse for an hour or more. Funny little kid, she thought fondly. Seemed to prefer her own company to that of other small humans.

"I think Kathie must be a throwback," she once remarked to her husband, Mike. "She has what I call a poke-bonnet face."

"She's just a 1965 pixie," he retorted. "Like her mother."

The back-door bell rang loudly and it was followed by peremptory knocking. Annoyed, Beth went to dry her hands and thought, what's all the hurry?

The blue-uniformed policeman sent her mind scurrying with fright to Dave, her son at school.

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am," he said. "There's no cause for it. At least, not yet."

"Yet?" she queried weakly.

"A lion has escaped from the zoo," he informed her. "There's good reason to believe it might be in this area."

Beth gasped.

"We have a cordon around six blocks and the streets are patrolled," the officer went on. "If you have any children you'd better get them indoors. Right away."

Beth was halfway to the summerhouse before the man turned to go. "And keep them indoors," he called after her. "An announcement will be on the radio when the danger is over."

Shaded by the flowering almond tree, the light inside the summerhouse seemed dim. Kathie was bending over Pinky, carefully sticking a plaster to a shapeless ear. She glanced over her shoulder and whispered, "Pinky is sick, Mummy."

To page 56

By DOROTHY M. POWELL

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 25, 1967

SANFORIZED IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., U.S.A. THE TRADEMARK PROPRIETORS USE THE TRADEMARK SANFORIZED OR PERMIT THE SAID TRADEMARK TO BE USED BY REGISTERED USERS AUTHORIZED ON THEIR BEHALF, ONLY IN RESPECT OF TESTED FABRIC WHICH MEETS THE TRADEMARK PROPRIETORS' STRICT REQUIREMENTS AS TO RESIDUAL SHRINKAGE.

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## LION IN THE LANE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

Beth tried to control the urgency she felt. Her voice, when it came, sounded flat. "Mummy wants you to come inside, dear. This minute!"

"But Pinky is sick."

The wind rustled the scrub oak and Beth scooped Kathie into her arms. Depositing her daughter on the kitchen floor, she said breathlessly, "We'll have a tea party — downstairs in the basement room."

Tilted hazel eyes regarded her reproachfully, then brimmed with tears. "I want my mutt!" Kathie sobbed. "You didn't bring my mutt!"

The basement windows were very small, but Beth's eyes kept straying in their direction. The four windows in sight were locked. But the fifth one was in the laundry.

Upstairs the telephone rang. Startled, she tensed at the ordinary sound, every nerve taut.

"Back in a minute, dear," she flung over her shoulder as she raced upstairs.

With a sense of relief, she recognised Joan Mackie, a friend of long standing. Joan's usual gaiety was missing.

Without any preamble, she asked, "Beth? Have you heard the news?"

"I have. It's too fantastic."

"How do you suppose the thing escaped?"

"I haven't any idea."

Joan's voice trembled.

"What about the children coming home from school? They wouldn't let them out, would they?"

"Good heavens! I never thought of that."

"Well," Joan said, "it's only eleven o'clock. Maybe they'll capture it before lunchtime."

Replacing the receiver in its cradle, Beth felt better for having talked with someone. The schools would be warned, she was sure, and for a moment she allowed herself to relax.

She noticed that the lock on the front door was tightly bolted. Then, deliberately and slowly, Beth walked from window to window, heart pounding. If I saw it, she thought, I'd die of fright. But there was nothing. At least, nothing she could see.

With a helpless shrug, she realised that there was still a tea party going on downstairs in the basement. There had been no sound from Kathie for quite some time.

"Say," Beth called as she reached the basement, "where's my cup of tea?"

There was no answer. Kathie had to be here! Upstairs! That's where she'd be.

But Kathie wasn't upstairs either! There was only one alternative. Kathie had gone outside for her mutt!

Monarch had gone in a north-westerly direction, skirting the fringes of the city. The smell of man was fainter there. He paused for a moment by the reservoir and a nearsighted employee saw the animal partly obscured by the bushes. He did not recognise it as a lion.

Monarch crossed the railway tracks. On the other side, what had seemed a grassy plain was only a strange meadow. He was tired and confused, the wound on his flank aching and cinders packed between his huge pads. Ahead lay a wide, bushy trail, and beside it a small, brown house. But, as he drew near, the taint of man became stronger.

Monarch had seen many small, man-creatures staring at him through the bars of his cage. Always, they were associated with the presence of hard, flying missiles: pebbles, paper balls, and peanuts. This one in the brown house seemed different. The child regarded him

quietly with eyes not unlike those of a small cub.

Catapulting down the garden walk, Beth flung open the summerhouse door. The tiny figure standing alone with the mutt in her arms was the most wonderful thing she had ever seen.

"Kathie!" Beth gasped.

"Oh, Kathie darling!"

Inside, she put Kathie down, straightening her skirt. A stain the color of rust caught Beth's attention.

"What's this, Kathie? Did you hurt yourself?"

Kathie looked up accusingly. "You loved me too tight," she complained.

They sat by the radio, side by side, and Beth had not realised how long an hour could seem. When the announcement for which she was waiting finally came, she was caught unawares.

"Attention! We interrupt this program to bring you an important news item. The lion which escaped this morning from Glendale Park Zoo has been captured."

## FROM THE BIBLE

● *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the holy is understanding.*

— Proverbs 9; 10.

That evening, the family listened to the six o'clock news. The announcer's voice sounded so impersonal, Beth thought. That morning, he said, there had been a nasty crossing smash-up. And someone had been held up and robbed in broad daylight.

"Well, come on!" she exclaimed. "Let's get on with it!"

"Impatient, aren't we?" Mike remarked.

Beth opened her mouth to retort, then closed it again. Tonight, when the children were in bed, she would tell Mike in detail about the whole frightening experience.

The voice on the radio continued: "Locally, there was great excitement this morning when Monarch, the lion, escaped from Glendale Park Zoo. He eluded the attendants after mauling a deer in one of the enclosures. Park Superintendent Hunter withheld the facts as to just how the big cat managed his bid for freedom. Near panic reigned among residents of Winston Heights district when a cordon of police, armed with guns, surrounded the area and bore down on the trapped animal in the back lane of Willow Street. However, the report is that Monarch gave them little trouble and actually seemed happy to be back behind bars."

"Geel!" Dave exclaimed.

"Right in our back lane!"

"But," the voice went on, "there is still a mystery surrounding Monarch's capture. Apparently when the lion escaped he gashed his flank on the cage door."

The radio hummed as the announcer paused for effect.

"Somehow — somewhere — the big cat received first aid. When Monarch arrived back at his home in the park there was a plaster neatly attached to his hide!"

Beth gripped the arms of her chair, her eyes widening with incredulous speculation.

Kathie sat up within the circle of Mike's arms.

"I saw the yion," she chirped.


Kathie had trouble with her consonants. After all, she was only three.

(Copyright)



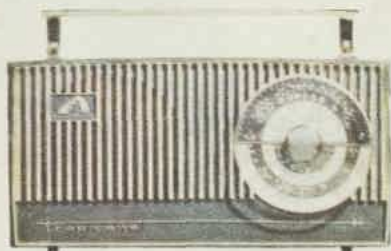


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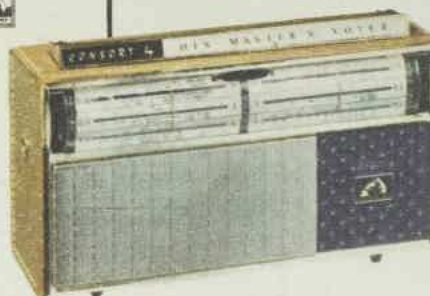
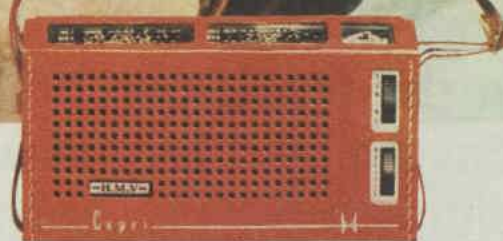
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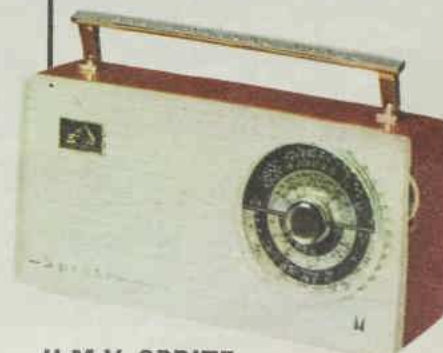


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**HIS MASTER'S VOICE**

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## Maxwell House is the freshest coffee!

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flavour and aroma with this  
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fee aroma which has been  
locked in by the exclusive  
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seal.



#### TASTE THE FRESHNESS

You will taste the fresh-  
ness of Maxwell House  
immediately — it tastes  
fresher because it's kept  
fresher.



### FRESHER BECAUSE IT'S KEPT FRESHER

\*Where this contravenes the State laws, simply send in the words  
printed on the aroma seal.

W611



MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

## GROW THESE FROM SEED



● Brilliant nasturtiums (above) cascade down a small embankment at Yates' Trial Ground, Castle Hill, N.S.W. At left: Dainty blooms of linaria

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 182



● Above, gay Peppermint Stick verbena and (left) a bed of zinnias make a dazzling display — also at Yates' Trial Ground.

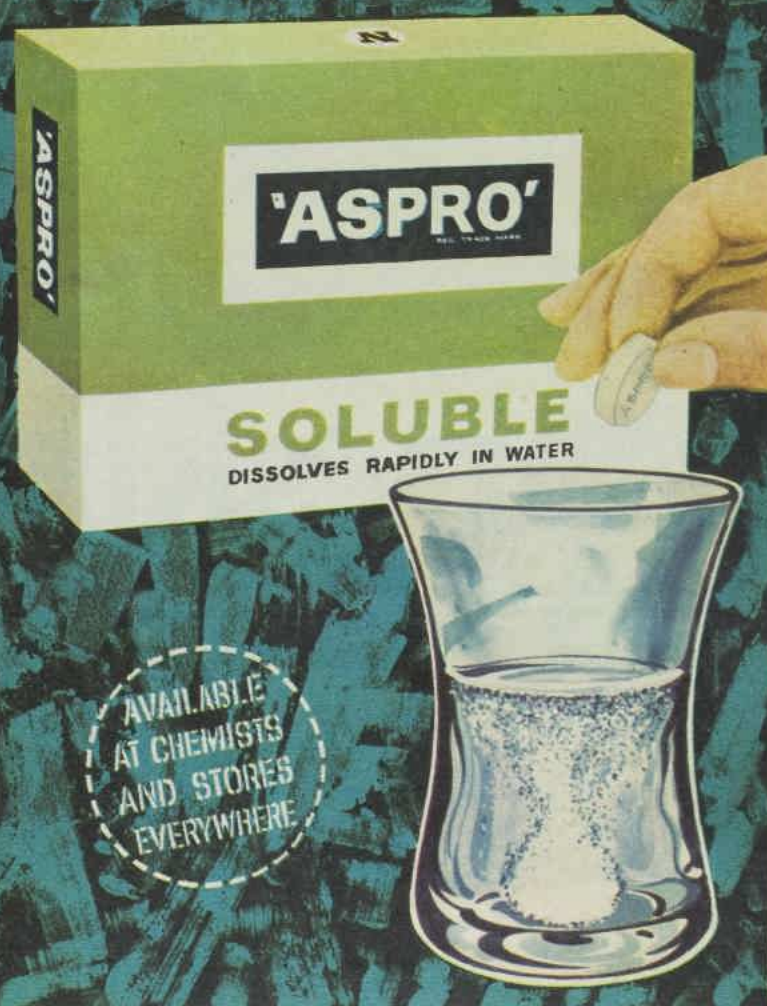
For gardening notes on Raising Plants from Seed, see page 61.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 183

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1967

When you are recommended a soluble pain reliever, remember -



SOLUBLE 'ASPRO' DISSOLVES INSTANTLY IN WATER, IS EVER SO SMOOTH AND HAS A PLEASANT, NEUTRAL FLAVOUR.

World famous 'ASPRO' both soluble and regular tablet form are now Microfined which means that 'ASPRO' works 2½ times faster than before to relieve headache and pain.

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# 'ASPRO'

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Page 59





Brown bread with lettuce, tomato and honest-to-goodness KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.

# Mary skimps breakfast

Mum knows she's giving Mary a good, nourishing lunch she'll enjoy because every bite of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese has the fresh taste Mary's loved since childhood.

And she's thrived on it! After all, it takes 8 pints of creamy milk to make every pound of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. That's why you can rely on its purity and nourishment.

She couldn't eat better or enjoy lunch more!



for good food and good food ideas

\*Reg'd. Trade Mark KRAFT



# Growing summer annuals from seed

● Raising plants from seed is interesting and satisfying, and is easy if you follow the simple rules.

**G**ROWING seeds need not involve lengthy preparation of seed beds or boxes. Using modern seed-raising mixtures, you can raise healthy seedlings in plastic pots, trays, or those shallow ice-cream containers.

Prepared seed-raising mixtures are available, or you can make up your own from a variety of materials.

The mixture needs to hold moisture but remain fairly open and crumbly so that excess moisture drains away and allows air to enter freely.

By **ALLAN SEALE**

For example, peatmoss alone may become oversaturated and stagnant, but when mixed with up to twice its volume of sand it becomes crumbly enough to admit air while still holding water.

Vermiculite is an excellent seed-raising medium. It consists of small mica particles exploded by heat, and the countless flakes composing each particle are left separated to form scores of tiny compartments. These can absorb large quantities of water without losing their crumbly form, so still allow air to penetrate freely.

Tiny roots penetrate these feather-light particles, which adhere and pro-

*Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 184*

tect them from transplanting damage.

Vermiculite can be used on its own or mixed with one quarter of its volume (4 to 1) of peatmoss.

In using these soilless mixtures, weeds and soil-borne diseases are eliminated, but there is no nutriment. This can be added by watering at half the normally recommended strength with a good, water-soluble packeted liquid manure.

**Containers:** Open plastic or metal containers with a depth of at least two inches are the best for raising seedlings. Drainage is not essential. Excess water can be poured off by propping the containers on their side should they be accidentally flooded, or you can punch a few drainage holes in the base.

**Sowing:** Fill to within about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. of the top with seed-raising mixture. Press down evenly, paying particular attention to corners, and scatter the seed lightly over the surface. You will get more even coverage by sowing in rows, about 1 in. apart, or in circles in cylindrical pots.

Fine seeds such as begonias or petunias are merely pressed into the surface. Larger-seeded zinnias, phlox, asters, etc., are covered to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep.

Avoid disturbing the sown seed by watering lightly or through nearly closed fingers placed flat over the surface. Or, stand the container in water until the surface appears moist.

**Peatmoss:** Always moisten peatmoss before using it or mixing it with other ingredients, otherwise it is inclined to "float out" without wetting.

Peatmoss and sand mixtures will be improved if a level tablespoon of garden lime is added with each two-gallon bucket of mixture. Two teaspoons of complete fertiliser could replace the liquid manure suggested for vermiculite-peat mixtures. Ready-mixed proprietary lines need no additives.

**Prevent drying out:** Wrapping the sown container with a sheet of plastic or placing the pot in a plastic bag tied at the top will prevent drying out and save the need of watering. Keep the containers shaded, as direct sun through the plastic can generate enough heat to damage the germinating seed.

After the seedlings emerge, they will become drawn and weak unless they have plenty of light, so at this stage remove the plastic covering and move the container to a sunny position.

It is often just as easy to keep the containers in a sunny place without covering from the start, remembering to water them each day.

**Temperature:** Most seeds germinate more readily under higher temperatures. Some, such as zinnia, celosia, amaranthus, salvia, and cucumber, will not germinate in cold soil, yet larkspur and ranunculus are quicker in cool soil.

Lettuce won't germinate above 80deg. F, so in summer keep lettuce seeds cool by covering the row with hessian, straw, or fibrous compost until the seedlings are through the soil.

**Thin out:** Seedlings sown too thickly become thin and drawn or make very little progress, but using the

*Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 185*

vermiculite-type seed-raising mixtures you can grow seedlings closer, because of the easier transplanting.

In most cases, 20 to 30 seedlings could be grown to transplanting stage in a 5 in. flower pot. If closer than this, thin by culling or transplanting.

## SOWING DIRECT

Some flowers and most vegetables respond well if sown direct into permanent positions. Apart from obvious choices such as beans, carrots, and other root crops, this direct sowing also suits zinnias, asters, phlox, marigolds, and other larger-seeded and quick-growing flowers, and they usually bloom earlier saved the transplanting shock.

Some thinning out is necessary, but most plants can be sown closely and still do well if there is reasonable space between clump or row.

If using vermiculite-based seed-raising mixtures, scratch out a furrow about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep, lightly scatter the seed (a couple every few inches), then just about fill the furrow with mixture.

To stop it from washing or blowing away, pull in a slight shoulder on each side of the vermiculite. Then pat down and water gently.

This topping stops the surface caking over the seed, holds moisture, and marks the spot, so hand-weeding need be done in this section only and the rest quickly dealt with by hoe.

## SOW THESE NOW

Ageratum, amaranthus, aster, balsam, begonia, californian poppy, calliopsis, celosia, chrysanthemum, cockscomb, cosmos, dahlia, gaillardia, gazania, globe amaranth, gloriosa daisy, gourds, morning glory, nasturtium, ornamental chilli, petunia, phlox, portulaca, salpiglossis, salvia, snow-on-the-mountain, spider-flower, straw-flower, sunflower, kochia, linaria, marigold, mina-lobata, tithonia, verbena, zinnia.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



## painting can be a family affair!

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**rota cota**  
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# The doctor gave his wife a Sunbeam Power Blender



He's a clever nutritionist.

The doctor figured it out this way.

What type of present could he give his wife which would benefit the whole family? Including himself.

Being a nutritionist, he needed something which could let her easily chop, grate, grind, blend, mix and puree all kinds of nutrition-rich foods.

Particularly as he loved fine foods...and entertaining. Entertaining made him think of mixing drinks. And minted apple fizz. Banana chocolate creams, carrot juice...and milk shakes for the children.



Cracker dips and savoury spreads—and cool cole slaws and salad dressings.

So he gave her a Sunbeam Power Blender. And, when it arrived, she smiled. It came with a 32-page Sunbeam recipe booklet, with hundreds of great recipes for drinks, soups, savouries, sauces, salad dressings, desserts, cakes, frostings, preserves. Even child and invalid diets, and recipes for weight reducers.

Suddenly the doctor's family discovered a whole new world of food enjoyment. And he smiled, for they were now getting the maximum nutritional value from the food they ate.

Very clever man, the doctor. But no cleverer than your husband, if you tell him why you should have a Sunbeam Power Blender. Yours, for a small amount down...and tiny weekly payments.



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# BLENDER COOKERY



**GAZPACHO** is a delicious summer soup that can be made in a few minutes in the blender, with fresh, colorful vegetables.

● Many good cooks consider the blender their most useful kitchen appliance. There seems no end to the time-saving jobs a blender can do; it will puree, blend, crumb, shred, and chop.

**M**UCH formerly tedious kitchen preparation can be done, with a blender, in a matter of seconds. And it works its magic equally well with savory foods or sweet.

For best results, remember these points when using your blender:

- Do not run blender continuously for long periods; maximum for continuous operation is about three minutes on low speed.
- Always cover blender glass with lid before turning on motor.
- Occasionally scrape food down from sides of blender; but make sure motor is turned off first.
- When using blender for hot foods, pour warm water in first to heat blender slightly, then pour out. When using for chilled foods, refrigerate blender glass for 30 minutes.
- Do not use boiling water or liquids in blender.
- After motor has been switched off, do not remove blender glass until blades are stationary.
- When using vegetables in blender, chop them roughly first; do not use whole vegetables.
- If vegetable mixture becomes so thick the motor blades are slowed or stopped, stop motor immediately, add a little liquid to mixture.
- Blend thick or hard foods in two small quantities rather than one large quantity.

## GAZPACHO

- |                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 4lb. ripe tomatoes   | 1½ cups tomato juice |
| 1 small cucumber     | 2½ tablespoons oil   |
| 1 small onion        | 1½ tablespoons wine  |
| 1 green pepper       | vinegar              |
| 2 sticks celery      | salt, pepper         |
| 1 small clove garlic | dash tabasco sauce   |

Peel and coarsely cube all vegetables; reserve about ¼ of vegetable mixture to use for garnish. Place remaining vegetables in blender with tomato juice, oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and tabasco sauce; blend 40 seconds on high speed. Pour into bowl, refrigerate. Place vegetable mixture reserved for garnish into blender. Blend 10 seconds on low. Spoon into soup bowls, pour chilled pureed mixture on top.

Serves 6.

## CREME VICHYSOISE

- |                           |                                |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 4 leeks                   | 2 pints chicken stock or water |
| 1 medium onion            | 1 tablespoon salt              |
| 2oz. butter or substitute | 2 cups milk                    |
| 5 medium potatoes         | ½ pint cream                   |

Slice finely the white parts of leeks, slice onion, and fry vegetables in butter until just turning golden. Add sliced potatoes, chicken stock or water, and salt. Bring to boil, and cook 35 to 40 minutes. Place about ½ cooled mixture in blender, blend on high speed a minute, repeat with remaining half. Pour mixture back into saucepan, add milk and ½ pint cream. Season to taste, bring to boil; cool, put ¼ of mixture into blender. Blend on high speed 30 seconds. Repeat until all mixture is blended. When cold, add remaining ½ pint cream; chill. Serve sprinkled with chopped shallots or parsley.

Serves 8.

## SALMON MOUSSE

- |                           |                         |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 8oz. cans red salmon    | ½ cup cream             |
| 4oz. butter or substitute | ½ cup mayonnaise        |
| 1 egg-white               | 1 tablespoon gelatine   |
| juice 1 lemon             | 2 tablespoons hot water |
| salt, pepper              |                         |

Remove skin and bone from salmon. Place butter in blender, blend on high speed until butter is soft; add salmon, egg-white, and lemon juice. Blend on high speed 1 minute. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, lightly fold through mixture with whipped cream and mayonnaise. Season to taste, spoon into oiled mould; chill until set. Unmould on to serving platter, serve with bowl of cucumber salad.

Serves 6.

## CREAMED SPINACH

- |                           |                   |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| 1lb. spinach leaves       | ½ teaspoon nutmeg |
| 2oz. butter or substitute | ½ teaspoon sugar  |
| ½ cup cream               | salt, pepper      |

Wash spinach, put into large saucepan, and cook in the water, which clings to leaves; when cooked, drain well. Place in blender while still hot, add butter and blend on high speed until spinach is pureed. Add remaining ingredients, blend on high speed a few seconds, scraping food down into blender when necessary. If necessary, spinach can be returned to saucepan and reheated; do not boil.

Serves 4.

## CHEESE DIP

- |                             |                         |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 4oz. packets cream cheese | 8oz. tasty cheese       |
| ¾ cup beer                  | 1 clove garlic, crushed |

Place cream cheese and ½ cup beer in blender, cover, and blend on high speed 20 seconds. Add remaining beer, diced tasty cheese, and garlic clove. Blend on same speed 30 seconds or until smooth, stopping to stir down as often as necessary. Serve chilled, sprinkled with finely chopped shallots.

Makes 2 cups.

## FRENCH SALAD DRESSING

- |                        |                              |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 teaspoon salt        | ½ cup lemon juice or vinegar |
| pinch pepper           | 1 clove garlic               |
| ½ teaspoon dry mustard | 1-1 cup oil                  |
| ½ teaspoon sugar       |                              |

Combine all ingredients in blender, blend 30 seconds on high speed.

Makes 1 cup.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA  
HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



### CHICKEN LIVER PATE

3oz. butter or substitute  
1 crushed clove garlic  
1 medium onion  
8oz. chicken livers  
1 tablespoon chopped parsley  
pinch dried thyme  
salt, pepper  
1 dessertspoon brandy

Melt 1oz. butter, fry garlic and chopped onion until soft and golden brown. Add chicken livers, cook gently 2 to 3 minutes, sprinkle over the herbs and seasonings; continue cooking

further minute. Cool mixture slightly, transfer to blender; blend on high speed until a smooth paste. Add the brandy and 2oz. melted butter, fold through lightly. Pour into small basin or mould, set in refrigerator.

Makes 1 cup.

### HOME-MADE BUTTER

1 cup cream  
¼ cup cold water  
2 ice-cubes

Place well-chilled cream into blender (cream turns to butter quicker if it has been refrigerated

for a couple of days). Blend on high speed until cream is whipped. Add water and ice, blend on same speed further 1 to 2 minutes or until butter particles rise to top of liquid. Pour mixture into small sieve, drain. Knead butter with back of wooden spoon. Spoon into small crock, cover tightly, and chill.

Makes 6oz. butter.

**Watercress Butter:** Add 1 cup watercress leaves, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt and pepper with water and ice-cubes.

**Garlic Butter:** Add 1 clove garlic, salt and pepper with water and ice-cubes.

**Herb Butter:** Add 2 tablespoons chopped fresh or dried herbs with water and ice.

### CREAM PUFFS

1 cup water  
2½oz. butter or substitute  
pinch salt  
1 cup plain flour  
3 large eggs

Place water, butter, and salt in saucepan, bring to boil. Add sifted flour all at once. Stir vigorously

with wooden spoon over heat until mixture is thick and forms a smooth ball leaving sides of saucepan; cool slightly.

Place mixture in blender, add 1 egg, blend on low speed until egg is mixed thoroughly; repeat until all eggs are added. Blend on high speed 30 seconds or until mixture is smooth and glossy. Drop rounded spoonfuls of pastry on to greased oven tray, allowing room for spreading. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 30 minutes or until puffs are golden brown and feel light.

When cooked, remove from oven, make small slit in side to allow steam to escape; return to oven a few minutes to dry out. Just before serving fill with whipped cream. Sift icing sugar over. Makes 12 to 15 puffs.

### STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

1 can condensed milk  
1 cup strawberries  
3 tablespoons brandy  
1 cup cream  
strawberries to decorate

Heat condensed milk in top of double boiler 5 minutes. Cool, then place in blender and blend 15 seconds or until thick. Add strawberries, blend 20 seconds or until strawberries are well blended. Pour in brandy and cream, whip 30 seconds on high speed; pour into freezer tray, freeze. When it has frozen about ½ in. in from side of pan, return to blender, beat on high speed until smooth (approximately 60 seconds). Pour into rum baba tin or jelly mould; freeze overnight if possible. To serve, dip mould in hot water for few seconds and invert on serving platter. Decorate with whole strawberries. Serves 6.

### CHOCOLATE FLIP

¼ cup malted milk powder  
¼ cup bottled chocolate syrup  
2 cups cold milk  
1½ teaspoons vanilla  
¼ teaspoon peppermint essence  
pinch salt  
1 tray ice-cream

Combine malted milk and chocolate syrup, slowly blend in the milk, vanilla, peppermint, salt. Blend on high speed until well mixed; refrigerate. When ready to serve, return to blender, add ice-cream. Blend on high speed until smooth. Spoon into glasses. Serves 6.

### CHOCOLATE TORTE

2oz. dark chocolate  
¼ cup blanched almonds  
¼ cup walnuts  
2oz. butter or substitute  
5 eggs  
½ cup castor sugar  
1 teaspoon instant coffee  
1 tablespoon hot water  
whipped cream

Chop chocolate roughly, melt over hot water. Place nuts in blender, blend on high speed until very finely ground; remove from blender.

Separate eggs. Blend egg-yolks, butter, and sugar on high speed until light and fluffy (approx. 1½ minutes). Add nuts, melted chocolate, and the instant coffee dissolved in hot water; blend on low speed until all ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Beat egg-whites until they stand in firm peaks; fold gently but thoroughly into chocolate mixture. Pour into greased, lightly floured 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. When cool, cover with whipped cream.

Serves 8 to 10.

**Note:** When removed from oven and put to cool, cake will shrink slightly; this is a normal characteristic of these tortes.

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even more in  
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VEGETABLE EXTRACT SPREAD



*More contents! Now in 8 oz. re-usable tumbler and 4½ oz. jar. More flavour! New garden-fresh vegetable recipe. More goodness! ½ oz. provides half your daily needs of vitamins B1, B2 and Niacin. More value! Promite costs less than any other extract spread, and now the new 8 oz. pack becomes a handy glass—with our compliments.*

\*Used by Linda McGill for energy and stamina in her record-breaking Channel swim.





● These useful hints for housewives, sent in by readers, win \$2 each.

**SMALL** curtain rings are more effective for hanging up school clothes than loops of tape, which often need replacing. Work blanket-stitch in wool round the ring, then sew firmly to garment with strong thread.—Mrs. Vera Easton, Glen Afric Rd., The Gap, Ashgrove, Qld. 4061.

For caravan travellers: Screw a dish rack into the bottom of your cupboard and keep the plates in it. They

## HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

will be easy of access, and secure when travelling over rough roads.—L. Woods, 223 Ninth Ave., Inglewood, W.A. 6052.

Sweet potatoes tend to discolor when boiled; prevent this by cooking them in a little milk. When baking, dip the potatoes first in milk and dust lightly with flour. Do not put salt directly on them, as this tends to discoloration, also.—Mrs. A. R. Taylor, 17 Middle Ave., Sth. Johnstone, Nth Qld. 4859.

Use the large plastic bags from the dry cleaners to store spare pillows and blankets; put a cake of bath soap in with them for a nice perfume.—Mrs. P. Blackford, 24 Lillian St., Stawell, Vic. 3380.

A child's disused wooden cot can be made into a seat for the sunroom. Remove one side, shorten the legs, cover the mattress, and make cushions to

match or contrast.—Mrs. M. Free, Box 49, P.O., Murwillumbah, N.S.W. 2484.

A slight nick on your piece of good crystal can be buffed away gently with fine sandpaper or an emery board.—A. Jones, 59 Castle St., Blakehurst, N.S.W. 2221.

Save on eggs by using unsweetened evaporated milk instead when coating food with breadcrumbs. Dip food in flour in usual way, cover well with the milk, then breadcrumbs.—Mrs. E. Sullivan, Flat 3, 48 Sutherland Rd., Armadale, Vic. 3143.

### Flower seeds in prize biscuits

● A biscuit which has sunflower seeds (buy them at health-food stores) as an unusual and crunchy ingredient wins the \$10 prize for a recipe.

#### SUNFLOWER HONEY CHEWS

4oz. butter or substitute  
½ cup honey  
4½ cups cornflakes  
2-3rd cup sunflower-seed kernels  
1-3rd cup coconut  
1-3rd cup glace cherries

Melt butter and honey in saucepan and boil gently 5 minutes. Crush cornflakes, place in large bowl with sunflower-seed kernels, coconut, and chopped cherries. Stir in boiling butter and honey mixture, mix well. Press firmly into 11in. x 7½in. x 1½in. greased slab tin and refrigerate until set. Best if left overnight or for a day or two, to allow flavors to blend. Cut into squares or fingers. First prize of \$10 to Mrs. N. Cummings, 2 Margaret St., Merewether, N.S.W. 2291.

#### SPICED BEEF

1lb. topside steak  
2 onions  
2 cloves garlic  
1½ teaspoons turmeric  
½ teaspoon chilli powder  
3 teaspoons powdered ginger  
2 tablespoons oil  
1lb. tomatoes  
10oz. can onion soup  
salt to taste

Cut steak into strips. Combine steak, chopped onions, crushed garlic, turmeric, chilli powder, and ginger in basin. Cover and let stand in refrigerator 1 hour. Heat oil in saucepan, lightly brown meat mixture. Add the peeled and chopped tomatoes, onion soup, and salt. Cover, simmer approximately 2 hours, or until meat is tender. Serve with border of boiled rice sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. G. Beer, 27 Ryrie Ave., Forestville, N.S.W. 2087.

#### DATE AND NUT LOAF

1 cup chopped dates  
1 egg  
1oz. butter or substitute  
½ cup sugar  
1 cup plain flour  
1 cup self-raising flour  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
1 cup chopped walnuts  
1 cup boiling water

Place chopped dates in bowl, pour over boiling water, to which bicarbonate of soda has been added. Let stand while preparing remainder of ingredients.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar until white and fluffy, add beaten egg, then cooled dates and water and nuts. Lastly fold in sifted flours. Place in greased and lined 8in. x 4in. loaf tin, bake in moderate oven approx. 1 hour.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. A. Ellis, 68 Warrigal Rd., Surrey Hills, Vic. 3127.

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# A house that caters for all the family



Sun streams into children's bathroom (above) in Mr. and Mrs. A. MacGillivray's home at Indooroopilly, Qld. Balcony is used for drying towels. Below, two levels of the house seen from entrance—lower level is garage and games area. Note large areas of glass.

● At Indooroopilly, in Brisbane, Mr. and Mrs. A. MacGillivray had eight years to think about the kind of house they wanted to build, for during that time they lived in a weatherboard farmhouse on the block they had bought — part of an old dairy property.

IT gave Mrs. MacGillivray plenty of time to decide just where she wanted the rooms as their family increased to number five children (three girls and two boys), the eldest now ten.

Mr. and Mrs. MacGillivray believe a house is a home for children as well as for parents, and these two requirements have been given new dimensions of functional as well as aesthetic appeal in the house which young Brisbane architects Donald Spencer and Spencer designed for them.

The commission called for a large house with as much attention paid to the children's needs as the adults' — spacious living areas suited to casual living, as low a maintenance factor as possible, and a swimming-pool.

The result is a home that offers as much freedom and play room for the children as it does privacy and social amenities for the parents.

The house, built on a 44-perch block, overlooks two golf courses — the Indooroopilly course to the north and Long Pocket to the south.

It is a two-level home of concealed steel construction, with 42 squares of serviceable floor space.

The top level has 2500 square feet of living space, surrounded on all

sides by covered terraces and sheltered by an 8ft.-wide cantilevered roof.

All ceilings, with the exception of the main bedroom and the girls' bedrooms, are of dark brush-box.

The flat roof platform which covers the entire building has supporting steel uprights at only a few strategic points, giving the impression of being suspended without obvious means of support.

## Slate and stone

An impressive polished slate floor extends through the vestibule, dining-room, and cocktail area to the sunken lounge, which features an enormous blackstone fireplace built by two German stonemasons.

An acid-etched, free-form, beaten copper hood carries the smoke from the stone hearth, and the copper is repeated in copper-recessed spotlights in the ceiling.

The children's bathroom, opening to a private balcony, includes two basins, two showers, and a separate toilet. It has a full wall of mirror which is visible down the corridor of the house, giving a reflective image of the full 80ft. length of the house and its polished hardwood ceiling.

The kitchen is divided into two components — a washing-up and crockery area, containing a built-in

washer, and a cooking area with a floor-to-ceiling pantry and snack bar. In the kitchen, a valve tap adjusts height of a table in the dining-room.

On the lower level, a games area and three-car garage space of 1700 square feet under the house is accessible by an internal staircase surrounded by glass.

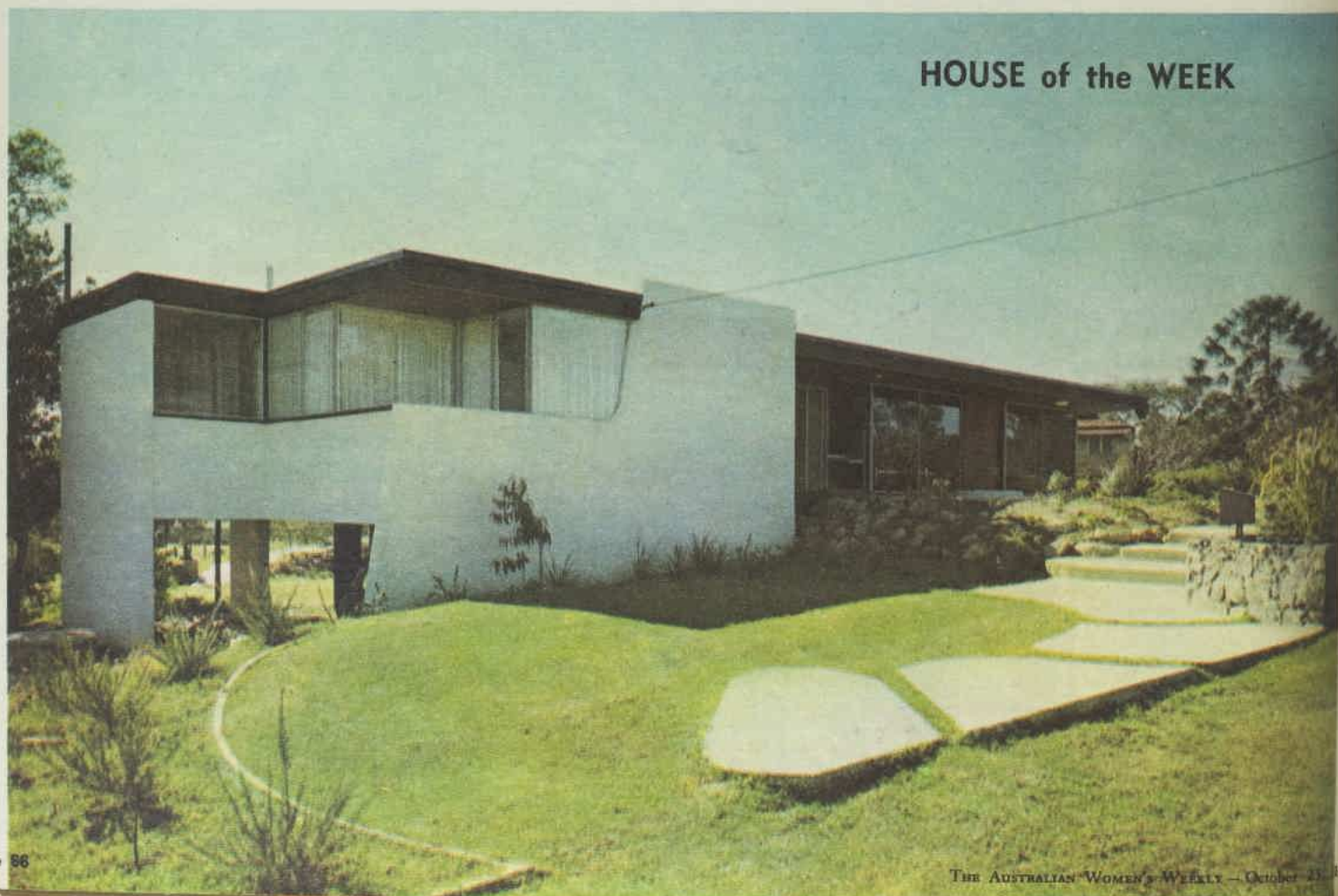
Eight-inch-thick masonry walls, both internally in the lounge, dining-room, and family-room, and behind the bed in the master bedroom and externally throughout, are sprayed with white textured cement for continuity.

A continuous 15in.-wide plastic skylight runs down the centre of the corridor, giving filtered light through woven cane matting, as well as providing additional ventilation to the staircase and the children's bathroom.

A flat metal decking roof has concealed guttering and beaten copper overflows, which allow the water to drop down to rock-landscaped catchment areas underneath.

Outside there is an all-weather barbecue at the rear of the lounge fireplace, with easy access to the lounge-room terrace and 25ft.-diameter swimming-pool.

The grounds have been completely grassed and beautifully laid out with rockeries and selected native plants by landscape architect Mr. Arne Finke.



## HOUSE of the WEEK





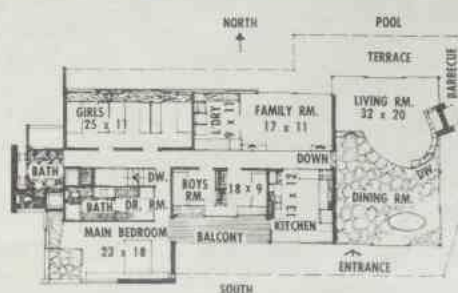
View from sunken lounge (above) to dining-room with unusual marble-topped table on beaten brass legs, designed by architect. Hydraulically operated table can be raised to 28in. dining height or lowered to coffee-table height of 16in. by turning valve tap in the kitchen. Acid-etched, beaten copper hood carries smoke from hearth at left made of heavy slabs of local blackstone. Ceiling has recessed copper spotlights.

Pictures: Bob Millar

Story: Jean Bruce



Corridor (above) from living-room divides remaining rooms and has a 15in.-wide plastic skylight running down centre which gives filtered light through woven cane matting. Kitchen on left looks over sunken family room on the right, divided from laundry and sewing centre by a full-length curtain. From kitchen, children in family room or by the pool can be supervised.



Master bedroom (above) has its own bathroom, slate - floor balcony, spacious, louvred walk-in dressing-room, and a quiet desk corner. Boys have individual rooms with study desks and private balcony; girls' bedroom is divided into three separate areas by 6ft.-high, free-standing dark - b e a n wardrobes.



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Page 68

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1967





# A KILLER IN THE STREET



Commencing an exciting three-part serial

By **HELEN NIELSEN**

**I**T was a Tuesday night in November, 1962. Rain fell slow and steady in Manhattan, slanting hard on near-deserted sidewalks and streets pocked by the occasional twin circles of approaching headlamps. Taxis spawned out from Times Square like predatory bugs in search of new feeding grounds, and here and there a truck rolled heavily past sleeping skyscrapers where spotty clusters of bright windows indicated janitors were toiling late on nocturnal rounds.

Nature had a conspiracy against Kyle Walker. Tuesday was the night for his extension course at the university, and it had rained every Tuesday since the course began. Kyle Walker was 30, a civil engineer on the city payroll, and a man of ambition far above his present status. Tall, angular, he hunched over the steering wheel of the eight-year-old sedan that was taking him home.

Home was the Cecil Arms apartment hotel — an unimaginative brick structure providing what was known wryly as low-cost housing and holding in residence a collection of the young and ambitious on their way to glory, and the old and embittered on their way to nowhere. It housed, in particular, a lovely young sociology major who had been named Deidre by doting parents and called nothing

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## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

more elegant than "Dee" since the christening ceremony. Dee, with her solemn brown eyes, her scholar's mind, and nymph's body. Dee, who, on a wet and miserable night such as this, would have dry slippers at the door and a pot of hot chocolate waiting on the stove.

With such thoughts to keep him warm, Kyle Walker felt extraordinarily good—in spite of the warped wiper that flapped ineffectually against the windshield of his old sedan—because he was young and alive and had yet to know the meaning of terror.

The mouth of the lower level garage was deserted. Bernie, the night attendant, wasn't in his office, but his radio was blaring a

percussion beat that was Bernie's signature, and it meant that he had gone for coffee or tumbled into the back seat of one of the parked cars to sleep off a dull evening. Kyle nosed the old sedan into his own slot and switched off the ignition and the lights.

Gathering up an armload of textbooks from the seat beside him, he stepped out of the car into an unusual darkness. The overhead lights were out. The only light in the garage came from the small office at the entrance and the indicator over an automatic elevator on the opposite wall. He slammed the car door behind him. Darkness seemed to intensify sound. The thud reverberated hollowly. Even

his footsteps on the floor traced a sharp, staccato pattern all the way to the elevator. Kyle pushed the button and waited. A high-pitched wail concluded the radio offering and in the subsequent silence he became aware of a scratching or scuffling sound emanating from behind a stack of empty packing cases a few feet away.

He made a mental note to speak to Bernie about rats in the garage and then, as the doors under the indicator opened, stepped inside the bright box of the elevator. Entering, he pushed the button for the fourth floor. When he faced front the doors were closed and the elevator was in motion. Passing the first-floor level he began to grope through his pockets for his key-ring. At the second-floor level he remembered they were still in the ignition of the sedan. Halfway to the third he reversed direction

and started down. At basement level the doors opened and light from the elevator spilled over a scene that held Kyle magnetised.

Now he faced the empty packing cases. Beyond them the scuffling sound had developed into a full-fledged battle. Two men were doing something violent to Bernie. The boy was gagged and bound with rope, but had managed to pull loose from his captors long enough to hobble a few feet toward the entrance of the garage. His face was a flash of white terror—his mouth opened in a scream that never reached sound. He writhed in the light as they fell on him. The larger man held his arms, while the other, in a gesture so swift it seemed trivial, dropped a wire about his throat and completed a quick, brutal strangulation. Kyle was dumb.

Not until the murder was

accomplished did the man with the wire become aware of the light spilling over him. As Bernie's body slumped to the floor, the strangler turned quickly and stared at the open elevator. He was a man of ordinary appearance—comparatively dressed, clean-shaven, with intense eyes magnified by steel-rimmed glasses. His face was devoid of expression, and Kyle stared at it for a full twenty seconds before he was able to raise his free hand and depress the fourth-floor button. As the elevator doors closed, he slumped back against the steel wall and fought nausea.

It was the beginning of the fear.

Kyle left the elevator at the fourth floor. The corridor was empty—that was good. He went directly to his apartment and rang the bell. Dee always stayed up for him, and they hadn't lived at the Cecil Arms long enough to make neighbors she could snub. Impatiently, he rang a second time. Dee opened the door.

"I thought you had your key," she said.

"I did," Kyle answered. "I left my key-ring in the car. My feet are wet. I don't want to go back down for them tonight."

Kyle handed Dee the textbooks and crossed quickly to the street-side windows of the small living-room. The apartment was equipped with steel venetian blinds. He lifted one slat and peered out at the street. He had been too intent on outwitting the ailing windshield wiper to notice what, if anything, was parked on the street as he approached the garage. Four storeys below, the rain was still pounding hard on black asphalt and silver cement, but opposite the Cecil Arms, just outside the arc of a street lamp, a dark van nosed slowly away from the kerb.

The headlights came on as a man sprinted across the shabby street. Reaching the curb, he paused and peered up at the apartment building. Kyle caught the glint of light on steel-rimmed spectacles, and then the far door of the van opened, the man leaped into the cab, and the van disappeared in the darkness.

Kyle lowered the slat.

"What is it?" Dee queried anxiously. "An accident?"

He remembered that he hadn't kissed her when he came in. He took the textbooks from her hands, tossed them into a lounge chair, and took her in his arms.

"Wet feet—warm heart," she said. "What were you studying in class tonight? Or shouldn't I ask?"

He brushed a dark lock of hair away from her forehead. Shock created peculiar reactions. He could see the strangler's hands fixing a wire about Bernie Chapman's neck, and then it became Dee's neck and Dee's dark eyes widening in pain and horror.

"Dee," he said, "I'm quitting the class."

"Quitting?" she echoed. "Why?"

"I must. We're not getting anywhere. We're in a rut, Dee. I want to leave New York."

She listened, but the words didn't take hold.

"Get your shoes off," she ordered. "I've got chocolate on the stove—"

"Dee, I'm serious," Kyle persisted. "This isn't a new thing. I've been thinking about it for months, and now I've made up my mind. I'm going to quit my job and take one of those overseas assignments—"

"With mosquitoes and tsetse flies and deadly snakes crawling through the sleeping-bags?"

"You can live in Rome or Paris."

"I live with you!" Dee declared. "Now you get out of those wet shoes right now. And out of the socks, too, do you hear? You know how easily you catch cold!"

Kyle couldn't tell her what he had seen in the garage. It was too soon and he was too frightened.

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## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

He had to let her pour the chocolate while he removed his shoes and socks, and then he had to sit on a chair with his feet placed in a tub of hot water and choke down the sweet liquid while Dee gave a report of the day's news. Kyle hoped she would talk all night even if he never heard a word.

"You aren't listening," she scolded.

Kyle was listening but not to Dee. His ears had picked up the plaintive wail of a siren. He knew why it was coming and where it would stop. He stepped out of the foot tub and walked quickly back to the living-room window.

"Kyle—your slippers!" Dee called, but Kyle was already intent on the tableau in the street below. A police car arrived first—seconds later an ambulance whined out of the night and parked in front of the entrance to the garage. Kyle snapped shut the blind and intercepted Dee, slippers in hand, halfway in from the bedroom.

"There's been some kind of accident," he said. "Always happens on rainy nights. I'm glad I'm home."

"That makes two of us," Dee said.

"So, now that I am home, why don't you go to bed? I'll wash up for you."

HE sent her off to the bedroom with a kiss and a sleeping-powder, and then returned to the kitchen and tidied up until the doorbell rang. Kyle opened the door before a big, square-faced detective with a police lieutenant's badge in his palm.

"Mr. Kyle Kevin Walker?" he queried. "I've been reading your nameplate above the bell."

"The same," Kyle said.

"I'm making a routine check of all the tenants in the building, Mr. Walker. Have you left this apartment any time this evening?"

"I went to night school," he said. "I have a regular class—"

"At what time did you leave the building, Mr. Walker?"

"At seven-thirty."

"Did you go out through the garage?"

"Yes, I have a car—"

"And when did you return?"

"It must have been ten-thirty. It's usually ten-thirty, but I may have been later tonight because of the wet streets. Why are you asking these questions, Lieutenant?"

"Do you know Bernie Chapman?"

"He's the garage attendant," Kyle answered.

"Did you see him when you came in tonight? Think now. This question is important."

The lieutenant was right. Kyle wasn't an expert on organised crime, but he did know that the men who had strangled Bernie weren't amateurs. At this moment neither of them was running, emotionally, or physically. Neither of them would lose a wink of sleep over an easily expendable eyewitness.

And so the answer to the police detective's question had to be, "No, sir, Bernie wasn't in the office. His radio was playing and I thought he had gone out for coffee."

"Did you see anyone in the garage, Mr. Walker?"

"I saw no one," Kyle said.

The detective seemed convinced Kyle wanted to end the interview immediately, but he had to remember what a normally curious man would do next.

"Is Bernie missing?" he asked.

The lieutenant explained that Bernie Chapman was dead, that the indications pointed to a gangland slaying. One of the other tenants had driven in half an hour ago and found the body near the elevators. There was talk that Chapman had been operating as a

bookie and talk that he was mixed up in the numbers game.

"If you think of anything, particularly anything unusual in that garage when you drove in, please give me a call at this number, Mr. Walker. My name is Adams."

Kyle accepted the detective's card and started to close the door, but now the lieutenant reached into his raincoat pocket and pulled out Kyle's car keys.

"We found these in your car. We could see by the windshield that you had been driving in the rain tonight. You're an honest man, but you shouldn't leave your keys in an open garage. Good night, Mr. Walker."

The lieutenant dropped the keys into Kyle's hand and moved on down the hall.

Kyle stepped back into the apartment and closed the door behind him. It was over. He'd passed the first test in the dangerous game of survival and come through unscathed. He heard Dee's sleepy voice calling from the bedroom to ask who was at the door, and knew he must tell only as much as Lieutenant Adams had told him and pray she wouldn't listen between the words and remember how edgy he had been when he came home from class. Survival was a complicated game.

Survival was a game played differently by different contestants, and the survival of an organisation

To page 72

## THE BOYFRIEND



"Oh, come on — you can't go down with your ship in only three feet of water!"

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depended on its discipline. It had rained slightly in Scarsdale. The streets were barely damp when the van slid past the commuter's station and veered off one of the sparsely lighted residential streets. Minutes later it was parked in the driveway of one of the less pretentious houses, and the van's erstwhile occupants, a wiry, brown-eyed young man who wore a black leather jacket and cap, and the older and more conservatively dressed man who wore steel-rimmed spectacles, were seated in a pine-panelled library making a routine report.

But it wasn't entirely routine. There had been an unexpected witness to the mur-

## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

der of Bernie Chapman, and that necessitated emergency action. At about the same time Kyle Walker was making his statement to the police lieutenant, the two killers were ascending a staircase to adjoining bedrooms.

They showered and slept until 7 a.m., at which time a buffet breakfast was served in the downstairs sunroom, and thence repaired to the library once more.

Six men were now seated about a long, executive-type table. The director rose to his feet and opened a leather folder.

"The regional directors have taken your report under advisement, Mr. Drasco," he said, "and it's our unanimous judgment that the resident of the Cecil Arms, who has been identified as Kyle Walker, is not to be molested."

The bespectacled man rose angrily to his feet. "Molested!" he echoed. "I told you this guy got a good long look at me. I don't think he saw Jake's face, but he certainly saw mine!"

"And he will probably remember it," the director said. "We appreciate your position, Mr. Drasco. A man

who can identify you for murdering Bernie Chapman isn't a comforting citizen to have walking the streets. But we don't think Mr. Walker is going to tell anyone what he saw. We've been examining Mr. Walker's background—"

The director read from the open folder. "Employed by the City Housing Authority. M.I.T. graduate. Korean War veteran — Army Engineers. Previously in partnership: Bryson-Walker Civil Engineering, Inc. The man is no fool, Drasco, and he's had a stomachful of the hero business. Besides, he's got a wife — a pretty one. He's got a lot to live for. And so I'll make a prediction. I think Mr. Walker will be looking for a position in another city

soon. Somewhere a long way from the Cecil Arms."

"But you can't be sure!" Drasco protested.

"No, but we can be careful. And another murder in that apartment building right now or of a resident of it could raise a big stink with the Press and the police. Chapman was a punk. Nobody cares about Chapman. This time tomorrow he won't even get a mention in the obituary columns. But a young war veteran with a pretty widow — that's another story. So cool it, Drasco. The decision is unanimous and final. You don't touch Walker. At least, not now. In the meantime, we've got a pair of airline tickets to Miami. You boys need a vacation."

Within twenty-four hours nobody in Manhattan remembered Bernie Chapman except Kyle. Chapman had no family — if he had friends they disappeared. Within forty-eight hours the management had hired another garage attendant, and there was no reminder that Bernie Chapman had ever existed until the van began to park under the street lamp across from the Cecil Arms.

It came each evening after sundown and remained as long as Kyle was up to peer out of the sagging blind of the fourth-floor apartment. No one left the van; no one entered it. It parked, the headlights were switched off, and the vigil began. In the morning it was gone.

After the third night, Dee noticed that Kyle's nerves were fraying. He had stopped doing his night-school homework and brought home a listing of foreign jobs in engineering. On the fourth night he brought home application blanks for passports.

The week passed. Tuesday night came and with it the usual rain. Kyle made an excuse for not attending class and was trying to talk Dee into visiting her family in Buffalo when the doorbell rang.

Dee started toward the door.

"I'll get it," Kyle said quickly. He crossed to the window and peered outside. The van was still parked across the street. Directly below, in front of the Cecil Arms, a cab was waiting. He remembered briefly that his service pistol was locked away in one of the desk drawers in the bedroom, and that was just as well because he was no match for professional killers. But there was a cab at the kerb. He opened the door and dropped half a ton of tension from his shoulders.

"I have a bottle of scotch in this paper bag," Van Bryson said. "We were wondering if you could share a couple of ice cubes."

Some people never changed. Van Bryson stood

just under six feet in his field boots. He wore narrow cord trousers, a dark green velvet shirt and a well-worn trench-coat. No hat. The small scar at the part of his sandy-red hair dated back to a mutually shared incident in Korea, and the mischievous glint in his blue eyes was the result of twenty-seven years of intense pursuit of happiness.

But Van was no playboy. He was already one of the most brilliant scientists in the nation, and happiness was a fifteen-hour workday. His smile was infectious. He hadn't shaved in several days. He carried a bottle in one hand and held the other on the arm of an overdressed young blonde who had spent too much money on hair-dressers and not enough on dieticians. The blonde looked shy.

KYLE opened the door wide. "Van!" he cried. "Am I glad to see you! Dee, Van's here!"

It had been six years since the last reunion, and that meant a celebration with Dee playing hostess with the bottle of Scotch while Van and Kyle sorted out the years since their post-Korean engineering venture. Finally Van remembered his companion.

"Forgive us, honey," he said. "With all that Aud Lang Syne I forgot the introductions. Nice people, meet Miss Charlene Evans, of Tucson, Arizona. You may call her Charley. She drinks her Scotch straight and on the rocks, Dee, and she's an angel. A delivering angel. She's just delivered me from a dull, no-future job in D.C. to a no-ceiling job with Samuel Zachary Stevens. Show the people the copy of 'Trend' magazine, Charley."

Charlene Evans wore a long, hooded, Italian-style raincoat with deep pockets. From one pocket she withdrew a recent copy of the news magazine that carried Sam Stevens' rugged likeness on the cover.

"My new boss," Van said. "Since two nights ago I signed a two-year contract. If you read 'Trend,' you know Sam's switching from oil to construction — on a big scale."

"Wait a minute," Kyle protested. "What happened to that Nobel Prize you were going to win?"

"Time," Van said. "Give me a little time. Stevens needs a geologist for his massive plans — and anything Sam does is massive. I think he's the inspiration for all those horrible old Western empire-builder films they used to turn out in Hollywood."

"How much does he pay?" Kyle asked.

To page 74

## Sheerest, summer-est make-up of them all. Waterproof, too!

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MF5835, 64 WW

## Mrs. H. WIFE



"Frankly, that one has puzzled me for months."



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## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

"You're wrong about my motivations," he said. "I do get a salary—a nice, comfortable salary. But what's more important is that I'll have a lot of free time. I'll take my Ph.D. at Arizona and work with some vitally interesting people in advanced physics. Later, I'll teach—"

"I missed something," Dee interposed. "Where is this paradise?"

"Tucson," Van said. "Ever been there?"

"Years ago—between planes. It was hot."

"It's all air-conditioned now. The world of the future."

"You sound like Kyle—but with him it's Saudi Arabia or Thailand or some terrible place where I'll have to keep house in a tent and live on quinine and boiled water."

"Oh, are you planning to leave

the country, Mr. Walker?" Charlene asked.

Charlene Evans wasn't what she appeared to be. Underneath the overdone exterior and the baby fat was a well-balanced dynamo, and it was working. Kyle sensed that immediately.

"I'm in a rut," he said. "I want to get moving."

"Then I think we arrived at the right time, Van," Charlene said. "Do you want to tell him or shall I?"

"You're doing fine, Charley," Van said.

"All right. You see, Mr. Walker, Van left out something in our

introduction. I'm Sam Stevens' personal secretary. For about a year Sam's been trying to form a tight, fast-action corporation revolving about a few key men. Mr. Bryson was one. It's been just a matter of weaning him away from his previous commitment. Mr. Bryson signed two nights ago and Sam flew back to Tucson, but he left me to look for a good production-control man. I twisted Van's arm for a recommendation and he made a sharp cry that sounded like 'Kyle Walker.' What do you say?"

Kyle looked at Dee. She didn't know a thing about that van parked across the street, but she was smiling.

Charlene grinned. "Of course, if you've got something good set up overseas—"

"But I haven't," Kyle said quickly. "I just started looking."

"Then you're in!" Van said.

"If Sam is satisfied with Mr. Walker's references," Charlene added.

"Satisfaction guaranteed! Dee, fill up the glasses again. We have time for one more round before that cabby downstairs drives us to the airport. To a new life!"

Ten minutes later Van and Charlene Evans left the apartment. Kyle watched from the upstairs window as the cab pulled away from the kerb and disappeared in slackening rain, and for the first time in a week he began to feel free from fear. The

van was no longer parked under the street lamp. Perhaps it dissolved at the witching hour; perhaps the watchers were no longer afraid he might communicate with the police. They needn't have worried at all. Bernie Chapman was dead—nothing could change that. Heroes were out of style.

Route 80 out of Phoenix turned south at Apache Junction, leaving the tall shadow of the Superstition Mountains behind, and proceeded in a southerly direction to Tucson. By seven-thirty on an April morning in 1967 the sun, which would be unbearable at its zenith, had risen above the purple rim of the Santa Catalinas to bathe the lower metropolis in benevolent warmth.

The highway approaching the city carried little traffic, but some five miles outside the Tucson limits a light beige late-model sedan was parked on the shoulder. The driver and sole occupant—a neat, middle-aged man—had removed his well-tailored beige suit coat and folded it neatly over the salesman's sample case on the front seat. Taking care not to dislodge his hat, he then left the sedan, walked back to the rear, and unlocked the trunk. From it he took a screwdriver.

He rolled back the cuffs of his white shirt and was careful not to touch the knees of his trousers to the earth as he unscrewed the soiled New York licence plates and replaced them with clean Arizona plates.

STEPPING back to survey the completed job, he scowled disapproval. He then took a white handkerchief from his hip pocket, rolled it in the dust, and generously daubed the new plates until they had the well-travelled look of their predecessors. He dumped the New York plates in the trunk and slammed down the lid. The task completed, he started walking back to the driver's seat just as a passing truck stirred up a cloud of dust and sand. The man removed his glasses—steel-rimmed bifocals—and tried to clean them with an unsoiled corner of the handkerchief, but the glasses slipped from his hand.

Without them the world instantly became a bright blur. He stooped and groped about in the dust—shifted footing and heard the sharp breaking of glass under his heel. He retrieved the twisted rims, fingered them until certain they were useless, and then tossed them away. He then got back into the car and searched through the sample case on the front seat until he found a second pair of steel-rimmed bifocals. Fixing them in place, he settled back behind the steering-wheel and drove on.

At the edge of the business district, the beige sedan nose pulled in under the portico of a huge, rambling ranch-style motel. The driver, placing the sample case under his arm, got out and walked into the air-conditioned and immaculate world beyond the glass entrance doors. He went directly to the desk and placed the sample case on the counter.

"I have a reservation," he said. "R. R. Donaldson."

"Yes, sir," the clerk responded brightly. "R. R. Donaldson—Phoenix." He pushed the registration card and the pen across the desk.

R. R. Donaldson carefully lettered in his name, home address, licence number, and firm: Baerner Air Conditioning.

The key was attached to a strip of red plastic. Before Donaldson could touch it, the key disappeared under the palm of an accommodating porter. Simultaneously, the porter reached for the sample case, but this time he lost the grab. Donaldson's hand was faster, and the eyes behind the bifocals had a wary glint.

"I'll keep this one," he said. He forked into his pocket for the car keys and tossed them to the porter. "You can park my car."

To page 78

# Ugh!



## Somebody didn't tear strips off the Dulux colour card.

These days it is a lot easier to get the right paint colours before you start painting. How?

All you do is tear strips off the Dulux Interior Paints Colour Card. It has 120 colours on strips; colours for flat plastic 'Spring',

semi-gloss 'Super-Satin' and full gloss 'Super-Enamel'. So you tear off the strips you like and see which colours go best with carpets, curtains, wall tiles and so on. Doesn't it make sense? See your Dulux dealer and he will give you our card.

**Dulux**

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Chelsea figures

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

WE have a vase (right). I think it's pewter. It's 12in. tall and around the neck it has the figure of a man with legs of an animal and a face with wings on each side. Around the top half of the vase are three scenes with a figure on each. The scenes are named "Ver, Hyems, Autumnus." Around the centre of the vase are scenes with figures named "Africa, Europa, and America." The lower section

of the vase body has three faces with a rearing horse on each side. The handle has a figure like a figure-head on old ships and a face near the neck with horns. A shield underneath has a crown with "E & Co." Can you tell me anything about it? — W. F. Palmer Tinonee, N.S.W.

Your spelter metal ornamental ewer was made about 1880 to 1895.



Ornamental ewer

I AM enclosing a picture (above) of a matching pair of figurines. They are exquisite and in absolutely perfect condition. They are both marked on the back with a little gold anchor.

Could you tell me the name of the china, the period when made? They were brought from England more than 50 years ago. — T. Tooth, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Your figures bear the Chelsea gold anchor mark. The Chelsea factory, which opened about 1743, closed in 1769.

Wares made between 1760 and 1769 belong to the gold anchor period. I would have to examine your figures to be sure that they are genuine examples. At the turn of this century many imitations were offered for sale. They are made of true hard porcelain, whereas the originals are made of an artificial body. It is rare to find old figures in perfect condition.

I ENCLOSE a photograph (below) of a mercury in glass barometer which I recently purchased.

Although the barometer appears to be exceedingly old, at least early-19th-century, I would not be surprised to learn that it is an early-20th-century vintage based on a period design. At present the base appears unfinished. Would you know if similar carving would originally have appeared on the bottom as occurs on the top? — D. S. Dunstan, Brisbane.

The barometer was made about 1870. Similar type of carving would have appeared on a smaller scale at the base.



Nineteenth-century barometer



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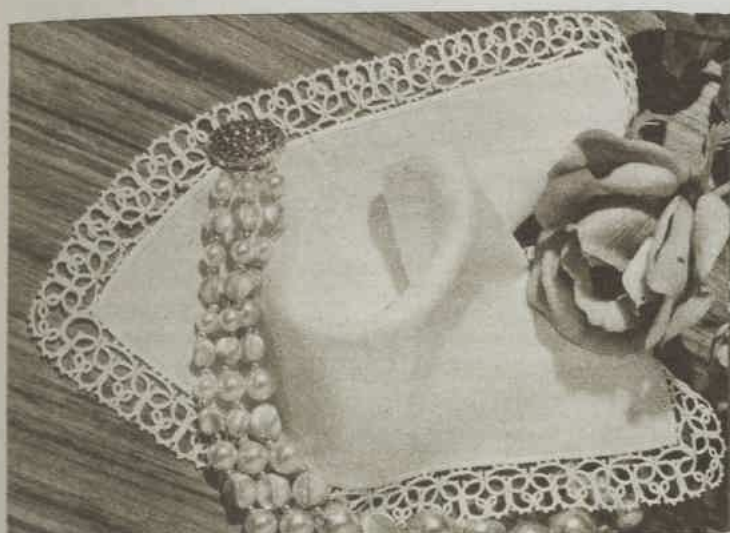




# HANDKERCHIEFS IN LINEN AND LACE

● Crisp white linen handkerchiefs make perfect gifts, especially if you add a little of your own handiwork to them. Here are two easy-to-work edgings you could use as finishing touches.

## Tatted edging



**Materials:** 1 ball Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 40 selected color; Milwards tatting shuttle; handkerchief.

**Measurements:** Depth of edging, 1 in.

**Abbreviations:** D.st., double stitch; r., ring; s.r., small ring; ch., chain; p.(s), picot(s); sep., separated; cl., close; r.w., reverse work; rep., repeat.

### EDGING

**1st Row:** Tie ball and shuttle threads tog. (R. of 8 d.st., 3 ps. sep. by 6 d.st., 8 d.st., cl.) twice, r.w. Ch. of 2 d.st., 5 ps. sep. by 4 d.st., 2 d.st., r.w. \* R. of 8 d.st., p., 6 d.st., join to centre p. of previous r., 6 d.st., p., 8 d.st., cl. R. of 8 d.st., 3 ps. sep. by 6 d.st., 8 d.st., cl., r.w. Ch. of 2 d.st., join to last p. of previous ch., 4 d.st., join to next p. of previous

ch., 4 d.st., 3 ps. sep. by 4 d.st., 2 d.st., r.w. (corner turned). \*\* R. of 8 d.st., p., 6 d.st., join to centre p. of previous r., 6 d.st., p., 8 d.st., cl. R. of 8 d.st., 3 ps. sep. by 6 d.st., 8 d.st., cl., r.w. Ch. of 2 d.st., 5 ps. sep. by 4 d.st., 2 d.st., r.w.; rep. from \*\* for length required for one side of handkerchief; rep. from \*, joining centre p. of last r. to centre p. of first r. and last ch. to base of first r. Tie ends, cut and oversew neatly on wrong side.

**2nd Row:** Tie ball and shuttle threads tog. S.r. of 6 d.st., join to p. of second r. worked on any corner, 6 d.st., cl. \* S.r. of 6 d.st., p., 6 d.st., cl., r.w. Ch. of 3 d.st., 5 ps. sep. by 3 d.st., 3 d.st., r.w. S.r. of 6 d.st., join to p. of previous s.r., 6 d.st., cl. S.r. of 6 d.st., join to

of next r. on previous row, 6 d.st., cl., r.w. \*\* Ch. of 3 d.st., 4 ps. sep. by 3 d.st., 6 d.st., join by shuttle thread to joining p. on previous row, 6 d.st., join to last p. worked, 3 d.st., 3 ps. sep. by 3 d.st., 3 d.st., r.w. \*\*\* (S.r. of 6 d.st., join to next p. on previous row, 6 d.st., cl.) twice, r.w.; rep. from \*\* to next corner, ending last rep. at \*\*\*. S.r. of 6 d.st., join to next p. on previous row, 6 d.st., cl.; rep. from \*, omitting s.r. at end of last rep. and joining last ch. to base of first s.r. Tie ends, cut and oversew neatly on wrong side.

### TO MAKE UP

Damp and pin out to measurements. Sew edging in position to edge of handkerchief.

## Crocheted edging

**Materials:** 1 ball selected color Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 40 (20 gm.); Milwards steel crochet hook No. 4 (if your crochet is loose, use a size finer hook, if tight use a size larger hook); 1 handkerchief.

**Measurements:** Depth of edging, 1 in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; d.tr., double treble; t.tr., triple treble; qd-tr., quadruple treble; rep., repeat.

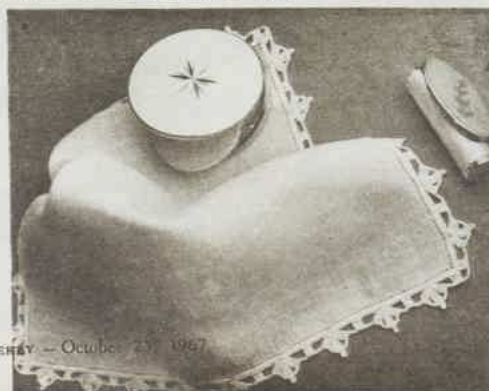
**1st Row:** Attach thread to any corner, 3 d.c. in same place as join, work row of d.c. all round with multiple of 16 d.c. plus 15 along each

side and 3 d.c. in same place at each corner, 1 sl-st. in first d.c.

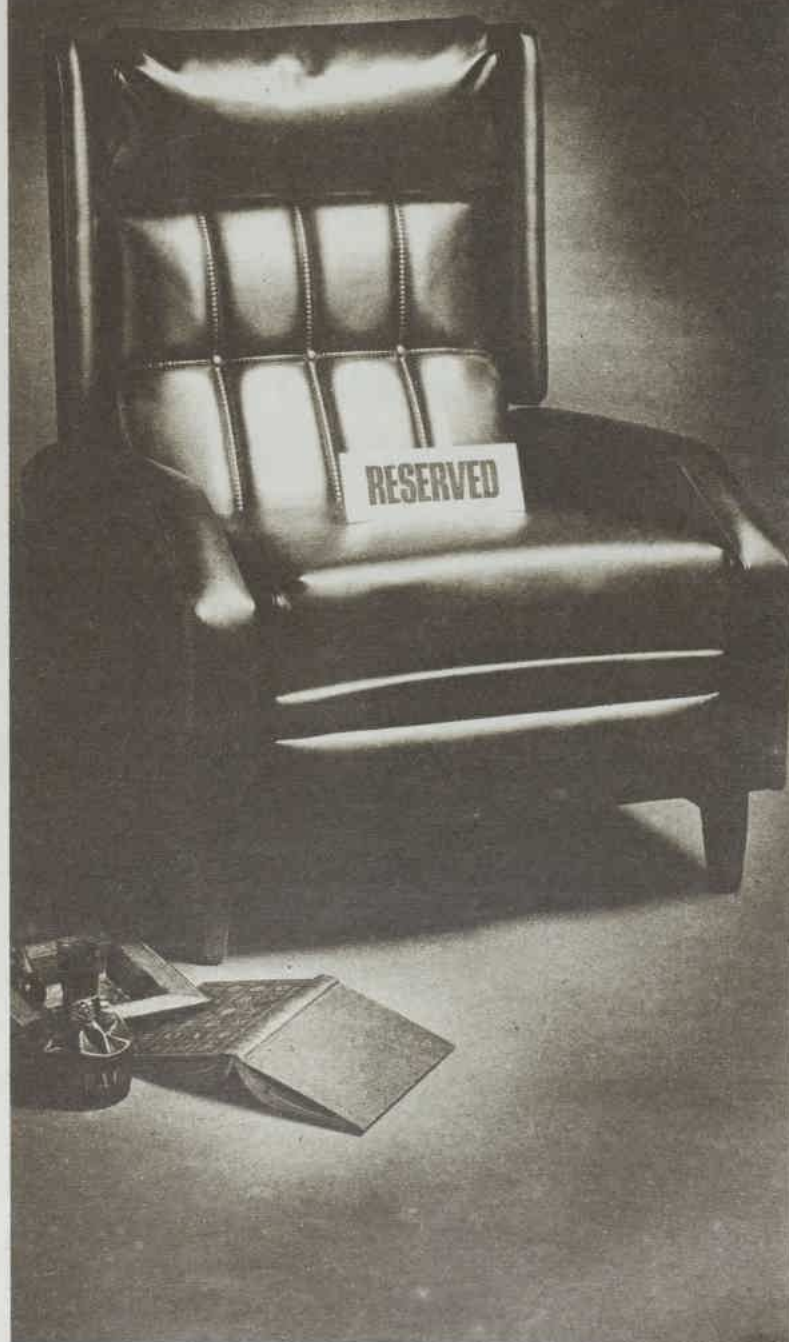
**2nd Row:** 4 ch., in next (corner) d.c., work 1 d.tr., 5 ch. and 1 d.tr., \* 1 d.tr. in each of next 2 d.c., \*\* 3 ch., miss 6 d.c., in next d.c. work 3 t.tr., 3 ch., 2 qd-tr., 5 ch., 1 sl-st. in last qd-tr., 1 qd-tr., 3 ch., and 3 t.tr., 3 ch., miss

6 d.c., 1 d.tr. in each of next 3 d.c.; rep. from \*\* along side, working last d.tr. in centre d.c. at next corner, 5 ch., 1 d.tr. in same place as last d.tr.; rep. from \*, omitting 2 d.tr., 5 ch., and 1 d.tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. in 4th of 4 ch. Fasten off.

**To Make Up:** Damp and press.



If you must leave your  
Don Chair,  
leave a reserved sign...





# AMOCO CONTEST

● You could win a brand-new Ford Cortina in our wonderful Amoco-Davis Cup contest.

THIS novel contest, which is open to all readers, is really quite an easy one.

All you have to do is write us a letter—of not more than 400 words—telling any kind of story about a woman driver.

It can be a brief account of an ordinary car trip with a woman driver, a story perhaps about a mother who is the family chauffeur.

This contest is open to all our men readers as well.

We are hoping that they will send in some really funny entries.

The Grand Champion Prize winner will be given first-class return air tickets for two to Brisbane, as well as first-class accommodation in Brisbane for two and \$100 spending money, during the Davis Cup Challenge Round matches.

## Spending money

He or she will be personally presented with the main prize—the Ford Cortina—at a special ceremony during the Challenge Round matches between December 26, 27, and 28.

The best entry from each State will win a prize of an expenses-paid holiday for two to Brisbane for the Davis Cup, as well as \$100 spending money. The runner-

up and third-prize winners in each State will each receive \$100 and \$50 respectively.

If the first-prize State winner comes from Brisbane he or she may take a trip to any other capital instead at a later date.

## Send entries

If the Grand Champion also comes from Brisbane, similarly, he or she may take the all-expenses-paid three-day trip to any other capital city at another time.

Hurry and send in your entries now, as we will give five weekly progress prizes of \$20 or a pair of Davis Cup Challenge Round match tickets.

The closing date for entries is November 6, and winners will be announced on December 13.

This contest is open to all except employees and their relatives of Amoco, The Australian Women's Weekly, and their associated publications and advertising agencies.

Don't forget to mark each entry clearly with your name and address and postcode.

Address entries to "Amoco-Davis Cup" contest, c/o Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, New South Wales 2001. **FOR FULL DETAILS SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 48.**

## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

There's a large bag in the trunk."

The number lettered on the red plastic tab was 227. The room was on the second floor—inside and overlooking the swimming-pool. R. R. Donaldson accompanied the porter upstairs, gave him a dollar tip, and bolted the door when he left. It was a large room containing a double bed, a pair of lounge chairs, and a desk-top dresser. A wide plate-glass door faced poolside, and a thin stream of muted jazz was leaking through a wall speaker above the switch plate. Donaldson turned off the music and drew the drapes across the door.

He then took the sample case to the bed, unlocked it, and carefully examined the contents. On top were a few merchandising catalogues and an insulation sample; underneath was a gun. It was, to the appreciative eyes of R. R. Donaldson, a beautiful gun. There was a cylindrical silencer to slip over the end of the barrel. He fitted it in place, made certain the weapon was loaded and ready for instant use, and then returned it to the sample case and locked the lid.

Donaldson looked at his wrist-watch. It was ten minutes past eight—still too early to go uptown. He removed his coat, folded it carefully over the back of the chair, when a sound outside the glass door attracted his attention. He drew back the drapes, slid open the glass door, and stepped out on to the narrow balcony shared in common with the other units in this wing of the building. Below, a trio of early-risers were already at the pool; two pre-teenage boys in white trunks and a girl of possibly seventeen in a brief yellow suit. Alone, she walked to the deep end of the pool, adjusted a swim-cap made of an abundance of white rubber petals, and plunged into the water.

R. R. Donaldson's hands gripped the edge of the wrought-iron railing as he leaned forward to watch the slender figure glide through the water, and his virtually expressionless face took on a glow of suppressed excitement. But the replacement glasses he had taken from the sample case were a looser fit than the originals. He felt them sliding down his nose—grabbed at the frame, and missed. The glasses fell straight down and clattered on the cement below just as the smaller of the boys poised to dive into the pool.

The boy saw the glasses and glanced upward.

"I'll get 'em for you, mister," he yelled.

For Donaldson, the pool was now a blue bowl of indistinct dimensions; the girl, a slender slip of yellow, and the boy a pair of scrambling legs. He groped his way back through the bedroom and was standing in the open door when the boy, dripping and breathless, delivered the glasses. Donaldson groped in his pocket for silver, gave it to the panting, wet form standing before him, and stepped back into the room.

"Thanks!" the boy said. "Say, mister, do you believe in gambling?"

"Gambling?" Donaldson echoed.

"Because I bet my brother that you'd give me a tip, and he bet me the tip that you keep your hat on because you're bald. Are you bald, mister?"

Donaldson didn't answer. He slammed the door shut and stepped over to the mirror in front of the desk. His fingers were trembling as he

donned the glasses. The tall beige and white vapor reflected in the glass instantly acquired outline and depth. He removed the straw hat. He wasn't bald. His hair was expertly and expensively cut—black with a silver brindle to add distinction. Distinction—not age. He raised one hand to straighten a lock dislodged by the removal of the hat and then stopped—hand in mid-air. One lens of the glasses was perfect; the other was laced with cracks. There was only one thing to do. He found the telephone directory on a shelf under the telephone on a bedside table and turned quickly to the classified section listing of optometrists.

Ollie Madsen unlocked the front door opening his shop for business, and admitted an impatient customer.

Ollie had never seen the man before, but he prided himself on his powers of observation. The stranger looked to be about forty or forty-five. He was a little taller than average—stocky, but not overweight. His clean-shaven face, distorted by a pair of bifocals with only one lens, was conspicuously pale for the region. Ollie glanced at the beige sedan parked at the kerb and was surprised to see that it carried Arizona plates.

R. R. Donaldson removed his glasses. "I broke this lens this morning," he said. "Can you replace it?"

Ollie also prided himself on the power of hearing. The stranger's accent wasn't local. His voice was curt with an undertone of anxiety. Ollie took the glasses from his hand and studied the unshattered lens carefully.

"I can replace it," he said.

"How soon?"

"Three, maybe four days."

Donaldson didn't like that. He reached into his breast pocket for a wallet and took out a business card.

"I just came down from Phoenix on business," he said. "I can't talk to my customers without eyes, and my company won't stand for a four-day delay."

Ollie glanced at the card with an air of aloof independence. "It's not me," he said. "It's the lab."

Donaldson opened the wallet. "I'll pay," he said. He took out two fifty-dollar notes and waited.

Ollie Madsen liked money as well as the next man, but something in Donaldson's tone irritated him. Ignoring the notes, he said, "I'll put the job on a rush special, but it can't be completed in less than two days, no matter what I do. Sorry, Mr. Donaldson. Here, take my card so you can call and make sure they're ready before you make another trip in."

The edict didn't please the customer, but it was final. But he couldn't drive back to the motel without glasses. He bought a pair of tinted lenses which magnified enough to give Ollie Madsen a clearly defined body and a recognisable face, and then returned to the sedan. He headed back toward the motel and drove three blocks before his new visual aids sighted a huge sign over an operating car-wash establishment. Donaldson was a meticulous man. He liked his suits pressed, his cuffs starched, his shoes shined, and his car washed and polished. He drove into the car-wash and got out of the sedan.

"Fill out the coupon for the free drawing," the attendant said brightly. "You may win a new car. Just write your name . . . address . . . phone number . . ."

"How much for the wash?" Donaldson asked.

"A dollar seventy-five with spray wax—Hey, mister! Where are you going? Don't you want to fill out a coupon?"

Donaldson's new glasses were slipping down on his nose. He shoved them back into place and scrutinised the auto wash lineup. There were three cars ahead of the beige sedan, and the wash-and-wipe boys didn't look like the type to take any prizes for speed and efficiency.

"I need a cup of coffee," he said. "I'll be back."

On the corner of the next block he could see the hotel with a street-front restaurant, and it had been a long time since breakfast.

THE Plainsman Hotel was old enough to be a landmark, but the interior had been transformed into an air-conditioned sanctuary lavishly furnished and decorated in keeping with the new prosperity. At the same time Donaldson left the car-wash and started walking toward the hotel, a group of businessmen were breaking up a breakfast meeting in the new coffee shop.

Sam Stevens was sixty-odd, ranch-born, and still accustomed to wearing a string tie with his hand-tailored shirts and a Stetson with his lounge suits. He was a huge man—body, hands, head, and he still had the stride of a man accustomed to the weight of a hand gun on his hip. Slow of speech but certain of the weight of what he said when he did say it, Stevens projected a certainty of his place in life: a good place beyon out of a resisting world with the blunt weapons of hard work and the love of a good gamble. He folded the sheaf of construction specs he had been studying over coffee and eggs and handed them across the table to Kyle Walker.

"All right, you go get your permits," he said. "Get the bulldozers going."

Kyle had put on weight in five years. Success and the desert agreed with him. There was nothing timid in the hand he extended to accept Sam's hearty grip.

"We're in business!" Kyle said. "Van, you have a piece of this deal. Can't you at least try to look happy?"

Physically, the years hadn't touched Van. But his smile

was rare now, and the brown lines on his forehead were as permanent as his cowlick.

"I never look happy," he said, "but my heart leaps with joy when I think of all that nice money we're going to make."

"If we're lucky," Sam said.

"I've stopped believing in luck where Sam Stevens is concerned," Van added. "Other businessmen take chances. Sometimes they win, sometimes they lose. But Sam Stevens never loses. His apartment units always go up where the new industries are coming in. His business properties always turn out to be on the new superhighway. If he buys bare desert the lowliest Indian wouldn't use for a burial ground, the Government has to have it for a missile site. No, Sam, I don't believe you're lucky. I think you have a cave up in the mountains where some local version of the Delphic oracle gives you private instructions."

Van's nerves weren't as strong as Sam's or Kyle's, but his imagination was keener. Because of that, and certain personal habits, he kept his morning repast to a minimum of two Bloody Marys and a maximum of one black coffee. He had reached the coffee stage now.

"That vocabulary of yours is a mite too much for me, Van," Sam drawled. "I just never know when you're jestin'." He glanced at his watch. "But I do know when I've got to get back to the office. No, you two stay and finish your breakfasts—and Kyle, when you do leave here I want you to get on home and hit the sack. You've been at this for twenty-four hours without a break."

Sam got up from the table, removed his stetson from the vacant seat beside him and grabbed the check before Kyle could reach it.

"This goes on the expense account," he added.

Kyle gathered up a roll of specs and blueprints and came to his feet. The twenty-four hours Sam had mentioned was a little short of the actual time spent in the final check of the plan, but the dynamo was still running and the thrill of organising an idea into a working project was still greater than the physical need for rest.

"Wait for me," Van said, putting down his coffee cup.

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## Fashion FROCKS

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# A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

"I have a deathly fear of uncleaned breakfast tables."

A few steps short of the exit to the street they stopped before a scale model of a projected new shopping centre — rectangular, and crowned with a revolving spire. A printed card advised that the model was another Sam Stevens Development — Kyle Walker, Architect. Van watched Kyle's paternal pride with amused detachment.

"It's not in a class with the Parthenon," he observed. "It wasn't meant to be," Kyle said. "It's contemporary commercial without illusions."

"Without illusions," Van sighed. "Yes, that is contemporary. How's Dee?"

Puzzled, Kyle looked up from the object of his affection. "Glad you reminded me. I have to telephone the girl. I didn't get home last night. And the night before that."

"I didn't spend the last two nights at home, either," Van reflected, "but not for the same reasons, I hope."

They passed on through the lobby and through the main entrance to the street. At the sight of Kyle, the doorman signalled to a parking attendant, and, while he waited, Kyle patted the fat roll of blueprints under his arm and answered Van's needling.

"These are my reasons," he said. "I rechecked every line and figure in the plans and specs last night. If this job doesn't come in within the estimates, it won't be the fault of engineering."

A long blue station wagon pulled to a stop at the curb and the parking attendant stepped out. Kyle tipped him and tossed the prints into the back seat.

"Kyle, why do you do it?" Van asked.

"Dee understands business," Kyle answered curtly. "She hasn't complained."

"She hasn't? Then it's even worse than I thought. If I had a beautiful wife like Dee, I'd be a little worried if she didn't complain when I stayed away so much."

"She's busy," Kyle said. "She has the house and Mike."

"Dee didn't marry a house, Kyle," Van glanced at his watch and grimaced. "I have to leave you now. Bright young people are gathering in a laboratory to await my superior wisdom. Together we will plot ways to destroy by nuclear fission the world you and Sam are working so hard to create. Who's going to win, Kyle? The builders or the bombers? Or are the builders and the bombers the same?"

"I don't think I'm qualified to answer that question," Kyle said. "I know that I won't design a successor to the Parthenon, and I doubt if you will win the Nobel Prize for Peace. I just try to do my job. Can I drop you off?"

Van smiled a pixie smile. "Not this morning, thanks. I feel the need of exercise and fresh air. All that breakfast chatter about percentages and profits makes my proletarian head swim. I may develop a guilt complex."

Kyle got into the station wagon and slammed the door. He had too much on his mind to worry about Van's moods. It was becoming more and more difficult to know the difference between Van drunk and Van sober. Someday he would have to have a talk with Van about that. Alcohol was no way to preserve a first-class brain. But a part of what Van had said did make sense. Catching a red light at the corner, Kyle picked up the radiophone and placed a call to Dee.

Dee's voice was noticeably strained. "Kyle, where are

you?" she asked. "How did it go?"

"I'm driving in the wagon," Kyle said, "and everything went fine! No, no problems at all. I had breakfast with Sam and he okayed the whole package. If the foreman can get his crew together, we'll break ground this week. Listen, honey, if you have any free time this afternoon —"

The request wasn't important. There was a small errand he had in mind for Dee to do for him, but it vanished from thought an instant later. The traffic light was still red, but now, coming toward him across the pedestrian crossing, was a man who stepped out of the past and became, for a few seconds, the only reality in the world.

Five years disappeared. It was the garage of the Cecil Arms. It was a rainy night when a riot of percussions made the background music for murder. The man passed in front of the station wagon, reached the sidewalk and paused to verify directions. He stood less than three feet away. His eyes were concealed behind dark glasses, but the rest of his face was illumined by the stark light of memory.

to gather thoughts and assemble them one after another. A killer was in town — why? Five years was a long time to look for a witness to murder, and Kyle had been careful. From that first night — from the moment he took the elevator to the fourth floor — all of his defence mechanisms had been working overtime. He had watched the van that parked each night across from the apartment house and said nothing to Dee.

Tucson was a new life. There were no dark figures lurking in the streets, real or imagined, and bad memories faded with the passage of time. Work had driven Bernie Chapman's murder into a dark corner of his mind, but now a stranger had come to town and a ghost was beginning to walk.

The killer needed no name. Strangler was enough. Murder was his profession, and if he had travelled so far from New York it had to be on business. A man who stalked his own species for a living didn't retire until it came his turn to occupy a slab in the morgue. Kyle's hands began to loosen on the steering wheel. He looked about to get his bearings and realised that he had driven almost two miles from the Plainsman Hotel.

He sat quietly in the station

if you knew how many —" And then she paused remembering "The fifty-dollar bill!" she exclaimed. "You must mean the man who needed change for a fifty-dollar bill. He wasn't a guest of the hotel, Mr. Walker. He needed the change for the car wash down the next block." And then, because Kyle looked puzzled, she added, "Guests have their cars washed in the hotel."

It was an unexpected break. If Kyle was going to maintain his advantage over the stranger, it was necessary to learn where he was staying. He could now eliminate the hotel and resume the search at the car-wash.

At midmorning business was brisk. Kyle turned the station wagon over to the attendants and went to the cashier's window.

"Fill out a coupon for the free drawing," the cashier said brightly. "You may win a new car. Name . . . address . . . licence number . . ."

"I'm not interested in a new car," Kyle said. "I'm interested in a dirty one that went through here within the hour."

"Make?" the cashier asked. "I don't know," Kyle said. He had to fall back on the description he had given Hazel Morgan of the man and hope for the best. It was mention of the dark glasses that drew a response.

"Sure, I remember the guy," the cashier said. "Those glasses bothered him. He went out for coffee, and when he came back I reminded him that he hadn't filled out a slip for the drawing. He took off the glasses to read. Then he said, 'Skip it. I can't see a thing without my bifocals.'"

"That's him!" he said. "When we were in the Army together he was as blind as a bat without glasses. You see, this is my problem. I can't remember my friend's name. I saw him on the street this morning — first time in years — and then lost him. I want to find out where he's staying. If I knew what kind of car he was driving —"

The cashier nodded sympathetically. He stepped to the back of the office momentarily and came back holding a wire wastebasket in his hands. He scratched through the contents and finally produced one of the free drawing coupons, slightly crumpled.

"Here it is," he said. "I started to fill out the coupon for your friend." He smoothed out the paper and read: "1965 Chrysler sedan . . . licence number, Arizona SXO 617." The cashier looked up, beaming. "That's it, mister. I got just this far filling out the coupon and noticed the customer was gone. He picked up his car and left. I never got his name."

"May I keep the coupon?" Kyle asked.

"Sure. It's no good without a name and address. That Chrysler was beige color, if that's any help to you . . ."

One of the latest buildings Kyle had designed for Sam Stevens was a slender smoked-glass and concrete office complex with an abstract fountain in the forecourt and a breathtaking view of the Santa Catalinas from the penthouse. It was to this penthouse that Kyle moved his own offices, and to these offices that he proceeded after leaving the car-wash. The remainder of the building was still in the process of being decorated and leased, and aside from the penthouse, no tenants were installed except a florist, a bookseller, and a branch bank on the ground level.

Charlene was at her desk

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in the reception room. She had come to Kyle when Sam relinquished the bulk of the responsibility to his young executive and began to ease into the status of honorary president of the corporation. The pace of modern business was a bit too brisk for the old wildcatter, but Charlene was flexible. She had changed.

Her hair was now worn in a simple style she could handle at home, and she had discovered the restorative powers of the sauna, the masseuse, and carrot-juice lunches. She was chic and poised and through close association had developed a sensitivity to Kyle's moods second only to that of a wife. Perhaps not second at all. She really shared more of his hectic life than any wife could. There was something of the chameleon in Charlene. She became whatever she must to survive.

"Mrs. Walker has been calling for the past half hour," Charlene said. "Shall I get her on your private line."

"Dee—" He reflected. "Yes, Charley, get her on my private line immediately, please!"

HE stepped into his own office—a huge, air-conditioned room where a wide Danish desk was kept in a semblance of order for the purpose of conducting business, and a drafting table displayed the wild disorder of creativity. Kyle had time only to drop the prints and specs on the table before the telephone began to buzz. It was Dee.

"Kyle, what happened?" she demanded. "You hung up in the middle of a sentence!"

"I ran into heavy traffic," Kyle lied.

"Were you in an accident?" "No," he assured her. "Just one of those morning bottle-necks. . . . How's Mike?"

"Growing," Dee retorted. "If you came home once in a while, you could see for yourself how much our son is growing. He's almost four, your know."

She was teasing, but she was irritated.

"I'm going to do better than that," he said. "I promised Mike a weekend in the mountains, remember?"

"We thought you had forgotten."

"But I haven't. I told you earlier, I closed the deal with Sam for the new shopping centre, I still have a few loose ends to tie up before I can get the bulldozers running—then I'll have a short breather. Here's what I want you to do, Dee. Pack a few things—whatever you need for three or four days away from home—and get up to the cabin. I'll join you as soon as I can get away."

Dee hesitated. "Do you mean now? Today?"

"I mean right now, today. Don't you understand? Dee, if I can tell Sam that you and Mike are waiting for me, it'll be easier to get away. He's a sofie for the boy—you know that."

"All right, Kyle. I can't believe what I'm hearing, but I'm going to take a chance. But if you stand me up this time the way you have before—"

"I won't stand you up," Kyle promised. "I'll be up there tonight for dinner. And, Dee, there's something else. I love you and Mike very much."

Kyle put the phone down. I love you. It was strange how words took on different meanings at different times. Love was so many things. Little things. Ordinary things. A touch. A look. The sound of a voice on the telephone. But now, above all

else, love was taking steps to see that a killer on the street had no contact with Mike or Dee.

The intercom buzzed Kyle back to the moment. Charley's voice said, "There's a man on the outside line for you, Mr. Walker. A sales representative."

"I'm not taking any more calls today," Kyle said.

"But he says it's important, Mr. Walker. He represents an eastern company—Baerner Air Conditioning."

"Never heard of them," Kyle said, "—and I said no calls today, Charley. No calls from anyone."

Kyle gave Charley no chance for argument. He snapped the intercom button to "off" position. Love meant finding a killer before the killer found him.

The only thing about Dee Walker that had changed in five years was the color of her skin. It was berry-brown from the sun. She tossed a sweater into the back of the convertible, where it landed on top of the fishing gear, a toy poodle, and two overnight cases. She weighted the sweater with a novel she would never have time to read, and caught Mike as he circled the car on his three-wheeler.

"That goes into the garage," she ordered, "—right now!"

Mike was Kyle minus thirty years. His hair wouldn't stay brushed and his legs couldn't keep up with his imagination.

It was almost one o'clock. The day's heat was at its peak and a drowsy silence had settled over the wide residential street. She watched Mike wheel his bike into the garage and come out on foot, and then hustled the boy into the convertible—a small model Kyle had bought for her to shop in. She pulled slowly out of the driveway, hoping the blind spot wouldn't cause a collision, and wasn't at all surprised when the rear bumper struck metal. A horn blasted behind her. She grabbed the emergency brake.

"I'm sorry," she called out. "I couldn't see you."

When she heard the thud of a heavy door slam, Dee shrank back in the seat and tried to look small and helpless. But the man who came to her window and peered inside the little car didn't seem angry. He was a tall man with wide beige-clad shoulders, eyes hidden by dark glasses, and a face completely devoid of emotion. He stared at her for several seconds before speaking. She felt uncomfortable being scrutinised so closely by eyes she couldn't see, and then he said, "Don't apologise, lady. It was my fault. I was looking for a house number and pulled in front of your drive."

"Are the bumpers locked?" Dee asked.

"No, there's no damage. I'll get out of your way."

But he didn't move. He continued to stare at her with those annoying eyes until Mike became impatient.

"We've got to go!" he cried. "My daddy said so!"

"Your daddy?" he echoed.

"Where is your daddy?"

"My daddy's at work!" Mike said.

"Where did your daddy tell you to go?"

"To the mountains. To Uncle Sam's cabin in the mountains where we always go to fish. . . ."

Mike began to bounce up and down on the rear seat, and that was what finally caused the man to leave.

"He's a lively one," he observed. "OK, sonny, I'll move my car."

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# The Aristocrat

By DOROTHY CAMPBELL TAYLOR



"Mrs. Potter, what type of antiques are you interested in?" Ken asked.

SHE pushed open the door and entered my shop regally, but without arrogance. Her well-groomed white head was carried proudly, the grey eyes and aquiline nose bore the unmistakable stamp of distinction.

She looked at me with an inquiring smile. "Where's Mr. Cleary?" she asked.

"Sold out," I said, "to me. Two months ago. Dean's my name—Ken Dean."

She was obviously disconcerted. "I'm Mrs. Potter. I've been coming to Mr. Cleary for years. You're rather young for an antique dealer, aren't you?"

I felt ridiculously flattered that she should think so. I was certain old Cleary had made no mention of a Mrs. Potter among his distinguished clients.

"What can I show you, Mrs. Potter?" I asked.

"What type of antiques are you interested in?" Mrs. Potter gave me an embarrassed little smile. "I haven't come here to buy," she said, "I've come to sell."

She held out her hand. "This."

In her palm lay a gold ring with one fairly large diamond surrounded by emeralds.

To cover my surprise and confusion I took the ring and examined it without answering.

"You're surprised?" Mrs. Potter asked. "So was Mr. Cleary at first." She started to say something else, then changed her mind.

"Mrs. Potter," I said gently, "people's reasons for buying or selling are not part of my business."

While I examined the ring I could feel her eyes anxiously watching me. I sensed she would be quite incapable of bargaining, so I made it as easy as possible for her by offering a price which was generous.

She just said, "Thank you, Mr. Dean" and stood up, glad that the embarrassing transaction had terminated.

I walked with her to the door, strangely reluctant to see her leave. As she turned to say goodbye the sun caught a brooch on her shoulder, an identical match to the ring she had just sold me.

"Thank you for your kindness," she said. "I dare say you'll be seeing me again—but not too soon, I hope."

I watched her walk away, serene and erect, looking neither to left nor right. A stately and gracious old lady.

The circumstances which would reduce a proud woman like Mrs. Potter to sell her jewellery teased my mind. Her clothes were expensive. She looked in no need to humiliate herself for ready cash. And yet I knew she would be back. It would be the brooch next time.

The matching brooch. With the ring it would sell better as a set. Sold separately their individual value was reduced. In fairness, Mrs. Potter should be advised of this. I referred to Cleary's practically illegible list of clients. Mrs. P. J. Potter, No. 5 Rader Place. An area in keeping with Mrs. Potter's aristocratic bearing. Surely, if done with discretion, it could do no harm to acquaint Mrs. Potter with the facts, and Rader Place was on my way home.

No. 5 was a white house set attractively among tall trees. To my relief Mrs. Potter opened the door to me.

"Mrs. Potter—" I began, and stopped abruptly. Mrs. Potter was looking at me completely without recognition.

"Yes?" she said. "I'm Mrs. Potter."

"I'm Ken Dean of the antique shop," I said, nonplussed.

She gave me a gentle, inquiring smile. "Yes? What can I do for you?"

"It's not what you can do for me but rather what I can do for you," I said bluntly. "It occurred to me after you left my shop this afternoon—"

The eyebrows rose above the grey eyes, still serene. "I'm sorry to interrupt you, young man," she said firmly, "but you obviously have the wrong Mrs. Potter. I don't even know your antique shop."

I was stunned. Surely her memory could not have been that short-lived. She saw me looking at the diamond-and-emerald brooch she still wore, but her expression did not change.

I turned away, realising that further conversation was futile. "I'm sorry," I said, "I must have the wrong address."

She smiled and gave a small, gracious bow. "I believe there are people named Potter in the next street," she pointed the way obligingly, "they are perhaps the ones you are looking for."

I thanked her and left.

I knew that another visit from my capricious old lady was inevitable, but when she entered my shop the next afternoon I was undeniably surprised.

"Good afternoon, madam," I said, playing the game her way.

The grey eyes twinkled. "I hope I am forgiven, Mr. Dean," she said. "I've come to apologise for yesterday's inexcusable behaviour."

"I shouldn't have invaded your home," I said. "But it's not my home," said Mrs. Potter, "it's my son's home. I live there with John and his wife purely by grace and favor. They know nothing of my little visits to the antique shop. If they did—" she shrugged, "I don't suppose they'd throw me out, but life would be impossible."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am for having embarrassed you," I said.

"You were not to know, Mr. Dean. But when you came my daughter-in-law, Ruth, was in a nearby room. Don't worry," she smiled, "I was able to explain you away. You know, nearly everyone thinks I'm a widow, but I'm not."

"Mrs. Potter," I said, "you don't have to explain anything to me."

"I'd prefer to," she said. "Mr. Cleary knew—and understood—the reason for my visits, and I'd like to think you did, too. We may as well be friends, because we're going to see quite a bit of each other—until my jewellery runs out."

"I feel we're friends now," I said sincerely.

"Mr. Dean," said Mrs. Potter, "I had a marvellous husband. Handsome, wild, and exciting. But unfortunately also unstable. He drank too much, gambled heavily, and was quite incapable of holding a job. When my son, John, was growing up we were constantly moving from city to city, with the creditors' hot breath on the back of our necks."

Looking at the gracious old lady, I found it hard to picture her in such degrading circumstances.

"John grew up to hate his father," she went on, "not that you can blame him. When John married, my husband and I continued our fugitive existence. Finally my health broke down. John and Ruth gave me a home and cared for me—with the proviso that I let my husband stew in his own juice! I had no alternative. I had used up my health and money." She stopped suddenly. "Is this embarrassing you?"

I shook my head.

"I know you will understand," she said, "that what is a lovable weakness in a young man can turn out to be an ugly tragedy in an old man. John and Ruth have given him away as a lost cause, but I can't quite see him that way. He writes to me occasionally and tells me his rheumatism is bad. I know that means he needs money desperately. It's our private code."

"That's when I visit the antique shop. Fortunately I had put aside some jewellery for when our backs were really to the wall and I'm eking out a living with those proceeds as long as I can."

She straightened her back and looked me squarely in the eye, but a twinkle lurked. "And now, my friend," she said briskly, "we're in business! What was that proposition of yours?"

I couldn't help laughing at her. "You're an incorrigible old lady!" I said admiringly.

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## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

Dee watched the man in the rear-view mirror. He walked back to a big Chrysler sedan—beige, like the color of his suit. He got inside the sedan and started the motor. She envied him the automatic shift when the car eased back along the kerbing. She backed the convertible into the street and nosed it toward the mountains, while Mike waved goodbye out of the rear window. At the first intersection, she stopped and glanced in the rear-view mirror again. The Chrysler hadn't moved. I was rude, she thought. I should have asked what house number he was looking for.

At twenty minutes past twelve, forty minutes before Dee Walker

encountered a stranger in her driveway, Charley Evans picked up the telephone on her desk and dialled a number from her private collection: Renee's Beauty Salon. Renee, who had been just plain Mavis when they were in high school together, answered immediately.

"Sweetie," Charley said, "I have a big favor to ask. I know this is short notice and I haven't been coming in regularly, but someone special's coming in tomorrow—"

"What time?" Renee sighed. "And I warn you, no fancy rinses. I won't stay in this shop one minute after five for anyone!"

"How about two-thirty?"

Renee was incredulous. "This afternoon?"

"This afternoon. I just got the rest of the day off. I'll be free as soon as I get two letters in the mail. Can you find a spot for me?"

Renee hesitated. "Are you sure you're all right?" she asked. "You sound funny."

"Of course I'm all right! Well, maybe a little nervous. You know how I always said that a session under the dryer relaxes me."

Renee laughed. "If you're that nervous he must be special! Come in at two-thirty. I'll take you myself."

Charley replaced the telephone in the cradle and sat for a moment with one hand held over her eyes. She heard Kyle's door open behind her, straightened, and faced him with a well-practised smile. Kyle

had showered and shaved. The bathroom in his office could refresh the outer man, but nothing could erase those tension lines.

"If any calls come in, make a list of them," he said. "I think I did tell you to cancel my appointments."

"What about the Booster Club luncheon?" Charley asked. "One-thirty at the Country Club—and you'd better be there because they're honoring Sam."

Kyle knew Charley was studying him and trying to understand what was wrong. But no one could share this trouble. There was too much at stake to risk human weakness.

"Thanks for reminding me," Kyle said. "And, Charley, have fun. Get your hair done—or something."

"You must be a mind-reader,"

Charley said. "Or do I look shaggy?"

"You look wonderful. You always look wonderful."

"I wish I could say the same for you, but I can't. You look terrible. Can't you get the monkey off your back and get some rest? Take a trip somewhere."

"That's what I'm planning to do," Kyle said. "Just as soon as I possibly can."

HE opened the door and stepped out into the hall. The lobby was empty. He stepped into the hall and walked briskly toward the street. Fear heightened the senses. The commonplace became important. Kyle passed the jewelry shops several times a day, but now he passed warily and had almost reached the street.

"Mr. Walker, wait—" Kyle stopped. It was a man's voice. And it was his own blood pounding in his ears. He turned slowly.

Ephraim Taylor owned the florist shop. He came forward holding a large bunch of tall roses in his hands.

"Mr. Walker, these are a little stale but not too stale. If you want to take them to your wife, I would be happy."

Kyle relaxed. "That's very thoughtful of you, Mr. Taylor," he said, "but my wife's gone to the mountains for a few days."

Ephraim Taylor's face broke into a smile of sheer bliss. The happiness of other people delighted him. He made every scrap of his own. "Gone up to Mr. Stevens' ranch, I'll bet. I was up there once—for a whole week."

"That's fine," Kyle said. "After my operation for appendix. That's what kind of man Sam Stevens is—generous. But I'm keeping you from something important."

Kyle nodded absently and walked on. He left Ephraim Taylor's not-too-stale roses behind and stepped out on the sidewalk at a street that had now become hostile territory.

He got into the station wagon and drove away from the area. He was beginning to be acutely aware of his rear-view mirror. In a country where the sun bleached out color, a beige sedan wasn't a rarity. It might be following him now, because the driver would not only know where Kyle Walker lived and where he worked, he would know where he got his hair cut, where he had his dental work done, where his suits were made, and where he played with his kids on holidays. He would know what clubs he belonged to, and who his golfing partners were.

The odds were all on the side of a professional killer—except for the streak of luck that had sent him walking across the intersection while Kyle waited for a traffic signal to change—because the man who killed Bernie Chapman belonged to an organization.

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### OUR TRANSFER



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that couldn't afford to make mistakes.

Kyle drove directly to the City Hall. He had legitimate business in the Department of Public Safety concerning the permits Sam had ordered; but that wasn't the reason for the trip. The reason was one of those golfing partners about whom the stranger might or might not know. He was a man who kept shop in the Bureau of Detectives and was listed officially as Captain Jimmy Jameson on the city payroll.

"How's business?" Kyle asked. Jameson grinned. "The Chief wants me to lecture the kids at the high school on juvenile delinquency. I told him they should lecture me. They know more about police methods than my own men. Too much TV. But I've just solved the problem of who has been stealing my desk erasers. We have pack-rats in the building."

"I heard you had trouble with another kind of rat that deals in slot machines and happy pills."

Jimmy's eyes narrowed. "Who told you that?" he asked. "Rumorsville."

**J**IMMY relaxed. "We run a clean city here, Walker. You know that. Some things don't get into the newspapers because they don't develop far enough."

"But suppose somebody big got in the way of somebody else's concept of progress," Kyle suggested, "and had to be removed?"

"Like who?" Jimmy asked.

Kyle couldn't answer. There would have been no problem if he could have told Jimmy Jameson about the stranger and the killing he had witnessed five years ago in New York. The city was only beginning to grow up around Jimmy, bringing with it both the creators and the parasites. Jimmy simply wouldn't have believed Kyle's story.

He would attribute the whole incident to overwork and a distorted memory. Worse, he would try to pacify a friend's shattered nerves by making some clumsy inquiry that would get back to the stranger and destroy the one advantage Kyle had.

And so Kyle lied. "The question was theoretical," he said. "That's not why I dropped in. I have a favor to ask — if it's not too much trouble."

"What is it?"

Kyle dug into his pocket and brought out a scrap of memo paper. On it he had written a cryptic message: "Beige Chrysler . . . 1965 sedan. Licence ? ? ? Arizona SXO 617." He handed the memo to Jimmy and waited for a reaction.

Jimmy glanced at the paper and looked up questioningly. "Somebody hit you?"

"No," Kyle said. "That's the description of a car I saw on the street in front of the Plainsman Hotel this morning. I recognised the driver. A friend I haven't seen in years."

"So?"

"He's from Prescott. I checked at the Plainsman but he's not registered there."

"All right," Jimmy said, "what is it you want me to do on the taxpayers' time?"

"I'm a taxpayer," Kyle reminded him. "Don't the police ever check hotel and motel registrations?"

Jimmy grinned. "You're thinking of the vice squad. Why don't you just telephone—?"

Charley had inadvertently prepared Kyle for that question.

"The Booster Club luncheon," he said. "I'll be tied up all afternoon. Jimmy, when was the last time I asked a favor of you?"

"The last time your wife went through a red light," Jameson said, "but if it's so damned important you have to chase downtown in the noonday sun to tell me about it—!" He paused and checked the watch on his wrist.

"It's been a dull morning; maybe I should get off my chair for a

while. OK, I'll be your errand boy. What's your friend's name?"

On the wall behind Detective Jameson's head hung a large calendar featuring a curvaceous nude by courtesy of Dover Insurance Brokerage.

"Dover," Kyle replied. "Charles Dover. If you do locate him, don't make contact. I want to surprise him."

"What's the matter? Does he owe you money?"

Kyle didn't like to let Jameson get too curious. Friend or no friend, he was still a shrewd policeman.

"No," he answered, "I owe him."

He terminated the conversation then. The Booster luncheon was waiting and Jameson would get suspicious if the request seemed anything more than casual. He picked up the blue station wagon at the parking lot and headed east on Speedway.

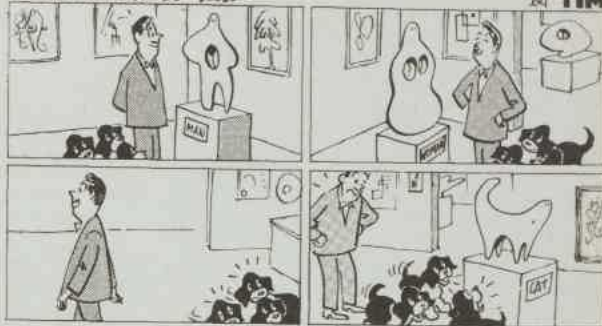
In another area of the city, R. R. Donaldson had just completed buying a pair of swimming trunks and a beach towel in a fashionable sportswear shop in the lobby of the Apache Inn Motel. It had taken a full half-hour to make the purchase. He had finally selected a pair of white trunks with a red stripe on each side and a towel. White trunks, he reasoned, wouldn't make the Eastern pallor of his skin so conspicuous.

He came out of the shop with

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## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

the anticipation of an exciting afternoon only to be faced by the porter setting up a directory of local activities for the day. The Booster Club luncheon was being held at the Country Club at 1.30 p.m. Donaldson consulted the clock over at the registration desk. It was almost one. He looked longingly toward the wide, plate-glass doors that led to the pool . . . but Donaldson was a perfectionist at his profession, and perfection doesn't come without sacrifice.

He returned to his room and took a small leather-bound notebook from the attache case. Without his bifocals reading was difficult, but the page headings in the book were done in caps. There was a page for Diedre (Dee) Walker. It contained a complete physical description as well as her hobbies and characteristics. The hobbies were dull: art classes, charities, golf. No extracurricular emotional entanglements. No indication of alcoholism or any other vice. There were pages for Michael Walker and Van Bryson. A page for Sam Stevens.

Donaldson hesitated at this page. The boy he had encountered in Dee Walker's little car (duly noted in her biographical notes) said they were going to "Uncle Sam's" ranch. He held the book closer to the tinted spectacles. There was a ranch—location and direction for reaching same. So Sam Stevens was "Uncle Sam."

He moved closer to the light of the wide glass door and studied the page further. Sam Stevens was a member and an officer of the Booster Club. Donaldson flicked the page. Kyle Walker. Impatiently, he ran his finger down the itemised information until he found a similar notation. Booster Club member. Donaldson was too scientific to be superstitious, but there were times when events did seem to balance, strangely.

Breaking both pairs of eyeglasses had been a stroke of bad luck. Encountering Mrs. Walker and the boy in the driveway at their home had been good luck. And now there was to be a luncheon at the Country Club in half an hour at which he could learn just how big a party had gone to the ranch. It was good practice to know where key people could be found.

Donaldson put away the notebook and took the gun and silencer from the case. He tested the weight of it in his hand, and then slipped the gun into the holster under his coat. He stepped out on to the balcony and looked down. The girl in the yellow suit was still there. She would keep. Satisfied, he stepped back inside the room and closed the sliding glass door.

The doors of the Country Club were closed on this particular day to all except Booster Club members and their guests. They opened wide for Kyle. He located Sam Stevens sitting alone at the far end of the bar. Sam was drinking his own brand of twelve-dollar scotch stocked for him by the bartender on special order. He called for a glass for Kyle, supervised the pouring, and then relaxed on the stool to study his young partner's face.

Sam was a shrewd man. Kyle decided to speak first. "I applied for the permits," he said. "It's just a matter of processing. We should break ground Monday."

"That's not why you're in a sweat," Sam observed. "How long since you've been home?" he demanded. Kyle didn't reply.

"Is something wrong between you and Dee?" Sam queried. "Because, if there is, I won't stand for it, boy. That's too fine a woman you have to be shunted off to pasture. Too fine a woman and too fine a boy."

Sam was inclined to get sentimental with a few drinks under his hand-tooled belt. The years were creeping up on him. He was mellowing with time.

"You sound like Van," Kyle said. "He lectured me on wife neglect this morning. Relax, Sam. There's nothing wrong. In fact, I just sent Dee and Mike up to the cabin. You told me we could use it anytime."

And then Sam was delighted. His leathery face creased softly in a generous grin and his blue eyes sparkled. "Now you make sense, boy!" he exclaimed. "I'll give you five minutes to get off that stool and head for the mountains!"

SAM gave Kyle a friendly push, and Kyle started to get off the stool. He wasn't ready to go up to the cabin, but he didn't look forward to the ordeal of the luncheon. And then, just as both feet hit the floor he saw something that made him momentarily forget Sam, Dee, and the cabin. Seated calmly at the far end of the bar was the stranger who wore dark glasses.

Kyle's first reaction, after the shock of recognition, was to wonder how the killer had gained admission to the club. But the next reaction was more pertinent to the moment, a professional killer sat between him and the only exit from the room.

He stalled for time. "I wanted to talk about some of those contracts, Sam," he said. "I wasn't too happy with the electrical work of the last project—"

"It can wait!" Sam said. The perspiration was dampening his face again, and he could feel Sam's penetrating mind cutting through this small talk. The man in the dark glasses had ordered a whisky. He drank it slowly and with no sign of pleasure.

"Kyle, nobody's going to lose on this contract," Sam drawled at his shoulder. "You know that! Even Van knows that, and he's the biggest worrier of all."

"Why isn't Van here?" Kyle asked.

"Van doesn't turn out to these affairs," he scoffed. "He hates us backslappers, Kyle. Don't you sense his contempt cutting right through your skin? He's a brain man. All brain."

"Van doesn't hate you," Kyle protested. "He works on a different plane, but he respects yours."

"Respect?" Sam echoed. "No, he doesn't respect my plane! He's too radical for that. We've got to cut him a bigger piece of pie, Kyle. He's bitter, but he's bright."

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I have to give him that. He told me five years ago that you were the man I needed in my operation, and he was dead right. I never made a better deal in my life, night or day. Kyle, are you listening to me?"

A PART of Kyle's mind was listening, a part was remembering. Five years ago in that little apartment at the Cecil Arms Van Bryson had come to him with help. He might do it again. It just might be possible that the lonely place into which he had plunged at the sight of a killer on the street might not be completely lonely after all.

"You've been like a son to me," Sam was saying. "Sarah and I never had children. Guess I was too busy. Too ambitious. I took Sarah for granted — then, one day she was gone. I was a widower. A pile of money, a big house and nobody to share anything. Don't you make the mistake I made, d'you hear?"

"OK, you win," Kyle said. He drank quickly and put the glass down on the counter. "Sam," he added. He was about to say something ridiculous like: "Sam, if anything happens to me will you look after Dee and Mike?" But he couldn't risk saying that. He couldn't even risk thinking it, because everything new depended on how casually he could walk past the man in dark glasses. If he showed the slightest sign of recognition or fear, the advantage he had over the

killer would be gone. "Have fun," he said. Kyle walked the length of the bar and passed through the doorway into the entrance lobby. He smiled at the right people and patted the right shoulders, but not once did he glance in the direction of the man in dark glasses. Unhurriedly, he drifted through the crowd in the lobby and stepped outside. Last year the club directors had enlarged the parking lot to accommodate guests and friends of the membership. Kyle stood before the doorman for a few seconds until his eyes adjusted to the glare of the sun on the white gravel drive, and then he started walking toward the far end of the lot where he had parked the blue station wagon.

There wasn't a shadow for shelter or another human being for protection for the distance of the walk, and he hadn't covered a hundred feet before his ears picked up the sound of footsteps behind him. He held his pace. The odds were against his being killed in an enclosed area. Professionals didn't take such chances. He reached the station wagon and opened the door. As he slid in behind the steering wheel, he caught the reflection in the rear-view mirror. The man with dark glasses had stopped beside a beige Chrysler.

Kyle backed out slowly, completed a U turn at the far end of the lot and drove back to the street entrance. He waved casually at the gateman and turned into the highway just as the rear-

## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

view mirror caught the front grille of the Chrysler as it came around the turn at the end of the lot. Now he had two advantages over the stranger. He knew that he was being followed by a man who was unaware he had been recognised; and he knew the area better than any amount of briefing could familiarise a newcomer.

He floored the accelerator and made the first boulevard stop before the Chrysler reached the highway. But the land was level here, and for several miles there was no place to turn or hide. At mid-afternoon there was little

traffic. Nearing the second stop, the Chrysler was gaining ground. Deliberately, Kyle floored the accelerator and raced across the intersection. Moments later he heard the welcome whine of a police siren and slackened speed.

It was a motor-cycle officer who forced him to the shoulder. Dismounting, he approached the wagon—book in hand.

"I'm gonna throw it at you, Mr. Walker!" he vowed. "You know that intersection's a full stop. You've crossed it often enough."

"You're absolutely right,"

Kyle said. "I had my head in the clouds."

"You were doing eighty-five, Mr. Walker. Are you drunk?"

Kyle glanced in the rear-view mirror. The Chrysler sedan had made a full stop and was now approaching at a moderate rate of speed. Kyle relaxed.

"If one drink makes you drunk, I'm guilty," he said. "Actually, I'm just tired."

"Working around the clock again? Mr. Walker, when are you going to learn to slow down?"

The officer completed the ticket and handed it to Kyle as the Chrysler passed. It was doing no more than 30 miles an hour, and the driver in dark glasses kept his eyes on the road ahead. Kyle

accepted the ticket and read it slowly. He gave the sedan time enough to reach the next intersection, stop, and then drive on slowly.

Kyle looked at the officer and grinned. "You may have saved my life with this," he said.

"Now, that's the way to look at it, Mr. Walker." The officer beamed. "That's exactly the way to look at it."

The Chrysler was almost out of sight. Kyle waited until the law wheeled off and

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All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## \*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\* THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting October 18.

- ARIES**  
MAR. 21-APR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- TAURUS**  
APR. 21-MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
- GEMINI**  
MAY 21-JUNE 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, green.  
\* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- CANCER**  
JUNE 22-JULY 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, pink, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- LEO**  
JULY 23-AUG. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, orange, tan.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- VIRGO**  
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- LIBRA**  
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, black, red.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- SCORPIO**  
OCT. 24-NOV. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, brown, green.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 23-DEC. 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, black, white.  
\* Lucky days, Saturday, Sun.
- CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 22-JAN. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, red, green.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 21-FEB. 19  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- PISCES**  
FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, green, white.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

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## RIVETS



then made a sharp U turn on the highway and turned at the first corner. There were many roads home, and any road was the right road now.

Back at the Country Club, Sam Stevens drained his last pre-luncheon scotch and walked the length of the bar to a place that had recently been occupied by a man wearing dark glasses. He picked up the man's half-filled glass, sniffed the contents, and grimaced.

"Oscar," he said to the ever-hoovering bartender, "who was the man who ordered this degenerate bourbon?"

"Why, Mr. Stevens," Oscar

## A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

answered, "I thought you knew."  
"Knew? How could I know? I never laid eyes on him before. Did you?"

"No, sir," Oscar admitted. "I never did. That's why I didn't want to serve him, but he told me he was here as a guest. A guest of Sam Stevens."

After leaving the beige Chrysler, with the assistance of the highway patrol, Kyle drove directly to the small stucco and redwood ranch-house that had been home since the day he brought Dee and Mike home from the maternity hospital.

He turned the station wagon into the driveway and didn't stop

until he was opposite the kitchen door. As he left the car, he deliberately set the door on the driver's side to stand open. A distance of four feet separated him from the house. The killer, although temporarily sidetracked, most certainly had his home address, and Kyle had no intention of being gunned down as he fumbled with a car latch. Everything he did from now on would be calculated for maximum security.

He unlocked the kitchen door and stepped into a house that had been hastily vacated. He went directly to his study and began to search his desk. He found a set of airline schedules and a road map of Mexico. He dug deeper and found his service pistol.

He stood quietly while the clock on the mantel ticked out a strangely amplified time and came

gradually to realise that airline schedules and road maps offered no solution. If the man in dark glasses had come to Tucson to kill Kyle Walker (and what else was there to think after the appearance at the Country Club?), flight was useless. An organization that could trace a man after five years could trace him anywhere on earth. And if he did escape, Dee and Mike couldn't stay in the mountains for ever. There was no place to run from the killer.

He checked the cartridge clip of the gun and found it loaded. He put it into his attaché case and then picked up the telephone. He dialled Van's apartment.

A recorded voice informed him that Mr. Bryson wasn't in and requested that he leave his name and state the purpose of his call. Kyle dropped the telephone back into the cradle. He would have to play the loner game a little longer.

**K**YLE returned to the station wagon and backed slowly out of the drive. He drove back to the office and left the wagon in the underground garage. He took the elevator up to the penthouse suite and found that Charley was gone, but on the top sheet of her memo pad was scribbled a message.

"Dear Boss, you are to call Captain Jameson at Police Headquarters soonest. He said that you would know why."

Kyle used Charley's telephone. "Kyle," Jimmy announced, "you sent me on a wild-goose chase, but I won't hold it against you. They have some very pretty girls beside at the Apache Inn. I didn't know what I'd been missing."

"But you didn't find Dover," Kyle said.

"I found no Charles Dover registered at any hotel or motel in the city or its environs. But I did locate the driver of the car with that licence number you gave me. He's listed on the registration card as R. R. Donaldson, who checked into room 227 of the Apache Inn early this morning."

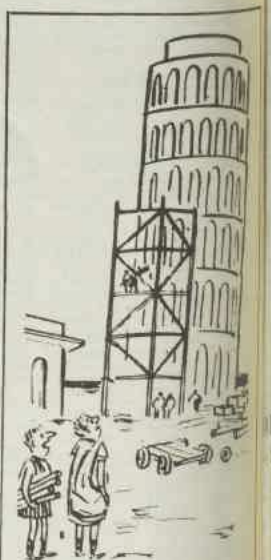
"Donaldson," Kyle repeated. "Did you talk to him?"

"I couldn't. He was out. He's a sales representative from Phoenix Works for Baerner Air-Conditioning. No Dover and no Prescott—and no old buddy. Your memory is playing tricks on you, Kyle."

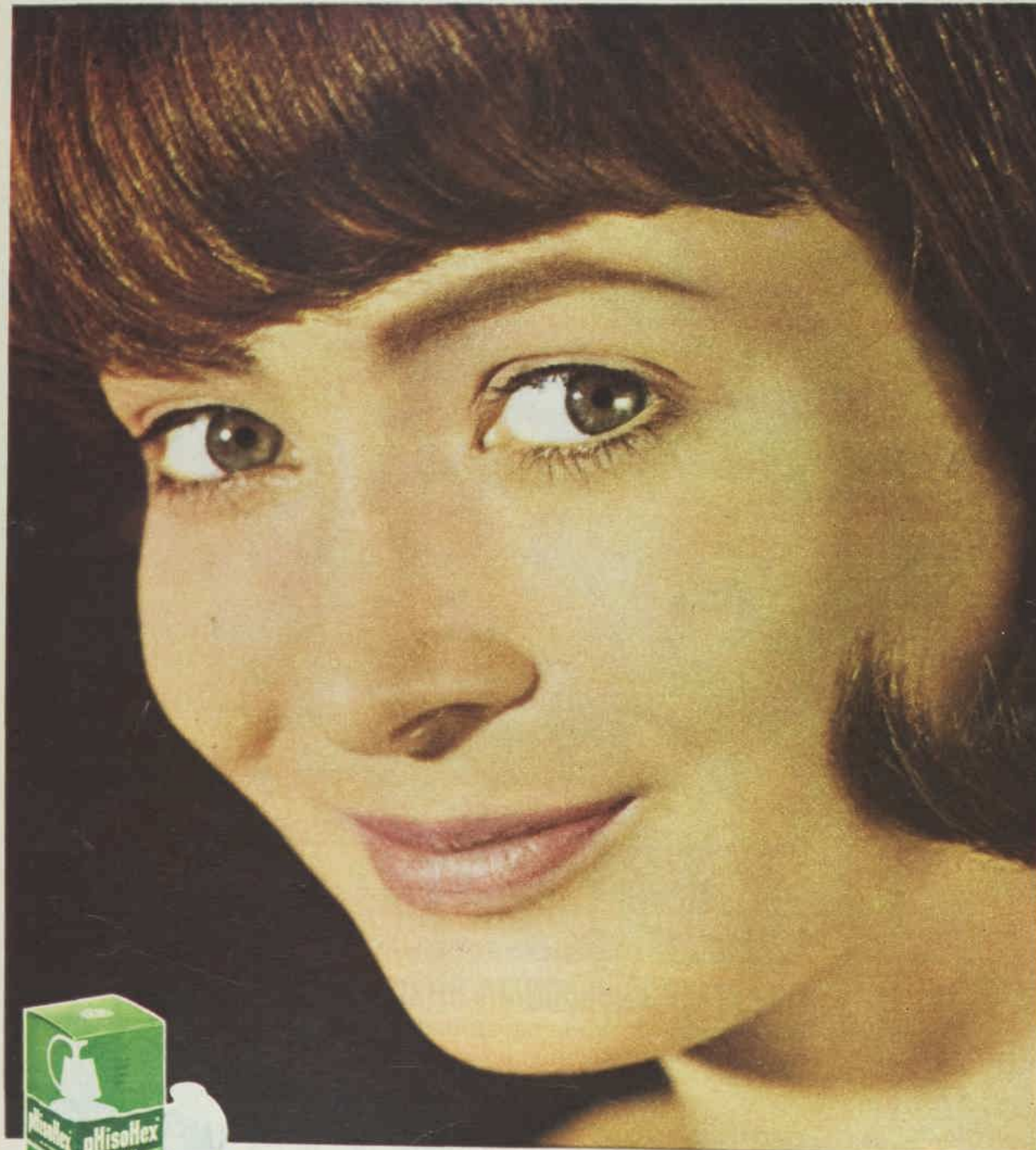
Kyle thanked Jimmy Jameson for his trouble and cut off the call. Jameson was wrong. His memory wasn't playing tricks; it was ringing an alarm bell. He consulted Charley's memo pad again. A dutiful secretary, she had carefully entered every call when the office opened for the day, and when Kyle found what he was looking for there was no more room for doubt.

Entry: "Call from R. R. Donaldson, representing Baerner Air-Conditioning. Told him K.W. was tied up for the day."

To be continued



"Sure it's leaning a little, but they'll never notice it."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1967



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4386.—A-line dress with new "pie-wedge" pleat in front. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

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Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

| NAME    | DESIGN | SIZE | PRICE |
|---------|--------|------|-------|
| ADDRESS |        |      |       |

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

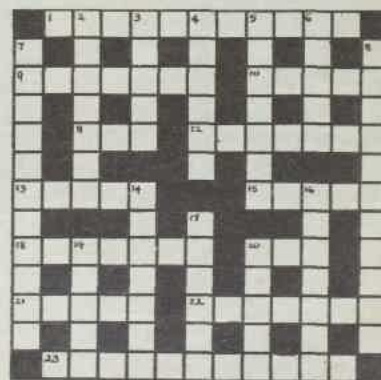
LOTHAR mistakes Mandrake for Mad Dog Dill and sets an ancient trap to catch him. Thus, in a strange way, Mandrake meets Lothar for the first time. NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

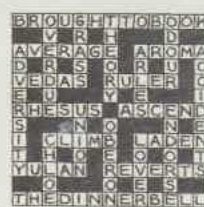
ACROSS

- The young would welcome this lack of discipline (5, 3, 3).
- An Italian dish of rice and tomatoes garnished with grated cheese, etc. (7).
- Man's sleeved undergarment (5).
- A sailor made from coal (3).
- Fire opal (7).
- A good detector is this palindrome (5).
- Jolly good filling could be warts (5).
- A mixed sob and this remedy tend to render indistinct (7).
- Furnish with weapons (3).
- His tribe wanders from place to place for pasture (5).
- To lay bare (7).
- Uncalled for or undelivered correspondence (4, 7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



- Deposit, or was it set in place? (7).
- Revolving part of a motor, whichever way you read it (5).
- Pieces or strips of leather to fasten anything (6).
- Makes certain (7).
- Leaves out (5).
- Must have capital to start with (6, 5).
- Probably they run deep (5, 6).
- Not square (7).
- One who conveys something to another place (7).
- That which is rejected or left as useless (6).
- River in N. France (5).
- Disturbed Puccini opera, surprisingly, is the elite venue for the sport of kings (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

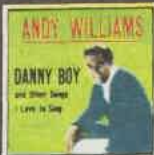




242—Very last Day; Hush-a-bye; Rocky Road; many more.



598—All I Really Want To Do; Chimes Of Freedom; etc.



255—Secret Love; Tammy; Twelfth of Never; Misty; more.



44—Blue Rondo A La Turk; Take Five; Pick up Sticks; etc.



429—Wouldn't It Be Lovely; Just You Wait; Show Me.



447—Young At Heart; Witchcraft; Nancy; 12 hits.



341—Wonderful children's record with the Show songs.



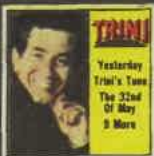
112—Make Believe; Ol' Man River; Bill; After the Ball; etc.



853—The Sweetest Sound; Sunrise; Sunset; others.



897—A masterful performance by brilliant artists.



796—Fly Me To The Moon; Call Me; Cindy; many more.



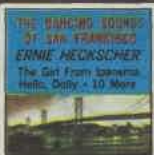
870—That Look You Wear; Girl From Ipanema; Dindi; etc.



861—Vereda Tropical; Cuatro Vidas; other Spanish hits.



161—This brilliant recording charms listeners always.



845—Golden Boy; Hello Dolly; People; Bluesette; others.



879—Desolation Row; From a Buick 6; many more.



347—Who Cares; I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face.



863—On a Lonely Hill; The 'In' Crowd; Yesterday; More.



73—One Last Kiss; Put On A Happy Face; Many more.



601—Brilliant performance of 3 beloved Sonatas.



837—Fools Rush In; I Will Follow Him; Hello Dolly; etc.



339—I Can't Say No; All 'Er Nothin'; Pore Jud; others.



536—Blue Velvet; Little Miss Blue; My Blue Heaven; etc.



689—Blues for Pablo; The Duke; My Ship and others.



733/734—"... by far the finest Mahler performance he (Bernstein) has yet given on disc". The Gramophone (counts as 2 records)



379—With a Song In My Heart; If I Had You; Granada.



708—My First Love Song; Feeling Good; Sweet Beginning.



119—Sands of Time; Bangles and Beads; Fate; etc.



605—Sounds of Silence; Go Tell It On the Mountain; etc.



560—Red Roses For a Blue Lady; The Birds and the Bees.



600—Golden Days; Deep In My Heart; Serenade & others.



366—The Marriage of Figaro; Così Fan Tutte; More.



871—How Can I Meet Her? Crying In The Rain; etc.



71—All the songs from this Broadway hit musical show.



847—Man Alone; The Five Ways; Primal Call; more.



608—Hit songs from 3 great recent movies—a must.



486—Cry Me A River; A Taste of Honey; others.



868—Two well-loved ballets—the one disc.

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No. \_\_\_\_\_  
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